

P.O. angl. 319^l - 1

Reade

MAUNDER'S POPULAR TREASURIES.

New and thoroughly revised Editions; each *Treasury* complete in One compact Volume, fcp. 8vo. of about 900 pages, comprising about 1,800 columns of small but very legible type.

Geography.

Maunder's Treasury of Geography, Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political. (Completed by WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S.) With Maps and Steel Plates.....Price 10s.

Natural History.

Maunder's Treasury of Natural History:
A popular Dictionary of Animated Nature: Enlivened with Aneecdotes of the Instinct, &c., of Animals; with 900 WoodcutsPrice 10s.

Biography.

Maunder's Biographical Treasury: Consisting of Memoirs, Sketches, and brief Notices of above 12,000 Eminent Persons of all Ages and Nations, extended to May 1859Price 10s.

General Knowledge.

Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge, and Library of Reference: A copious popular Compendium of Universal Knowledge; Including Grammar, Dictionary, Gazetteer, Mythology, Chronology, Peerage, &c. Price 10s.

History.

Maunder's Historical Treasury: Comprising copious general introductory Outlines of Universal History, and separate Histories of every principal NationPrice 10s.

Science and Literature.

Maunder's Scientific and Literary Treasury: A new and popular Encyclopædia of Science and the Belles-Lettres. Including every Subject connected with Literature and ArtPrice 10s.

The SIX TREASURIES complete, price £3, cloth.

Each *Treasury* { price 12s. 6d. neatly whole bound in calf,
price 12s. bound in roan, with gilt edges, or } may be had separately
price 10s. bound in cloth lettered, } (as above).

London: J. and CO. Paternoster Row.

20th

POETICAL WORKS

VOL. I.

436640382410014

436640382410014

Exzer. Staatsh. 10014

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.

LONDON

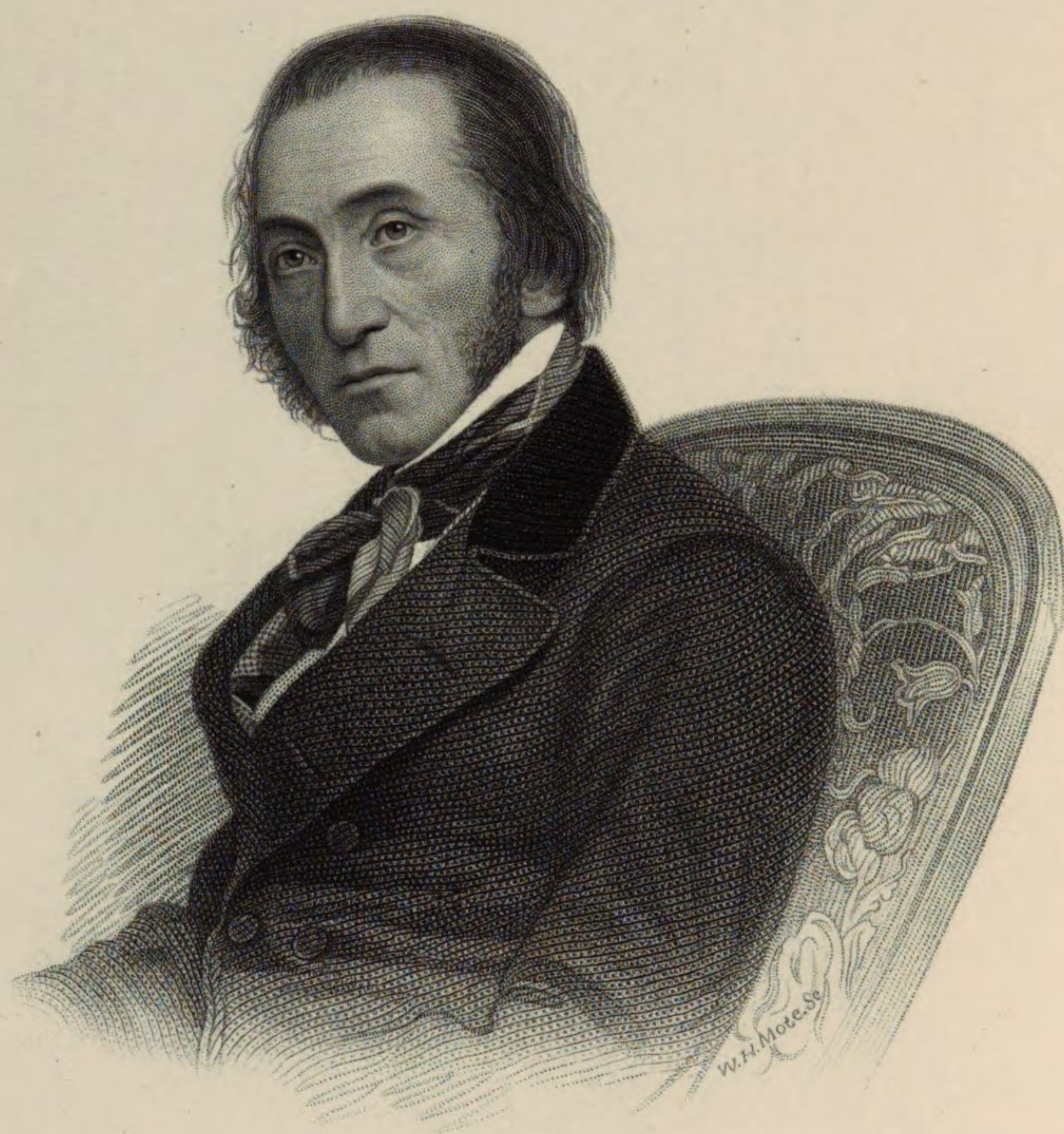
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.

NEW-STREET SQUARE

<36640382410014

<36640382410014

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
JOHN EDMUND READE

New Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1860



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
JOHN EDMUND READE

New Edition

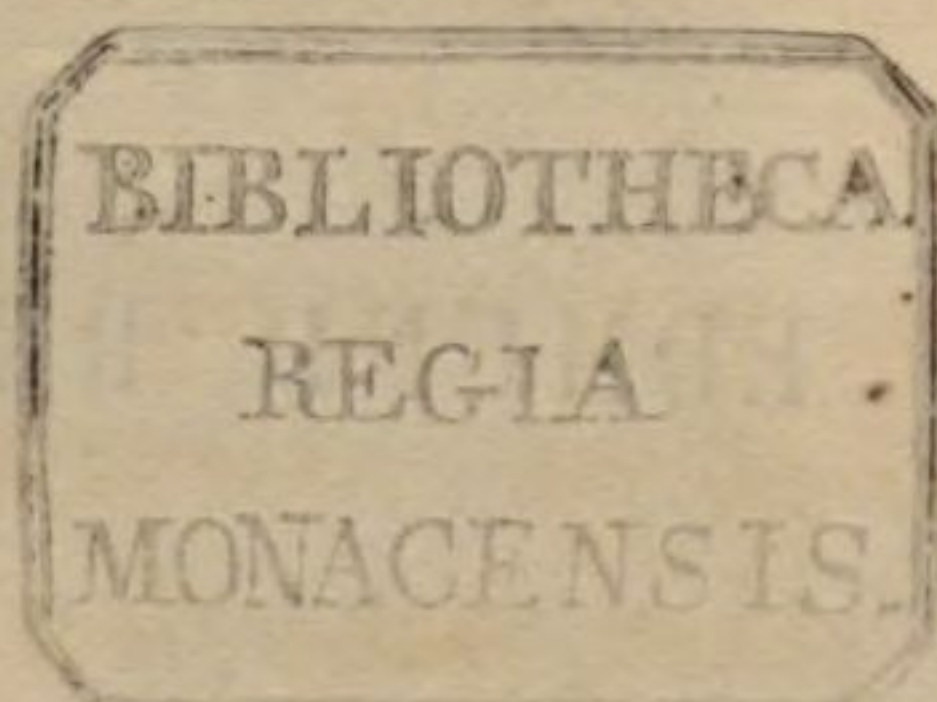
IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1860

THE
POLITICAL WORKS



LONDON
JOSEPH GREEN, LONGMAN AND CO. PRINTERS
1850

P R E F A C E.



IN presenting this new edition of Poems which were first published at intervals embracing a period of thirty years, some few words may be necessary respecting it.

Large portions of the Poetry have been remoulded, and various parts re-written; several new poems have been added, with the omission of many others, and the condensation of all; to the final effect, it is hoped, of rendering this edition less imperfect than those which preceded it.

PREFACE

In presenting this new edition of Poems which were first published at intervals embracing a period of thirty years, some few words may be necessary respecting it.

Large portions of the Poems have been re-mounted, and various parts re-written; several new poems have been added, with the omission of many others, and the condensation of all; to the final effect it is hoped, of rendering this edition less imperfect than those which preceded it.

CONTENTS

OF

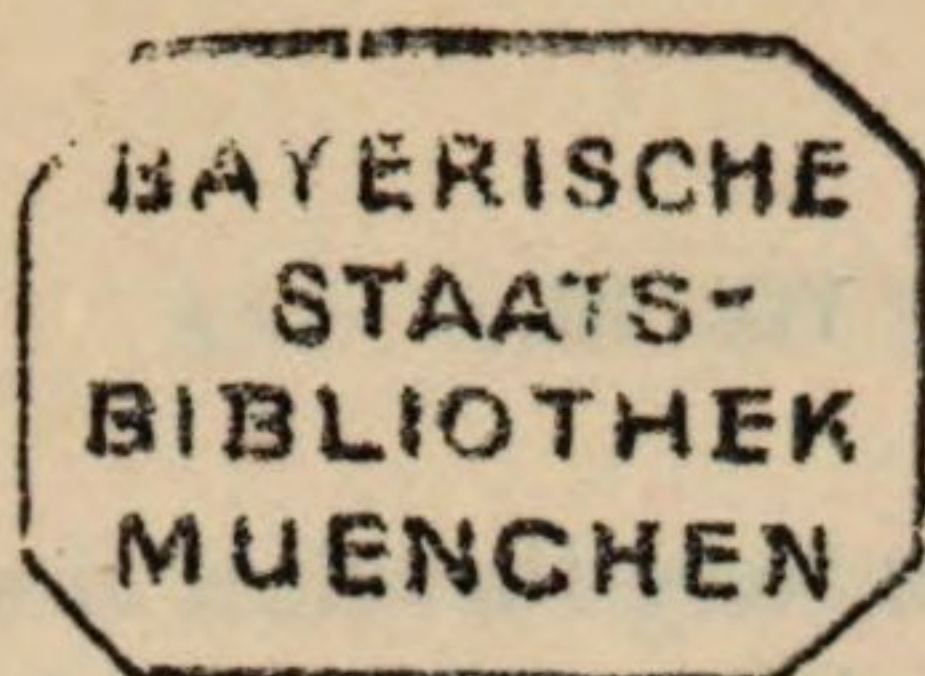
THE FIRST VOLUME.



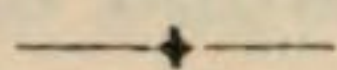
	PAGE
YOUTH AND HOW IT PASSED	1
PROLOGUE	3
THE WILD SEA-BEACH	10
THE FESTAL SONG	13
THE MENDIP HILLS	18
MIDWAY	24
MEILLERIE	29
PÆSTUM	38
RETURN TO THE HILLS	43
THE BROTHER AND SISTER: A MEMORY	55
RAIN-PRINTS	62
THE DAYS	65
LIFE AND DEATH IN EDEN	69
DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR	70
HYMN TO AUTUMN	79
JOHN MILTON	84
THE POET OF ART	86
SIR WALTER SCOTT	89
TO THE PROFESSOR OWEN	91
ORARE	93
THE REMEMBRANCE	94
TO MY CHILD AGNES, SLEEPING	95
LINES WRITTEN ON MY SCHOOL PLAY-GROUND	98
FINAL LINES ON THE SAME SPOT	107
ASPIRATION	111

	PAGE
ITALY: IN FOUR PARTS	113
NOTES TO ITALY	227
CLASSICAL POEMS:	
OLYMPIAN GODS	243
THE DANCE OF THE NEREIDS	248
ARETHUSA	255
THE SHADE OF HOMER	260
ULYSSES	263
MILO CAUGHT IN THE OAK	266
PROMETHEUS BOUND	270
THE DELUGE	275
NOTES TO THE DELUGE	341
HEBREW POEMS:	
HAGAR IN THE DESERT	347
THE PRAYER OF MOSES	351
JEPHTHAH'S VOW	355
SAUL, AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR	359
SAUL IN THE BATTLE	366
Jael AND SISERA	368
ON THE SHORE AT TERRACINA	374
KING BOABDIL'S LAMENT	376
THE FAMILY LEGEND	381
VISION OF THE ANCIENT KINGS	385
MEMNON	399
TO ISIS	403

JOHN AND HOW THE PLEASANT



YOUTH.



PROLOGUE.

I.

On the ground, the barren ground,
Alone a grey-haired Pilgrim sate,
Wrapped in fit of thought profound ;
On his hand his head reclined :
Silvery-tissued tresses hung
Sparse and spare above his brow,
Like snow-flakes on a wintry bough.
On his lips the musing mind
Played like music undefined,
From the wakened harp-strings flung
By the fingers of the wind.
Lightened up his eye sedate,
With complacency elate
Of a spirit that had won
Peace, its day of travail done.
With the soul's eye you could trace
His life's change within his face,
Through each phase that it had past,
Or with light or shade o'ercast.

All its impresses were there
Graven, furrowed lines of care
Burying in their arid course
Gentler feeling, by remorse
Seared, or worn by weight of life :
Lights that had been emanations
Of hope faded now, but left
Traces faint of their creations ;
All the self-perturbing strife
Of wild passion, when it broke
Like the fiery thunder-stroke ;
Leaving unscathed in each cleft
Blossoms of a growth serene,
Covering wrecks of what had been.
The will sate on that forehead high,
And the imaginative power,
That as from a windowed tower,
Looked out from the open sky
Of that stilled and steadfast eye,
And saw its own infinity.

II.

From the cliff's grey breast behind,
Issuing like a gentle thought
To its flowing joy resigned,
A blue streamlet's shrunk vein
Glided like a starry train
Of light, seen and lost again ;
So that water shone between
Mosses of an emerald green,
From its breath of freshness caught.
O'er that rock's breast it had sown
Grasses with wild flowers arrayed,

Where it stole in light and shade,
Gleaming forth and then unseen,
Like a child that left alone
At its own caprices strayed;
To the eye a soundless song
Felt, as there it lapsed along,
Soundless as the muffled flight
Of time toward the infinite.
Seeking out its last retreat,
It passed by that Pilgrim's feet,
Like one staying not to greet,
In its joy entranced, heeds not
Forms it passed, o'erlooked, forgot.
With a staid and dwelling eye
That Man of silent thought gazed on
Its clear forehead as it shone,
Touched by sunlight smilingly:
As if it chid the dreamer there,
Musing in the summer air,
Who a thought diseased had made
Of the things with which it played!

But he felt a deep truth told
In that voiceless Stream that rolled
On, by law like him controlled,
That met uncomplainingly
Its forewritten destiny:
Offering ordained to be,
On the Altar of the Sea.
Then he turned his eyes away,
Resting on that landscape grey,
By still Evening's forehead lighted;
Where the earth and sky united;
And their bridal promise plighted,

By the star that paled its face
Before the Sun's high altar-place.

III.

Then he looked on wistfully
The orb'd Moon that rose on high,
With her ever placid eye,
That from her pale solitude
Hath shone down through dateless years,
In immovable quietude
On hearts healed or seared, that brood
On their passionate joy or tears.
Wreck, it may be, rent asunder
Or by whirlwind, fire, or thunder;
Then when cast forth by the Sun,
When, child-like, its path was crossed
And its track in distance lost,
It pursued the Parent One,
Wandering on through wastes astray,
Like one that hath missed its way.
And he saw the mountains shining,
Steeped in the same light as ours,
And the lower vales declining
In cold shade, as earthly powers
Wither from their barren throne,
Human growths within our own.
But the earth's receding brow
Caught the sun's eye turned on her,
As if he were idolater
Of the beauty which he shed
O'er that landscape mellowing now,
Purple light along it spread;
Rock, and hill, and skyey peak,
And the visual stream, and cheek

Of the dewy vale and glade,
Where the tenderer tint delayed;
His last lustre lingering still
On the far-off eastern hill,
In the clear air visible.

IV.

Then began that aged Man
To hold commune with his breast,
And awaken thought repressed,
As through intervening space,
His eye from the Orient ran
Down to his calm resting-place.
Wrapt within his mind's recess
Where reflection's ray disclosed
Images through the obscure
Far seen, with growths premature,
By the lamp of consciousness
Lighted, his staid soul reposed.

“Mother Nature! thou hast been
By me as God's image seen;
And the triad spirit sought,
I found within my being wrought,
Hope, and love, and faith sublime,
Therein dwelling from all time.
While I filial love avow,
Be thou parent to me now,
As in youth, unworthy then,
To that love an alien;
When I felt my spirit falter,
As I knelt before thine altar;
For I knew ere day was done,

Sins or thoughts that lapsed confessing,
 Earthlier lures I could not flee ;
 I should all forget the blessing
 And the peace I drew from thee !
 To be human is to err :
 Ere the goal of death be won,
 My interior life illumine :
 Ere the mandate come of doom
 From that sleepless Traveller,
 Who, too early, or too late,
 Knocketh at each mortal gate,
 And its hinges backward flings
 Or of beggars or of Kings.
 While thy leaves fade round my feet,
 While the same decay I greet,
 In thee, Nature ! let me dwell
 On thy breast's receptacle,
 Let me my own life conjoin
 With the phases shown in thine.

V.

" Trace the flowing stream from youth,
 When the Boy alone with truth,
 Walked in solitude the sod,
 Clad in glory caught from God :
 With a soul as pure and bright,
 As the emanating light,
 From day's gate when Morning springs,
 Carrying sunlight on its wings !
 Trace the path through bourn and glade,
 Through each vale where beauty strayed,
 When young hope the hours delayed,
 While love at the altar knelt
 In the idolatry he felt :

Trace when life's first roses lay
On his brow nor knew decay;
Through green paths of morning, through
Tracks wet with repentant dew,
Shed in solitude apart,
From the fountains of the heart,
Darkening into deeper shade
By the step descending made.

“Through glooms where the soul doth hide
Evil, in its sullen pride,
Or by apathy petrified;
Through the mid-waste's arid course
Worn by habit, till remorse,
Wearied, spent its wasted force;
Through the storm, and when the ground
Heaved convulsive, when was found
All the heart can perpetrate
Of thought and deed, of love and hate;
Till arrived at the abode
It hath chosen by the road
Metamorphosed by sure years,
And the grief the life that sears,
The Soul, like a sage retired,
Feeling the grey evening's chill,
Sits in contemplative mood,
And from its cold solitude
Looks back upon youth's purple hill,
Whence its ardent hope aspired:
Then with brow immovable,
And eyes earthward slowly cast,
As of one who now hath done
With all new beneath the sun,
Lives on memory and the past.

And if thou shalt strike the key
 With truth's own fidelity,
 Wakening the chords of life,
 Each fine unison tracing, rife
 Or with discord, or the tone
 Of sublimer strain essayed,
 Not a note but shall be heard,
 From the soul's deep sources stirred,
 Felt as echoes of its own.
 Not a leaf may fall to earth,
 That shall know not second birth,
 By the heart fed undecayed,
 Food of human nature made.
 Not a word that shall not sink
 In hearts contemplative like dew :
 Strengthening the power to think ;
 The strong purpose to renew ;
 And the will to feel and do."

I.

THE WILD SEA-BEACH.

I.

On the far verge of memory,
 Where wakeful consciousness doth dawn
 Like light above oblivion,
 The Pilgrim's visioned eye
 Beheld himself afar,
 The recreated boy,
 The form and visage from him drawn,

Then when youth elastic drew
Light as from a borrowed star,
From earth a glory and a joy :
When his step on morning's dew
Light as down o'er thistles flew,
Heedless how the days or hours,
Carelessly held human flowers,
Largesse of time and life before him flew.

II.

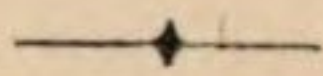
Beside grey Ocean's flood,
The boy alone with solitude,
Gathered substance as he stood.
Till on that rapt pilgrim's eye,
Flashed his self-identity.
Upon that yellow beach the child
Listened to the murmurings wild,
And ringing voices of the crisped waves heard,
The white foam of their laughter seen as they
Tossed round them the crystalline spray :
While o'er the yellow sands they flew
Like wild steeds that their freedom knew.
He felt the strength of waters in him dwell,
The mighty organ-pipes of Nature swell
In his full heart's receptacle :
While his inmost life was stirred
With an aching restlessness,
An undeveloped happiness,
Whose joy was in its sense confused
Of the things o'er which it mused,
Standing on that beach where rolled
At his feet power uncontrolled :

The sense of space before him spread,
Allied with mystery and dread;
A glimpse of what was in him sealed,
By coming time to be revealed;
A memory that dimmed by years,
By the slavery and vice
Of school-bondage, when the tears
Of shame and indignant pride,
In their holy founts are dried,
Broke upon him like a ray
Of divine life passed away,
Seen, yea, felt within him still:
An indistinct, yet mighty melody,
Echoed and cherished by the unconscious will.

III.

When the tempest walked the wood,
And the levin rent the sky,
And the autumnal leaves were swirled
Round him, and the cloud-scud curled
By the wild wind as in mirth,
Drifting hurled again to earth;
Then with stedfast mien subdued,
And a calm and watchful eye,
Looked the Boy out in that hour:
For he felt that he was part
Of the earth-perturbing power
Whose home dwelt within his heart.
The living echo he of things
Grown with his imaginings,
Notes of melodies that played
With the fine airs as they strayed,

Or the thunder-tones that told
Of the Godhead while they rolled.
Records he had ever known ;
Inmates cherished as his own,
There by mighty Nature shown :
Life-bound in those hours to her,
That acolyte-idolater :
By the Altar of the Sea,
There ordained her priest to be.



II.

THE FESTAL SONG.

NEARER, clearer grew the Vision : in his own time-
honoured hall
Sate that Boy no longer lonely, there the revellers
gathered, all
Of his ancient name ; red Christmas heaped the board
with wassail cheer,
In his hand the upraised wine-cup, at the door the
coming Year.
Branched the ancestral trunk around him : on the
escutcheoned walls were hung
Shield, and helm, and feudal banner once above the
war-cries flung,
When through those grey gates the sally backward
bore the rebel throng,
Headlong in the moat the foemen dead and dying
rolled along.

For not nameless those time-wasted turrets—battle's
fiery blast
Left its dint upon their foreheads, scathing, blackening
as it passed,
When the royal standard fallen loyalty chivalrous
bare
From the stricken field of Worcester, raised and un-
surrendered there.
All unheard their mirthful laughter, wrapped in
thought of feudal days,
Wistfully on that old armour grew the child's uncon-
scious gaze ;
Till a melody ascending heard above the voice of
joy,
Wakened to the life unheeded round him that en-
thusiast Boy.

'Twas the harp that like a spirit breathed those tones
so wild and deep,
Such as he had dreamed of Angels singing in his mid-
night sleep :
Toward the daïs he turned in marvel as expired that
thrilling lay,
Where the vision stamped its impress that passed not
from life away.
There a Maiden in her beauty sate, her fingers inter-
twined
'Mid the golden harpstrings wandering like the light
breath of the wind :
From the lamps a softened radiance shower-like o'er
her form was shed,
Floating o'er her face uplifted, o'er her lustrous shoulders
spread.

Round her forehead clustering tresses falling in redun-
dant rings,
Like the golden threads of sunlight blended with the
flashing strings;
And her fingers, wandering wind-like o'er those wires,
gave a tone,
As if their fine life and feeling answering blended with
her own.
Something of a vaporous beauty floated o'er that fra-
gile face,
Of a transient seraph journeying homeward to a brighter
place:
Something of decline perceptive in the rose of spring
that grew
On her cheek belated summer strove all vainly to
renew.

Like a fairy sitting lonely on the shores of old
romance,
Like a seraph such as rises on the saint's ecstatic
trance,
Sate that lady in her beauty with her harp beside her
strung,
Waiting till the inspiration of the prophet touched her
tongue.
Silence was the breathless homage of each listening
heart that knew
The pure source from whence that spirit its ethereal
essence drew:
Till her voice the veiled expression of deep music's life
confessed,
All the world of human feeling in the human heart sup-
pressed.

'Twas a song of love confiding, that doth its own life
impart:

All that eyes and lips betray not, hidden in the secret
heart:

The idolatrous devotion of the passion when it
kneels

At its shrine, and all the marvel of a woman's truth
reveals;

Faiths heart cherished, hopes rejected, tremblingly pro-
tected there:

Vows from the profound soul plighted, breathed and
broken in despair.

Feeling outraged and indignant, clinging slave-like to
its chain,

Love itself upon its altar madly sacrificed in vain.

Died on air that latest cadence, each withheld his
breath to hear,

Where the notes in silence folding died upon the
listening ear:

But when hearts from spells releasing breathed again
from thraldom free,

Why alone was that Boy silent, whither wandered, where
was he?

He had stolen to his chamber as one erring, who would
hide

Gems found of a priceless value, treasure he dared not
confide:

By his pillow lowly kneeling to the One who children
hears,

Poured forth all his aching rapture in his thickly gush-
ing tears.

There with clasped hands raised, he murmured, pressed
against his hidden brow :

“I have heard them, they are Angels I have never
known till now,

And the joy I feel, O Father ! I would first to Thee
avow.

They have lived as one within me, and their very names
I know,

Poetry and heaven-voiced music, sent by Thee to men
below ;

They have entered in this bosom till its joy doth overflow :

“I would be that harp if music of her voice those
tones could wake :

I would be each note departing, so they died but for her
sake,

I would follow them in spirit, and their thrilling life
partake :

I felt chords within me vibrate, as those answering
strings she swept :

And I knew responding to them, that they loved me
while I wept :

Hear, oh hear me, sacred Angels !” so he prayed, and
praying—slept.

III.

THE MENDIP HILLS.

WASTE and lonely mountain heather!—Solitude its shades
that throws
On the bosom an oppression felt, but which is not
repose;
Tones that sink within the spirit, lines of thought that
deeper trace
Marks upon the tablet-forehead, that nor time nor life
efface.
The Boy sate on the hill's margin, wave-like heather
downward rolled
Through a landscape, white cots peering o'er the moor-
side, where the fold
Of woods fringed above deep hollows, where spires
gleamed like sea-birds' wings,
Where the far hill's iron shoulder o'er that waste its
shadow flings.

Gathered far in airy distance on that heathery waste
defined,
In the serried ring his playmates circling strove, or
disentwined,
As in broken threads dispersing, chased the ball in far
career;
Borne on the faint air their shoutings broke not on his
musing ear.
On his hand his cheek declining, his eye strayed that
landscape o'er,
With its stream arterial veining heath and vale, to
where its floor

Based against the hills of azure, whose engirding clefts
between,
Like a snake in sunlight glancing, gleams of the blue
deep were seen.

As the sapling oak that o'er him its light arm o'er-
shadowing cast,
From the acorn there enrooted, planted by the wan-
dering blast,
So material life pervading that young form with strength
renewed ;
So earth nourished, and the keen air with elastic nerve
imbued.
For almighty Nature entered in that human temple,
sight
Was a feeling, tinging beauty with its self-reflected
light :
The fine ear a shell enwreathing, in its folded depths the
tone
Vibrated of Nature's music, fused and blended with his
own.

For that pageantry wrought on him ere his inner spirit
knew
That mists, colourless and formless, shape and substance
from him drew :
From their forms Elysium moulded, and the islands of
the blest,
The lost paradise of quiet and the imaginative rest.
Why sought he the open hill-side, grey wastes loving
more to scan,
And far distance with the heather, than from bounded
fields of man ?

Where he felt as in a dungeon, save when o'er the
darkened floor
The red line of twilight deepened flashed forth from
day's closing door.

There he sate, the far hills watching, where in hues
fantastic played
Beauty's wavy outlines flowing in green sunlight and
in shade:
Mighty symphonies all soundless felt along their azure
roll,
Through the sentient being passing to the inmost depths
of soul.
Like the old athletæ naked in ungirded strength re-
posed
Their bared shoulders and the sinewy veins each granite
frame disclosed;
At their feet the vales upheaving, as if quickening
motion dwelt
In their bosoms, to the spirit giving the calm joy they
felt.

There he gazed, as boyhood gazes upon beauty till the
eyes
Dim, and the oppressed bosom melts in its own ecs-
tacies:
There he gazed, unfelt, unconscious, half the passion in
him grew,
From his soul that gave the beauty to the idols which
he drew.
He saw mystery in their distance, azure forms, nor knew
when near
Their hues vanished, that the treasure grasped becomes
familiar:

That those tints but lived within him, grey and grisly
fissures spread
Round their sides, clipped hedge and valley motleying
o'er each misty head.

So grows up the awakened poet to each changeful mood
resigned,
While the images of Nature pass into his opened mind:
Till imagination bodies shadows into form, and roll
The unconscious numbers flowing from his self-revolving
soul,
From God sent, a glory trailing, as a lyre to be strung
By the melodies of ether as of earth around him swung:
To attune apparent discords, to teach brother man the
tone
Of the chords existent in him from the music of his
own.

River-like the hours flowed by him, what knew that
rapt youth of time,
Nourishing within his being aspirations, faiths sublime?
While he sate with brow abstracted toward day's sinking
altar raised,
Till his inward life was fountained from that Horeb
where he gazed!
For that worshipper was kneeling before Nature's living
shrine,
Decked with her cloud-folding curtains, incensed by
her airs divine,
There he heard the mighty organ pealing the grand
hymn that rose
To her God the one expression of thanksgiving and
repose.

There the heaven-born Titan rested 'mid the solitudes
of mind,
Child of the poetic mother in unconscious strength
reclined ;
At his feet the unforged thunders, found not, formed
not, until hurled,
Their cohesion felt in grasping, their flight echoed by a
world.
There Prometheus shaped from Nature clay with human
pulses warm,
As imagination bodied unrealities to form :
There he saw before him rising to eyes uninitiate
sealed,
Where the Hesperides in golden vales their forms divine
revealed.

There Elysian streams were visioned where the armed
heroes trode,
By the sightless bard of Chios hailed in their august
abode :
When the blind creator filled them with the breath of
song that gave
Immortality, which finds not in our mortal life its
grave.
There retreats serener opened, and sublimer skies
disclosed
Where the pure of heart and spirit from their earthly
toils reposed :
Where the grey Pythagorean taught the creeds by Maro
told ;
Where bright science opened dawning truths like fairy
dreams unrolled.

So that youth fed joy but troubled, happiness that
breathed not peace
In his heart, but feverish impulse, thraldom that doth
ask release :
Restlessness within him, yearnings vague, yet not un-
welcome felt,
Sighs indefinite to wander from the haunts wherein he
dwelt.
In vain woodland nooks engirded, he would breathe the
open sky :
He saw not the lapsing brooklet that filled his ab-
stracted eye ;
On the windy ridge with freedom yearning still, he
gazed in space,
For he sought beyond diurnal life a visible resting-
place.

Instinct that the eagle urges from her cloud-cliff, up-
ward driven
On the winds' wing soaring, point-like, until vanishing
in heaven :
That doth hurl the grey stork forward, leaning on the
storm, to share
The contention and wild effort, and the strife opposing
there.
But the Vision darkened over, light and shade met,
evening fell,
And the cry of "Homeward" reached him, sheltered in
the heathery dell :
Joined his little world, life's earliest, half-instinctive art
was taught,
To disguise the natural feeling, to repress the holy
thought !

IV.

MIDWAY.

I.

LONG years and mellowing time had tinted o'er
The Picture raised by Memory that wore
The lineaments of ripened manhood, hued
And toned by soberer feeling, and subdued
By deepening shadows of the thoughtful mood.
Nearer and clearer marked each trait defined,
On the calm brow by meditation lined,
Furrows of the majestic paths of mind;
Each inward impress vibrating the tone
Of joy or grief, recalled like music flown,
With forms that lived and breathed, a shadowy throng,
Swept with the floods of time and life along.
Spring-growths had flowered and fled, that human tree
Had blossomed into ripe maturity :
All had been gathered from the roots of life
And knowledge to unfold its fulness, rife
With the vitalities of ages sped ;
A portion of the strength whereon it fed.

II.

In that grey Oratory where he sate
Books cast along the walls an air sedate :
Communion passionless of spirits fled,
The speaking records of the mighty dead :
Oracles false or true, upon their brows
The imperfection stamped that man avows
Too late, when vanity is graved with youth :
And the soul's vision opens on the truth :

Then when is owned the mortal life of fame,
And mutability our human name!
When time is felt a respite in the race
That tends towards a deathless dwelling-place:
Whose strifes, wave-like, advance on the recoil
Of baffled weakness sunken; a turmoil
Endless, to reach the same foot-printed shore
Bounded with wrecks of elder worlds strewed o'er;
A moment given to mark whereon he stood,
To leave his record in that solitude
In a sand-trophy, buried and renewed.
Sages whose lives were one essay to find
Fresh tracks of thought, films ever intertwined
With tissue of grey dreamers gone before,
Who fretted in their web until it wore
Themselves away, in the vain hope to guide
Their race, a strife of vanity or pride,
The Gordian knot to loosen or divide.
Sophists who sought through tortuous creeds that rest
Whose cradle rocks but in the hopeful breast;
Faiths false or just, the Titans, striving still
To shape untrodden paths of good or ill:
To enlarge the ever-widened circle where
Thought weaves and leaves its tissue in despair;
Still echoing worn-out saws with mien profound,
In the large utterance of empty sound.

III.

But he, that central picture—is it he
We saw erewhile, the ardent and the free?
Is this the growth of Nature's hand, the shoot
Branched vigorous forth from life's elastic root?
Pale was that brow, thought-ripened, but where played

The unsettled purpose by quick impulse swayed :
Depressed the lips, as one who early felt
The weight of life ; despondent feeling dwelt
Unmasked and ruling there, the outward sign
Of a discouraged will, and the decline
Of faiths too ardent, blended with the pride
Not of humility born and sanctified,
But the self-love that would its weakness hide.

IV.

Scrolls lay before him, rent and scattered leaves
As from wild Autumn's hair the whirlwind weaves :
Thereon as with a feverish hand were traced
Thoughts disunited, feelings with quick haste
Thrown into verse unfinished or defaced.
Didactic moral lifelessly rehearsed :
Dry, worn-out saws, by cold reflection nursed,
Confused and broken as by winds dispersed.
Fantastic images grotesque and rude,
Sent forth unripened from that solitude :
Disjointed phantoms but in vision seen,
Tricked in device of language that had been :
Abortive genesis of things begun,
Forsook, ere shape or form distinct was won.
The Boy had grasped the mail he had not proved :
Embodied phantasies he had not loved :
Themes where the eye and heart reposed unmoved.
Cold allegories decked, or quaintly dwelt
On fiery passion which he had not felt :
Gorgeous word-tissues woven, motley dress
Cast mantling over air-blown nothingness :
On a lay-figure heaped in idle strife,
To quicken the inanimate to life !

V.

There sate the youthful Sculptor, who too soon
From the rough block had feverishly hewn
The ideal beautiful he saw, the warm
Creation swelling to Promethean form.
Image of beauty visioned on the soul,
He strove to embody, felt beyond control
Of the wild grasp which vainly would retain
That panoplied Minerva of the brain,
The Cloud too hastily embraced ere given
Power to enfold the majesty of heaven !
There sate the acolyte who had profaned
The spiritual shrine ere life ordained
The Priest for his high office : known and seen
The power that dwells in him, and still hath been,
When his high life the faith within him proves,
When he hath probed the heart of man he loves ;
Till Truth give utterance, and the inspiring thought
Proclaims the god is with his being wrought.

VI.

Then sighed he, "Just the award—O life of mine !
Thou hast been phantasy, nor now repine
At truth, too rudely waking from the thrall
Of fancy's grasp enervating, that made
Of unused youth a vacant interval ;
The process slow of thought through wasted years de-
layed.
I, too, have walked Arcadia alone,
Yea, lived within an Eden of my own,
The shadow of a fancy, it hath flown.

And there I plucked and ate but of the tree
Whose fruit is knowledge, changeful doomed to be,
Whose root and leaf is mutability.
I, too, was tempted by o'er-nurtured pride,
That, serpent-like, doth through the heart-folds glide,
Till the vain dreamer is self-deified ;
But the life-tree with hidden virtue crowned,
Implanted by the Maker, was unfound ;
Its passionate utterance of joy or grief,
Or hope, or agony that asks relief,
For its o'ergushing fulness was unheard ;
Passed like dream-memories, or as the bird
That sang forgotten melodies ; and less
Gathered of truths we dare not to confess,
Of that mysterious world that in the breath
Of his great shadow lies, whose name is Death."

VII.

He felt our breathing being was to learn :
To radiate blossoms from thought's central flower,
And to the fountains of our life return :
Man in enlarging childhood plays an hour
On Nature's breast, his failing will declined,
Ere bodied forth the purpose of the mind,
Worked from the ripened time : the paths begun
Of his sire followed, and the same meed won :
Hope, and uncertainty, and eyes that yearn
For knowledge felt from far it vainly would discern.
His self-made mission here ordained, to impart
Truths to his brethren felt within his heart :
To show the power and weakness of the will
Strengthened by faith, or paralysed by ill.

VIII.

"SPIRIT, that walkest in the garden still,
 Wisdom, and light, and life ineffable !
 Open the vision of the moth that plays
 But round the edges of life's darkening blaze !
 Give him but breath to read thy oracles
 In Nature as himself, the thought that dwells
 Wrapped in infinity's receptacles.
 Let him his being's end fulfil, to be
 A portion of the one humanity,
 Bound with his brother man, yet linked to Thee !
 To feel in them and hear ; until the tone
 Of their endurance answered to his own :
 To raise a song whose truth perchance may give
 Life to itself, when he hath ceased to live
 Who dared to hope from it : accorded vow
 If the high thought and feeling watching, Thou
 Giv'st the great soul the purpose to fulfil ;
 Strengthening with hope and faith his steadfast will."

V.

MEILLERIE.

CHANGED and wild the Picture rising, land of crags and
 mountains riven,
 From their thunder-splitten foreheads shot their granite
 spears in heaven :

A grisly rent cleft imminent through Nature's heaving
sides, apart
Her Titanic ribs revealing and bared pulses of her
heart.
Chasms fathomless of darkness lightened by the eyeballs
gleaming
Of the torrent wildly flashing o'er its cloven pathway
streaming :
Where ancestral Chaos lingers buried 'mid his wrecks
alone,
Heat, cold, damp, the Anarch-triad, ever warring round
his throne.

Where the sky pales through the fissures of earth's blue
veins ice-embossed,
Palsied by enduring winter, hardened by eternal frost :
Where faint wild-flowers intermittent blossom life to
feel decay,
In the sun-beams failing o'er them, fleeting and as frail
as they.
Where fantastic heat, bright Summer's daughter, with
dishevelled hair
In her loosened vest rejoicing trips along nor pauses
there,
From those bearded mountains turning with their brows
austere and grey,
Where behind them robed in sunlight lurks and laughs
Italian day.

Where the Sun 'mid swirling storm-clouds from the rack
glares out in wrath,
Through the vapours by its red rays rent as by the
thunder-path :

Lighting with the levin's splendour the palled mists
that bodying rise,
From the gorges' depths like giants still aspiring to the
skies.

Where the winds their eddying circles broken 'mid im-
prisoning walls,
Howl along on maddened pinions, where the flashing
cataract calls
On the storm met midway bursting, where the mountain
from it flings
The wild avalanche descended on annihilating wings:

Where, throned o'er the unheard turmoil, silent as a
steadfast cloud,
BLANC apart enfolded rises wrapped in his eternal
shroud:
Lone in heaven as the Angel who before the Godhead
stands,
The white wreath around his forehead, and the incense
in his hands!
'Tis the land that stamps its meaning on the Switzer's
iron soul,
Cradled by the tempests, sharing their fierce freedom as
they roll:
But as on austerest foreheads dwells awhile a mood
serene,
As 'mid rack of thunderous vapour hues of azure tint
are seen;

So the Mountain's wildest foreheads with expression
softened, greet
Beauty sleeping on their bosoms, or reposing at their
feet;

Nor hath poet dreamed Arcadia with a richer beauty
crowned,
Than where blue-eyed Vevay slumbers with her hills
engirding round.
So the Pilgrim deemed while gazing on her from the
craggy peak,
Its grey forehead in the Lemman mellowed with a tenderer
streak,
Drinking in his heart the sunbeams as they fondly
lingered there,
While he felt pervading beauty, spirit-like, filled earth
and air.

But all changed that Pilgrim's aspect; time and he had
met too soon,
Blanched his hair, his forehead furrowed, his cheek
trenched ere manhood's noon:
But the visage, calm and passive of resignation, showed
the trace
Of a brotherhood recorded that had mingled with his
race.
Like a pale hill rose his forehead, shadowed by the mist
of years,
Scathed by passion's fiery traces, channelled by repentant
tears;
On its wasted sides the verdure still renewed and
softening spread
O'er the furrowed fissures, blending with the ashes on
its head.

He had mingled with his brethren, and through many
lands had strayed,
Each full life-chord had been stricken, each fine nerve
his touch obeyed,

Swept by impulse, or awakened by thought dwelling on
its sound,
Till the inner peace was gathered and the resignation
found.

He looked down on Ferney, nameless, until deathlessly
entwined

With a living Spirit stamping there its impress on man-
kind,

Potency of good and evil; till that spot a shrine be-
came,

Where the pilgrims from the idol drew a portion of their
fame;

For that Titan the mind's lightnings, ray-like, gathered
in his own,

Till its strength centred, striking, shook an empire,
rent a throne;

And the shivered toys cast round him, with life's farce
the Proteus played,

Mocking veneration outraged, feelings withered, faiths
betrayed.

The Light-bearer walking earthward with his torch
awhile astray,

Bard, historian, wit, sophist, laurelled triumphs passed
away;

But his name by Memory star-like sphered, the leader
that assailed

Tyranny and foiled, that falsehood's visor from her
face unveiled.

But the hour of intuition came to him, the spirit
awed,

When Prometheus felt the fires he had kindled were of
God;

When the sage on living tablets traced the words of
truth in flame,

The one worship of the Maker, life absorbing in his
name.

He turned to a lesser spirit, to the ever-restless mind
That with Meillerie its errings and a fame unholy
joined,

Who before pure Nature's altars dared his inmost heart
unfold,

All its shrouding veils discarded, all its pangs and mad-
ness told,

By the air inspired and mountains; till a prophet he
became,

Whose quick words were inspirations, whose live oracles
were flame;

Eloquence that on its weakness like a fallen angel leant,
That the bond of virtue loosened and the social compact
rent.

Clay with life immortal blended, grandeur with the base
allied,

Vanity by falsehood cradled, slave-humility by pride;
Self-love that confronted Godhead with confession's book
unsealed,

Glorying in the sinuous windings of a reptile life re-
vealed!

But within that burning passion dwelt persuasion's
tongue, that made

Error lovely, till the spirit knelt to idols that betrayed;
Till confession even of baseness took from him a glorious
tone,

Until colder bosoms thirsted that such errors were their
own.

But man leaves sand-printed traces, on life's mighty
river flows,
And the tidal years effacing blend with ages that repose;
Creeds of falsehood, sophist-visions pass forgotten to the
deep;
Pride owns in the grave its pillow, vanity at last doth
sleep.

He had turned from grove and porchway, from grey
teachers of the taught,
Like a child, but humbled, seeking the lost footsteps of
his thought;
Ties that once to kindred bound him, feelings that
allied to earth,
And the faith beyond revealing life's regenerated
birth.
Breathless on the midnight mountains he had stood, on
earth's lone brink,
And behind her heaving bosom watched the star motes
rise and sink:
There, where galaxied the cities of the Archetype re-
vealed,
Scintillating space like life-seeds scattered o'er that
flower-crowned field,
Sunned with temples ever radiant, swept by tides of
astral life,
Serpenting through foamy islets, all with conscious being
rife;
Along constellated spaces, on unknown and viewless
strands,
Where the sun-fire, gathering slowly, into widening life
expands.

Conscious of a Life perturbing that dwelt in them and
around,
Of a Presence felt but hidden, a Creator but unfound :
Restlessness for ever striving to put forth its strength
suppressed,
Everlasting motion throbbing from the central heart of
rest !

So he watched those star-mists wandering streamlike in
their sinuous course,
In their filamentous threadings gathering round a central
source :
Like the folds unwreathing slowly that the spiral shell
conceals,
Or a scroll of light unwoven that the law of God reveals.
And the ever breathless silence living and pervading, felt
As a presence whose existence was the space wherein it
dwelt,
Ocean of absorbing being spread our feeble ken before,
On whose flashing glories gazing we stand idly and
adore.

Where the old Assyrian dwelling saw in each a god
enthroned,
Till he poured that idol-worship which the heart hath
not disowned :
Where the Grecian gazed till fancy from those woven
leaves unsphered
Hero-forms, and shapes of beauty, brightening there by
time unseared :
There where like a mighty ruin in the desert, Saturn
crowned
Sits, the grey clouds on his forehead, with his belts of
vapour bound ;

While his Moons like watchful spirits wheel around his
misty throne,
With a motion stilled and silence as unbroken as his
own !

Where Cassiopeia, braiding her gemmed tresses, sits in
pride
Of the beauty that the Nereids in their caves of pearl
defied :
Where Andromeda her girdle circles round her form
divine :
Where o'er Perseus' waving falchion studded lights like
flower-wreaths twine :
Where Alcyonè sits, queen-like, throned upon her radiant
floor,
Galaxied with rays whose lustre faintly trembles on our
shore :
Where the Sister Pleiads veiling their bright eyes fore-
tell the storm :
Where through meteor-phantoms cleaving gleams Orion's
giant form !

From such aching vision turning, on the grass-blade he
reposed :
On the lowliest plant beneath him that its asking eye
unclosed,
There he saw the Eternal mirrored, there the secret pulse
was shown
Of the life and conscious feeling germed and flowing
from his own.
He felt man's profoundest wisdom was to turn to things
he knew :
To the fruits of good and evil that on his own life-tree
grew ;

That one spirit's thought unfolded, that one feeling's
source confessed,
Opened more to him of knowledge than that infinite
expressed.

PÆSTUM.

I.

THE inner spirit of our feeling life,
Conscious of things to come as of the past,
Doth kindredship and recognition own
With the great forms of Nature, rocks o'ercast
With cloud, the desert and the mountain lone;
But mostly shapes with human memories rife,
With monuments of ruin and decay,
Marking where Man hath ruled and passed away.
Reposing thought doth magnify the state
Of grandeur that it loves to contemplate;
Even thus descend to us the mighty dead,
Forth bodied by the imaginative eye:
Sages or heroes from their mansions fled;
The rents and flaws of their great Spirits seen,
Softened by time and truth, and by the green
Sanctified of a hallowing memory,
Of beauty that around them, vine-like, steals,
Enriching the decadence it conceals.

II.

We gaze upon the wrecks of human will:
We stand before the altar-place of power,
The broken toys of children of the hour;
Where the pervading mind as from a throne

Inspires its own sublimity, the tone
Of strength and moral grandeur that hath flown.
We see embodied Mutability
Throned 'mid the immutable ; and time's rich hues
Tinge the grey forehead of antiquity
With a sedate and softened grace, until
Religion of the place the heart subdues :
For the expression that to us appeals
In its bewildered desolation, is
From the soul's fountains drawn, until it feels
Resignment and complacent joy that makes
In venerating love its happiness.

So mused the pilgrim seated at the base
Of that grey Posidonian altar-place,
Opening to sea and heaven its desolate face.

Basked in the sun the lizards fiery-eyed :
The breeze that wandered through the columns sighed,
Human-like, to faint echoes that replied.

The rent-browed Titans rising round him there
Were as a part of Nature : with the air
And sea incorporate, and mountains bare.

The Spirits of thrice a thousand years passed by :
The mind that shaped forth forms that could not die,
Bequeathed to man their immortality.

Then by the intuitive vision slowly wrought,
Cementing memory and forming thought,
That city grew around, air-tissue caught

By the imaginative eye withheld :
The hum of living myriads round him swelled,
Onward through streets and crowded ways impelled.

Round the great temples surged upheaving life :
Barks rode the deep, the strand re-echoed strife,
The helmèd warrior passed with Trojan memories rife.

The Sybarite there his hours one revel made,
The roses on his brow bloomed undecayed ;
The wine-cup ever filled, the banquet ever stayed.

Even those he heeded not, his spirit flew
From crowds to single life, for fruits that grew
From the same tree of Nature which he knew :

He watched idolatrous love its knee incline
To beauty, until passion made divine
That Idol ruling from her human shrine.

He gazed on Woman in her loveliness ;
He heard the loved one still the tale confess
Of immortality in his happiness.

He turned to where the musing POET stood,
Among the multitudes in solitude,
Contemplating life's strife in thoughtful mood.

Or wandering on that shore divine to rest :
Pouring forth there to Nature his full breast,
The passion and the love in haunts of men repressed.

Or mid the ilex-woods that crowned the stream*,
While on its mirror slept the sun's last gleam ;
Haunt of deep solitude and peace supreme.

* "—— lucos Silari circa, ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans." — *Geor.* iii. 146.

Or by the Tyrrhene steeped in twilight's hue;
There while Alburnea's mount its glory drew,
And mellowed lustre o'er the city threw.

The Pilgrim gazed till his great phantasies
The latest from him faded, till his eyes
Opened on life and time's realities.

Happy, thrice happy, to have stood alone,
'Mid forms that he had gazed on, till the tone
Of their grand harmonies became his own :

The same bless'd air respired, and trod the earth,
Hallowed by souls immortal, that gave birth
To all that makes this breathing life of worth.

To feel the sunbeams interpenetrate
His being recreated, till the elate
Spirit gains gleams of its anterior state ;

Become as one with them, until apart,
Idolater amid the halls of Art,
Her godlike Statues entered in his heart ;

Until he felt that song of deeper thought
Grew from them, ray-like emanations caught,
Passion and life with their expression wrought.

No marble forms, no cold abstractions they
Of lifeless phantasy : within them lay
The moral and the truth that passeth not away.

Agonized fortitude that pangs repressed :
Sun-radiant Poesy that in his breast
Holds the calm power which prostrate ill confessed.

Ideal Love, created from the soul ;
Psyche subjecting sense to her control,
The worship of all ages as they roll.

Inspiring faiths that filled him while he knelt ;
Untouched the answering chords until he felt
The interpreter within his utterance dwelt :

For life to him had been nor blank nor curse,
Nor drugged satiety : he dared rehearse
Himself in his unimitative verse.

He panted not for idle fame, he threw
His offering on the altar, and withdrew
Into the solitude he loved : he knew

That Life and Time, great angels, were the just :
That songs of truth, aside by mischance thrust,
Bore an undying life within their dust !

Too mighty were the Poet's happiness
Encrowned on earth, he doth but there confess
His Soul amid a life companionless.

His song was love toward his brother men :
The thought that soared, the fancy from their ken
Awhile withdrawn, returned to them again,

As birds from wandering back to the loved nest
Of their humanities received and blest,
Their words the echoes of each heart confessed.

So grows his human immortality ;
One with his fellow men ordained to be,
Echo of all they thought and felt as he.

RETURN TO THE HILLS.

CHANGE of scene the Picture opened: changed as when
the eyes behold

Azure ether o'er her forehead hastily her veil enfold,
Fleeing from the desolate tempest cleaving through his
cloudy band,

The wild winds before him rushing, the hot lightnings
in his hand.

As a Spirit there descended of the realm of light bereft,
On a wild waste world, a chaos by avenging ruin cleft,
Stood the Pilgrim, home-embosomed in his northern
cloud-wrapped clime,

Where his hills of crag and heather reared in mist their
heads sublime.

Tongueless but oracular altars, where grey earth confes-
sion made

How the Ocean rolled above her in wild fluctuation
stayed,

Where each sullen granite summit heaves abrupt its
foam-like crest,

Stopped in rolling,—image petrified of restlessness in
rest.

But the Mind itself impresses on the forms it hallows,
giving

Power and majesty they have not, lights in our reflection
living:

In stern mountain forms repellent, in the strength that
mocks control,

Dwells a spirit and a feeling that doth concentrate the
soul:

Till the might it doth embody of the Ocean and the
Storm:

And our consciousness of being flows into material form :
Till the impress stamped within us, we become of Nature
part,

Drawing half of hue and glory from the sources of the
heart.

And here dwelt the men of iron, Titans, but who owned
a god,

That the cloud-mist was his dwelling, that his step in
thunder trod :

Not for them forewritten mandates sent to raise the
shrine to heaven,

From the ribs of deep earth cloven, from the sculptured
granite riven ;

The groined arch in distance lessening by o'er-wreathing
vistas joined,

Stately pillars from the grey trunks modelled, in long
order lined :

Twining bough and leafy network wrought in interfoliate
strife,

Till the hoary fane was portion of the forests branching
life.

Giant children, these they knew not, Nature's sons, they
owned but her,

On her craggy breast their dwelling, in her heart their
sepulchre :

With her mists and hills engirded till their life as one
became,

In their stormy bosoms blended elements of earth and
flame.

But the power of veneration strove within them till it
 woke
Mind, that like a giant rising, from its chainless thraldom
 broke ;
From earth's ribs they rent the granite, rocks on rocks
 chaotic piled,
Till an altar to the Hidden rose and sanctified the
 wild ;
To the sky and tempest open, to the eye of God, who
 saw
Round that shivered shrine his children prostrated before
 the law
Of power tableted within them, felt amid the louring
 cloud,
In the thrilling lightning visioned, in the thunder's
 voice avowed.

They have passed, a fading memory ; something of
 ancestral race
In the peasant's front is imaged, on the open brow ye
 trace
Stamp of patriarchal freedom, of the world-untainted
 breast,
Severing from the lands beneath them with a jealous
 love confessed.
He had trodden in their footsteps, as a clansman with
 them dwelt :
As a human brother, equal, their one trunk ancestral
 felt :
Faiths and trusts in him confided, and confession that
 resigned
Leaves the heart, its weight of sorrow to a human ear
 consigned.

There--where crowned with youth, a glory round him,
to the sky he told
All the enlarging aspirations, thoughts that through
his bosom rolled,
There returned the grey-haired Pilgrim, on his brows
the myrtle bound,
Passion's wasteful torch extinguished, and the peace
within him found.
He had probed our human nature and its inmost veils
unclosed,
Nor recoiled before the lazar brother hearts to him
disclosed :
In confession of their weakness, in their good or ill o'er-
grown,
Vice or virtue's reinless impulse, he but saw and felt
his own.

He felt thus his brother claimed him, and his sympathy
he gave
Even to hearts in vice degraded, sunk within a living
grave ;
Still aloof from contact, listening throes of passion un-
profaned
By confessions wrung from bosoms erewhile as his own
unstained.

He had struck the chords of passion and of thought, his
record hung
Leaf-like on the tree, or slighted, or aside by light
winds flung,
But by Truth severe if gathered and approved, to be
enrolled
With her living scrolls remembered when the hand that
waked was cold.

In him the immortal yearning was no idle lust of
fame,
To trace out in feverish blazon above lesser lights a
name;
No vain effort his to impress upon memory's transient
breath
Personal life, or name, or glory of the laurel's withering
wreath :

But the heart of man to open, and its hidden thought
disclose,
The still depths of passion fathom slumbering in its
dark repose,
These he would confess, contented so the song with
memory twined,
Welcomed as a friend and echoed from the heart of
human kind.
Then the Pilgrim turned from visions to the present,
and he saw
How just Nature made material life the shadow of her
law :
At his feet the red leaves withered, beauty hallowing
their decay,
Dried that fountain-source beside him, the light current
lapsed away :

But the emerald grasses brightened there of an unfading
green,
From the vital essence circled through their thrilling
veins unseen ;
Stern that steadfast rock and lonely, but his spirit felt
the trace
Stamped of power and endurance on its everlasting
face.

Wistfully he eyed them, fondly his rapt spirit to them
clung,
Ere the accents gathering slowly, grew from his unconscious tongue:
For he felt the moral teaching of great Nature, the
control
Of her wisdom, as her symbols sunk in his reponsive
soul.

“O you leaves of beauty flowering from the roots that
perish not,
Your breath is supporting ether, and your life with
nature wrought;
And, deserted fount! your current to the unknown deep
is sped,
But the flowers by you created, from your vital streams
were fed.
And while blessing such as you are, in your faces while
I look,
I behold my being mirrored as in Nature's opened
book,
For those dead leaves are departed days, alas! once
green and pure;
And that fountain-source my boyhood, too abounding
to endure:

“And my lays those grasses living from the breath in
them infused
Of a spirit too much loving that perchance itself
abused;
The neglected colder duties which convention's life
adorn,
For the yearnings growing with him, the one passion in
him born.

And thou rock ! austerely rising in grey solitude
apart,
Thou impresses on my spirit man's unconquerable
heart:
So staid purpose mocks the changeful: so the Poet
moulds his lot,
With the forms of power and beauty or remembered
or forgot."

THUS the old Man's lay hath ended,
And the latest notes have blended
With the air: but whither fled
Is he who rested here awhile?
Who doth live upon the eye
Of affectionate memory,
With his mien subdued, and head
Bent with thought and earnest brow?
He who could an hour beguile,
As through threaded mazes ran
Of his life, he dared avow,
Child-like, all the worldlier man
Doth within his bosom hold,
Till God's stamp is there erased:
Until conscience' voice controlled,
He walks toward his grave a thing
Of convention's imaging,
With a heart by usage dried,
And a mask of iron faced,
Truth from all but One to hide
And a lie upon his tongue,
That by apathy petrified,
On each stony accent hung.

Not thus passed away unmoved
Coldly from this mortal scene,
That confiding Man who loved
To tell all that he had been,
All he was ; till he became
Changed, as one with heart elate
Prescient of a holier state.
Yet he walked with men the same,
Silvery locks his brow o'ercast,
And his furrowed cheek revealed
Impress by time's signet sealed ;
But his soul had drank the dews
Of youth that itself renews.
He had past, o'er heights serene,
More august and purer, where
He breathed a diviner air,
In far distance where was seen
Light of a sublimer truth :
That into a second youth
We must enter, ere the thought
By slow time and process wrought,
Sublimate and chastened, can
Read the work of God in man :
That the wisdom of the heart,
Grown from reverence and faith,
Gives the wings that strength impart
To pass through the gate of death.

Al l his lapsings, all his crime,
Since he grew the child of time,
Did he unto us confide
With a faith that was sublime,
And a truth that would not hide

Flaws grave wisdom might deride :
All he felt, and all he proved,
Or mistrusted, shunned, or loved,
To the memory consigned
Of the staid and thoughtful mind ;
In his bosom there to lie,
By hope cherished tremblingly.

You may search the green earth through,
Nor find that old Man you knew,
Shadow-like, who stood by you.
You will not hear his voice again :
You must unto him depart,
For he walks no more with men.
The neglect that wastes the heart,
Withering the growths of hope :
The faith mighty that could cope
Through a life against despair,
Sleeplessly contending there :
The forgetfulness that falls
Dropping, ice-like, from the walls
Of its prison, till the flame
Answerless and dead became,
These are felt by him no more !
Life's last coil with him is o'er.
He is sleeping, he is dead,
That old Man confiding, sped
All his hopes that once dared claim
Memory, as one who feels
Truth he to himself reveals ;
As a seer who knew the fire
That should light his funeral-pyre,

And burn heavenward from the sod
Was a glory drawn from God.

Never more shall he aspire,
Whose life was one aspiration
For the good, the great, unfound,
And the true, in triad crowned.
He is sleeping: the creation
Of his mind, what boots it now?
He sought truth but to avow,
The world heard him not subdued
By life, thought, and solitude,
That Man of retiring mood,
Who unsought would not intrude
On the paths where others stood.
His Voice as the wind went forth
That finds no resting-place on earth:
As the distant midnight hymn
Heard through depths of forests dim,
Blending with the breeze a tone
Of harmony till made its own!

So that old Man passed away:
In the churchyard green he lay;
O'er his turf the daisies grew,
And the wild thyme fragrance threw
There, as if the dead beneath
Could awake and bless their breath
And the cloud and sunshine cast
O'er the pillow of his rest
Light and shadow as they passed,
Even as o'er his living breast
Joy and grief alternate played.

But no ponderous stone weighed on
His poor dust when he was gone :
For he said, expiring laid,
While low voices round him prayed,
And Death stood beside the door
Ere he crossed the threshold floor ; —
“ Let no tomb above me press,
Shutting out the loveliness
Of great Nature ! let the sun
Shine upon my grassy bed ;
When the blessed day is done
There its latest ray be shed !
So the Elements that warmed
This material life transformed,
To the surface raised shall be,
Mingled with the flowers and air,
With the sun rejoicing there :
And my chainless spirit flee
Into God’s infinity.

“ Raise a headstone from the grass :
Grave thereon the word — ‘ ALAS ! ’
To record a mortal thing
Rests below from suffering :
To attest the grief of one
Who left needful things undone ;
Yet who wasted not the sands
Of our holy life, if we
May dare boast of aught, or show
Aught of good may from us grow,
Sown but by our human hands.
For it was to him a strife
Of a Spirit that desired

Ever for a healthful life,
In the song by truth inspired ;
To be heard perchance when he
Rested, the ordeal passed :
That had then far pilgrims brought
From the east and west to cast
Wreaths upon a stone, if found,
Of a Man till then unsought ;
Who left on the shore such trace
As the waves might not efface ;
Of a Poet crowned at last
By those who withheld their wreath
From the dust that slept beneath.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A MEMORY.

PART I.

I.

A VEINY streamlet silently
Opening its azure eye,
Mid its fringed sedges hiding
Like a pleasant thought, while gliding,
On the bosom of the lawn :
That its hue and tone hath drawn
From the overhanging sky ;
And the willows seemed to love it,
Bending o'er its dimpled cheek
Tresses wild that waved above it ;
And the light airs faint and weak,
Lingered there like one who stays
For the boon that love delays.

II.

On its bank sat two in youth,
As in face and mien allied ;
With a glance cast on them you
The brother and the sister knew.
From her open brow the truth
As from its own mirror beamed ;

And from her retiring eye
Looked the self-respect and pride
Whose root is humility.
Her reflected beauty seemed
Lighted on his forehead high,
Where thought, as if passing by,
Like a shade its course delayed,
And a place of dwelling made.

III.

On his hand she placed her own,
While she said, half smiling, sighing,—
“Brother! many an hour has flown
While we here have sate alone,
Musing, questioning, replying:
We must leave these haunts awhile;
And that they be unforgot
Let us pledge a vow, my brother!
By this flower, ‘forget-me-not,’
That, when twenty years have passed,
On this day and at this hour,
We will keep our tryst at last,
We will meet again and smile,
Even as now on this loved spot:
Let the one attend the other:
You will come the first,”—upon
Her sweet face erewhile where shone
Tenderest light a shadow stole,
As it passed beyond control;
And her voice a pensive tone
Took, as it were not her own:
Like an echo heard within
The depths of the slumbering soul.

IV.

“ Yes, you will return again ;
Twined it may be on your brow
Laurel-leaves but think not then,
My brother ! you will look as now,
With the calm and sweet content
Won from healthful rest that never
Waited on sleepless endeavour !
Yours will be the wreath but rent
Or by thunder, or the blight
Seared of spleen and hate, that strike
Levelling false and true alike.
And not yours the mind and frame
To pass unscathed through the fight
Of those who world-memories claim ;
I—” and here a ray broke over
Her bright face—“ shall come to you,
Or alone, or with a lover,
Or a husband, to renew
Hours like these, but, if a wife,
Still your sister, and the same,
The staid Mentor of your life ! ”

V.

So they rose : her hand he took,
Gently twining with his own ;
Up the green and grassy lanes
They turned homeward from that brook,
And if Silence walked between,
’Twas the stillness of the scene ;
Or the trees whose foreheads cast
Sadness on them as they passed,

Or the water's tone that made
 Thought fall on them like a shade,
 A voice that seemed as if it gave
 A farewell, heard as from a grave:
 Each with staid and musing mien
 Listened, pensive yet serene,
 As when dwelling on the strains
 Of sweet music that hath been.

~~~~~  
 PART II.

I.

TIME on man's as Nature's face  
 Signets the same note of change;  
 Twenty years had rolled away  
 And you scarce had found the trace  
 Of that green and fairy place:  
 All was seared, and waste, and strange;  
 As if, taste and order fled,  
 Misrule there had reigned instead.  
 The stream flowed on with colder air,  
 The pale sky reflecting, bare  
 Grew the sedges wild, and they  
 Through the murmuring stream were spread;  
 The green pathway now was grey,  
 Leafless boughs across it hung,  
 That moaning o'er the brooklet swung  
 As if they held a silent tongue  
 That mourned and drooped o'er the decay.  
 And the voice of the thin wind,  
 Sounded like the tone unkind



Of a friend who turns his head  
From you, and his welcome fled.  
On the bank sits one alone,  
On the brown and withered grass;  
Is it he we saw? alas,  
Twenty years have o'er him flown,  
And deep traces they have shown  
On that forehead: o'er his hair  
Snow-flakes seemed as they had passed,  
Drifting on the wintry blast,  
In their flight arrested there.

## II.

It is he, the changed, the same:  
By the trunk of a rent tree  
He rests with bewildered air;  
But he doth not look around  
As one in expectancy  
Of a thing he sought, unfound:  
But rather as a man who came  
To sit alone with his despair.  
Like one from a foreign clime  
Landed, who would vainly find  
The one life he left behind,  
With his own existence twined:  
She he loved and thought upon  
When beneath the tropic sun  
Or along the polar snow.  
So he gazed around, about,  
On the water, on the sky,  
On those sear leaves, red and dry  
Then turned slowly to and fro,



As one who would lull to rest  
Thoughts that tortured or oppressed,  
As the mourner who would know  
None pries on his grief, or hears.  
By his hands his face is hidden,  
As a man who would shut out  
Nature, as a sight forbidden;  
All but what the feverish eye  
Sees of inward memory.

## III.

But between his fingers tears  
Thick and fast flowed gushingly,  
As if held within for years;  
Then sighs burst as from despair,  
That confessed its weakness there!  
And those sobs convulsing came,  
Such as their own pangs impart,  
When the pulse and brain are flame;  
When the strong mind giving way,  
Yields to passion its wild sway;  
Oh, God! it would have wrung the heart  
Of apathy, to hear  
The fierce utterance unreined,  
That flowed from him unrestrained,  
To relieve that bosom sere:—

## IV.

“I am here, my sister dear!  
As thou saidst, unchanged, but thou  
Art beyond this life’s control,  
Nor canst hear nor see me now;



But this I know, that nothing more  
Of joy or grief can vex thee here.  
I follow thee to some far shore,  
I know not where, but I have felt  
This truth within my inmost soul,  
For such as thee to pass in youth,  
Nor live again, were an untruth  
Of Nature, an injustice dealt.  
And if, sweet LUCY! as in sleep  
We meet and talk with those we love,  
And with closed eyes, or smile, or weep,  
So may we, waking, meet above,  
In some starred realm, where tears are dried,  
In paths that Sorrow doth not know!  
On shores Elysian, where the tide  
Of joy or grief, the ebb and flow  
Of change comes not, nor can go:  
Among Spirits that shall be,  
Blest in their resembling thee!"



## RAIN-PRINTS.

### I.

SAND-STONE surface by the Ocean  
 Rippled over, hardening grew ;  
 Wavy lines in wavy motion  
 That each other's course pursue :  
 Till that sand was ribbed and graven  
 As a floor by Nature laid,  
 On whose yellow surface paven,  
 Wind and light alternate played.  
 Then the rain-cloud passing over,  
 Swirled its sleet-drops on the face  
 Of that sand-stone, till a cover  
 Of staid wrinkles left their trace  
 On its furrowed forehead, lining  
 Its red cheek with softening grace,  
 With that sand-drift intertwining  
 Marks that time shall not efface.

### II.

Then the myriad years rolled on :  
 Over earth convulsion came,



Scathed or by the comet's flame :  
Whelmed by waves, or rent asunder,  
Or by earthquake, frost, or thunder :  
Darkness shrouded, or light shone  
O'er that wreck of death and life,  
Of wild agony and strife.  
Then within a later age,  
Rose a man with aspect sage,  
And beneath the open air,  
Looking round with thoughtful eyes  
Found those sharp fresh rain-prints there :  
And he gazed with staid surprise,  
And joy veiled in soberest guise,  
Then in phrase sedate and wise,  
Showed how light a thing might give  
The fixed impresses that live.

## III.

POET! thus be thy endeavour ;  
As the rain-drift from the sky  
Let thy verse fall heedlessly :  
Do thy work, but do it well :  
Know that which thou hast to tell,  
The thought fathom to its source,  
The quick fancy's reinless course,  
The imaginative flight,  
Whose throne is the infinite :  
Then forget thy song for ever !  
Pass thou onward, be as not :



Voice of feeling and of power  
Never sunk in dust forgot ;  
Nature's self as man doth crave  
Resurrection from the grave !  
Though thy slumber none shall waken,  
Though thy races fade like grass,  
Though earth's kingdoms shall be shaken,  
Thy existence shall not pass :  
On a day and on an hour  
Shall thy rayless Star be crowned :  
Shall thy foot-prints thus be found  
See thy work be such as thou  
Dost not blush to harbour now.



## THE DAYS.

### I.

THE days, the flowing days !  
 How have they sped  
 From that bright eminence of far-off youth,  
 Suffused with rays above it shed  
 From God and truth.  
 The days, the rushing days,  
 How are they flying by me now,  
 While I look inwardly nor dare avow  
 All they took from me, all they gave ;  
 They that in life's orient hours  
 Lapsed, forgot, unheeded by,  
 Cast upon the stream like flowers,  
 As if, flower-like, they could die,  
 As if they could find a grave !  
 Nor bore each within their birth  
 The seeds of immortality :  
 Nor each an accusing Spirit,  
 To tell all we did inherit  
 Of redeeming good or ill,



When they upwards fled from earth  
Their great mission to fulfil.

## II.

The days, the blessed days  
Of boyhood! let me yet confess,  
While I may my thankfulness  
For the joy they gave and took :  
The faith which they confirmed or shook ;  
For alas! they were no dream,  
No passed vision that doth seem,  
Yet is not, but the sublime  
Reality whose life was time ;  
But the ever fresh and young,  
And growing children sent from God,  
That have each a prophet-tongue :  
Or rather emanating rays  
From the fountain presence fleeing  
Of the one Almighty Being ;  
The Cherubim and Seraphim :  
The knowledge and the love,  
That have their dwelling-place above :  
And come and go from Him.

## III.

The days, the mid-way days!  
For ever from us fled  
Orient morning when youth trod  
Fervently, while overawed



By the spirits of the dead,  
That in those uncounted hours,  
Mingled their large life with ours,  
Ere descent to miry ways  
Left in us abiding stains ;  
Ere habit with his leaden hand  
Chained us to his dungeon-floor :  
Ere remorse had stamped the brand  
Of memory on the bosom's core :  
Ere we felt convention's chain  
The impulsive heart restrain ;  
Passion that the soul betrays,  
And concealment with it brings,  
Conscience that the bosom wrings,  
Ere that holy feeling be  
Deadened into apathy,  
And our spirit strive no more.

## IV.

The days, the evening days !  
Sated when we left the feast,  
When the revelry had ceased.  
We are weary, we are worn,  
With life's weight that we have borne,  
And our pilgrim weeds are torn.  
Sins that clogged the soul are riven,  
Virtue's clearer prescience given,  
And the peace, foretaste of heaven.  
But our day is overcast ;



One behind us still hath stood,  
A Shadow, but he hath not passed !  
And we yet may reach the good :  
We may grasp the prize, alas !  
As we stretch our hopeful hands,  
Shaken forth are our last sands !  
And the life-oppressed breath  
Ceases — in that pause was death ;  
And we sleep beneath the grass.  
But the days, the rushing days,  
Wind-like pass us ! as if they  
Knew how vainly had been wasted  
The cup held, we had but tasted,  
Ere for ever snatched away.



## LIFE AND DEATH IN EDEN.

---

LIFE, glorious spirit! walked by Eden's stream  
 Exultingly, and with a bounding tread;  
 Flowers grew beneath his footsteps, his breath shed  
 Vitality on air, his lucent eye  
 The sky and earth reflected in its gleam:  
 He stretched his hand forth, and in ecstasy  
 Of joy absorbed, exclaimed, "All this is mine!"

A deep Voice sighed behind—"Not wholly thine!"  
 He turned; within his shadow on the ground  
 Another walked, a Potentate that drew  
 Its life from him, and gave: beside a yew  
 He stood, and rolled his solemn eyes around:  
 "Thou hast said well, but we must share one throne;  
 Thou quicken'st, but canst not preserve the breath  
 Thou givest, frail and fleeting as thine own;  
 Thy birth and resurrection are from Death;  
 All through my gates their being still pursue:  
 I aid the work thou canst not do alone;  
 Thou giv'st the blossom, I, the roots renew.



## DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

## I.

THE Old Year on his couch was laid  
Like an aged king forsaken,  
In his need by those betrayed  
Who had loved him and obeyed :  
They had fled, alas ! and left  
That old man to pine away,  
Of his state and strength bereft :  
Fallen from him like leaves shaken  
From the oak in winter's day,  
When the breeze no answers waken  
From its branches seared and grey.

SPRING had loved him in his youth ;  
With clear brow and opened eye  
She beside him stood like Truth,  
Smiling as she tended nigh,  
With the golden crocus bound  
Round her amaranthine hair,  
And her brow with violets crowned ;  
While the young Hours round them circled,  
Till youth seemed as if it were  
An immortal green that myrtled  
From her life embodied there.



But, at last, thought overcast  
Her clear forehead, for she felt  
That her pensile flowerets failed,  
And their finer breath exhaled,  
When air sultrier round them dwelt:  
Then she gently from him passed:  
For she knew her Sister drew  
Nearer, as from him she flew.

## II.

On she came, that joyous creature,  
Sunlight laughing from each feature,  
Glorious SUMMER! her bright eyes  
Glowing forth from galaxies  
Of flowers her crowned head enwreathing,  
The rich life of roses breathing  
From her lips, entranced the heart:  
Till the King forgot coy Spring  
With her pale wreaths blossoming:  
For the enchantress held a wand  
That made time and life forgot:  
Till he asked no heaven beyond  
A being with her own inwrought,  
Of her bright life made a part:  
Taintless of earth's base alloy,  
While inebriate with joy.

But, alas! the cup, while blending  
Earth with heaven, its lees imparts:  
And the longest day hath ending,  
And joy, shadow-like, departs:  
And she knew the hour was nearing  
She her sister must pursue,



To guard chill or blight from searing  
Flowers that her breath renew,  
And the life they from it drew.  
But on him a look she stole  
Of a long and last regret,  
For she knew herself the soul  
Of his spirit since they met ;  
And on him her full eyes shed  
Their latest lustre while she fled !

## III.

Then the staid King sighed, while sighing,  
Stood a Vision by his side,  
As if to his thought replying,  
His heart's aching want supplied ;  
Raised like some immortal thing  
Of the poet's imaging,  
So she stood in glory there ;  
By her golden zone avowed,  
And her cheeks' empurpled hue,  
Full-eyed AUTUMN ! while she threw  
Round her, like an amber cloud,  
Her rich threads of glittering hair !  
Vine-leaves round her forehead twining,  
That Bacchante rare poured forth,  
From her cup of rubies shining,  
Wine, the inspirer ! that with mirth  
The ecstatic soul convulses,  
That inflames or soothes love's dart,  
That restores the sinking pulses  
Of the life-oppressed heart ;  
And the monarch gazed on her  
As he were the idolater



Of that Nymph so wild, as she  
Could not leave him like the rest :  
As if immortality  
Grew but from that panting breast.

But, alas ! it may not be :  
Such joys never meant to last  
With wild youth nor be o'ercast,  
Were not made, old Man, for thee !  
For she saw his locks were whitened,  
That his eyes no longer lightened ;  
That his heart no more expanded,  
Nor his lip of pride commanded :  
Yet, oh yet, life's sands withhold,  
Ere from him for ever rolled !  
In red harvest-fields, in bowers  
With grapes' bacchanalian showers  
Gushingly above him streaming,  
Give the hours to rapture dreaming.  
But such fleeting joys are hollow,  
She must leave that scene enchanted :  
Duty calls, and she must follow,  
For the fruits her sister planted  
Wither, if withheld the tone  
Of life ripening from her own.  
So her latest rose-wreath faded,  
Drooping from her tresses braided,  
From him slowly half retiring,  
Half-returning with her head  
Averted still, and lingering tread ;  
Parting, yet to stay desiring,  
Like the latest torch expiring  
O'er the spent feast —AUTUMN sped !



## IV.

Then the POET who had loved  
That confiding Old Man, strayed  
To his chamber; he had proved  
All he felt, till he had made  
His heart outwardly as cold  
As that life his will controlled.  
O'er his brow the wreath was bound,  
In his hand the golden lyre;  
While he waked its chords to sound,  
His eye flashed ecstatic fire!  
And he touched a mournful tune,  
As you may have heard in noon  
Of the stilly month of June,  
When the brooklet sighs along  
Voices deep that form a song!  
Preluding his fingers wandered  
O'er those strings, uncertain, wild,  
As himself, that impulsed child:  
While in musing thought he pondered,  
As the wind Æolian numbers  
Thrill along the harp that slumbers,  
Its unmeasured symphonies;  
As the lay of passion dies  
In its own absorbing sighs,  
The wild descant thus began:

## V.

“I am not as they, Old Man!  
Bright and cold as they,  
Seasons passed of yesterday,  
Whose brief life was as a span,  
Who, as shadow-like they ran,



Shed on you the beautiful,  
Seen and sunk in time's decay.  
I, too, own, alas ! his rule :  
But my mind can him subdue ;  
For this form a soul encloses,  
Where no law of his imposes ;  
And this harp is as a spirit,  
That its life to you can give :  
A new birthright to inherit  
From time, when you cease to live.  
For I come not, Old Man ! hither  
To forsake you, joys you gave  
To me that can never wither,  
Whose bright cradle is the grave !  
So to you allegiance due  
I bring, for this heart subdued  
By the cold world till it takes  
From its mould the pride it makes :  
That with giant strength repels  
Scorn for scorn, from the deep source  
Of the self-respect that swells  
The fixed will with innate force :  
In its holier calmer mood,  
Is a fount of gratitude  
And of love I pour to you.

## VI.

Time, alas ! your forehead sears,  
And your locks are thinned and grey ;  
You must join the thousand years  
That have fled to yesterday !  
For old WINTER, whom you love not,  
Brings you age, his cold benumbs ;



Your limbs, once elastic, move not :  
And the hour appointed comes,  
When you must be seen no more ;  
Even now beside your door  
Christmas passed with joyous heart,  
On toward the New Year hieing  
That old reveller as of yore !  
Well he knew that you were lying  
Here untended and apart,  
That you could not strength renew :  
But he looked not in on you,  
Old Man, he looked not on you !  
Nodding with gold cap and tassel,  
With devices quaint and rare,  
To a new thing sworn the vassal,  
He passed by with courtier's air,  
Measured step and debonair :  
In his hand the bowl of wassail,  
And the mistletoe he bare,  
Not for you, but for your heir ;  
For the truth I needs must tell,  
The old clock hath tolled eleven,  
Its next stroke must sound your knell,  
Unstayed or by earth or heaven !

## VII.

Then farewell, Old Man ! and blessing  
Mine be with you, ere you go !  
While I speak your cheek confessing  
Greater change, the truth doth show ;  
For your chin is sharper grown,  
And your brow the dial-plate



Shadowing time to you unknown  
Hours for which you cannot wait.

Hark ! outside the door they greet  
Your heir riding up the street !  
There the Morris Dancers meet,  
In their ribboned shirts and shoes,  
And sleeves slashed with crimson hues,  
Brass bells on their knees and feet.  
There the Friar's aspect bland,  
With his hood and shaven crown,  
Corded belt and russet gown ;  
His bead-chaplet in his hand,  
With his wallet stuffed, and eye  
Twinkling through its corner sly !  
There the Minstrel, with his tabor,  
And his tabor-stick and pipe,  
Calls up each rejoicing neighbour  
For the song and revel ripe.  
Capped and plumed with jerkin blue,  
Cloak and hose of crimson hue :  
By his side his gilt sword swinging,  
And his silvered shield is ringing.  
Motley follows, o'er his head  
Coxcomb hood and feathers spread,  
With the ass-ears flourished high,  
As he struts in triumph by !  
Light bells tinkling as he goes,  
From his head, and arms, and toes ;  
There they pass, crowds shouting after,  
Jester, joke, and hollowest laughter !  
And the bells their triumph telling,  
For your doom, alas ! are knelling.



## VIII.

Yet Old Man ! I will not leave you,  
Look not with distrustful brow !  
At such hour could I deceive you,  
Or forsake, or grieve you now ?  
While your lamp's last gleam is quivering,  
And the snows without fall fast,  
And your aged limbs are shivering  
As howls by the wintry blast :  
And your eyes are fixed and dim :  
Cold and motionless each limb ;  
Your low breath no more I catch  
As I bend above you—hark !  
The New Year is at the door :  
'Tis his hand upon the latch !  
He advances through the dark :  
Your closed eyes shall see him never,  
For his step is on your floor ;  
Then adieu, Old Man ! for ever,  
And adieu for evermore !



## HYMN TO AUTUMN.

### I.

AUTUMN is come ! decay's faint tints are spreading  
 Over the beautiful in nature, slow  
 The moss-limbed trees their latest leaves are shedding,  
 That mellow to a richer, tenderer glow,  
 Yet wild and melancholy, for we know  
 The hectic of decline doth tinge her cheek,  
 And o'er it beauty's last expression throw :  
 Hues that all voiceless, feelingly yet speak  
 Their moral to the heart, most eloquent when weak.

### II.

Autumn is come, the gladness of the spring,  
 The revellings of summer hours are sped ;  
 Life-motes that sported on light pleasure's wing,  
 Dream-like are passed, they breathed, and they are  
     dead,  
 Sole record memory leaves of pastime fled :  
 The sky expands o'er all its azure hue,  
 But like a heart estranged the sun doth shed  
 His light, but not his warmth ; those leaves that grew  
 So greenly fresh and free, his rays may not renew.



## III.

Time's withering hand thus falls on us unseen,  
Yet gently with our parting strength declines  
The power of enjoying what has been,  
So is the past unmourned ; if age repines,  
'Tis with a grief suppressed till it rejoins  
The loved, the lost, that life's sole treasures gave ;  
How placidly yon tree its leaf resigns  
Now to the lightest airs ! no more to wave  
In music to the breeze, but sleep in Earth's dark grave ;

## IV.

Or onward whirled by storms, to rest at last  
In some lone dell, or hurried down the brook,  
Or eddyng heaped in sunless caverns cast,  
To moulder there : deem ye no eye doth look  
Upon them still ? oh, not the wildest nook  
Hides aught from Nature's all-pervading eyes !  
Nothing is written in her starry book  
In vain, but lives again, and never dies,  
And mingles with the world's eternal harmonies.

## V.

And thou, most sad, yet lovely Autumn ! thou  
Dost bear thy part God's solemn choirs among,  
And wild and deep thy voice is sounding now ;  
Hark ! like an organ how it peals along,  
Prophetic truth that vibrates through the song :  
The woods and waters answer back, and say,  
" Behold, ye, who dare boast yourselves as strong,  
See how the mighty in their strength decay :  
O race of mortal men, even thus ye pass away ! "



## VI.

Spirit of harmony and love ! thou stealest  
Over the face of Nature and the heart  
Like fading twilight, then while thou revealest  
Beauty that tints the beautiful : thou art  
The limner that last touches dost impart,  
Thy pencil mellowed by Time's sober hand,  
Deepening each reddened tone ere it depart ;  
Ere the grey Anarch leave his hidden stand,  
And sweep his ruthless scythe, and shake his warning  
sand.

## VII.

And thou dost image our mid-way of life,  
The outward and the inner change : when we  
Feel all too late how useless was the strife  
To realise our dreams of youth, we see  
The ruins of our yesterdays in thee,  
Till grief is tempered to a holier joy !  
We have not revelled to satiety,  
But feel that life hath charms which cannot cloy ;  
Strength, faith, and hope, and love, that nothing may  
destroy !

## VIII.

Oh, while around me now thy leaves are dying,  
The rich red leaves of the departing year :  
While the trees answer to my voice replying,  
As the air sighs along their branches sere ;  
Now while the feeling of decadence here  
Doth sink within the heart, yet with a tone  
Softened, as thou in beauty dost appear,  
Lovely, yet sad, and desolate, and lone,  
Here, let me with thy Spirit mingle, too, my own !



## IX.

I would, as thou, meek Autumn ! be a spirit,  
Had I like thee as limitless a goal ;  
Could I thy throne of glorious hues inherit,  
Like thee be felt a blessing on the whole :  
So I might pour forth o'er the earth my soul,  
Idolatrous of its beauty : so I could  
Wander with thee, and muse without control,  
By stream, or vale, or in Hesperian wood,  
Alone with thee and love, with God and solitude.

## X.

Alone with my own soul which He hath blended  
With thee, and of a nature as divine :  
I feel thy spirit hath on me descended,  
I shed o'er thee the beauty which is mine ;  
For what art thou, wild Autumn ! but the shrine,  
Filled with the kindred life which we respire ?  
We give thee passionate love that is not thine ;  
Thou vibratest before us, Nature's lyre,  
Mute, till awaked to life by thought's enkindling fire !

## XI.

By the vast memories thou dost create,  
The rise and fall of empires typed by thee :  
By the irrevocable laws of fate,  
The fading of our own humanity,  
Imaged on thy rich ground so tenderly ;  
By the affections that life's trials soothe,  
Loves, hopes, and joys, that soon shall cease to be  
By the signs shown of thy departed youth,  
I read thee as thou art, God's mirror of the truth !



## XII.

Then be my bosom like yon open heaven,  
 Or the clear river, or ethereal air,  
 Thy images reflected in it given;  
 Let me my faith and strength from thee repair:  
 Let me feel, gazing on thee, that I bear  
 In me the stamp of an immortal thing,  
 That I shall join the beauty which I share;  
 Pure as is now my thoughts' imagining,  
 My life a deathless change of everlasting spring.



## JOHN MILTON.

MIGHTIEST of Poets! thou who rul'st the heart  
 In its first faith, to whom its pilgrimage  
 Of doubt, and pride, and self-reliance passed,  
 Fevers of youth subdued by calming age,  
 It doth with reverence return at last.  
 Thee from a boy I worshipped, and though I  
 Then darkly comprehended thee, yet now  
 With thought, and imaging the forms that thou  
 Gav'st me, thy loftiest heights I can descry.  
 Undying prophet of thy God thou art!  
 The harp of heaven was given thee to strike,  
 The chords of melody: thy voice was like  
 The deep that calleth unto deep; thy spirit  
 The wings of past and future did inherit,  
 Centering within itself infinity.

Thou, like a sunless Mountain, stood'st apart  
 And hidden, clouds suffusing rolled between  
 Thee and the world beneath that was unseen,  
 Veiled from thy ken; but inner rays were given



Brighter than from the Morning's forehead dart :  
Thy head was sphered in the serene above,  
And while in visions rapt of God and love,  
Irradiated with his light from heaven.  
Oh ! if I dare approach thee, be it forgiven,  
For thou wast not of earth ; a prophet sent  
To turn the age from sins on which it leant.  
Thou struck'st the rock of Poesy which heard,  
And the deep waters bursting at thy word,  
Pure, heavenly emanation ! full and free,  
Told that they came from God, though called by thee !



## THE POET OF ART.

He thought from others' books, and strove  
 To blend philosophies with art ;  
 While from their threaded webs he wove  
 Compounded wisdom, which, apart  
 Laid up with phrases quaint and terse,  
 He fused in scientific mould,  
 Shaping material into verse  
 By discipline severe controlled.

Morality on high he hung,  
 Subject for Art's dissecting knife,  
 Forgot that passion's fiery tongue  
 Awoke the marble into life :  
 Truth's saws he set as in a frame,  
 Clipped thoughts in tortuous shreds transposed ;  
 Simplicity an art became,  
 And brevity in darkness closed.

Man he anatomized, and found  
 The puppet of machinery wrought  
 By life and outward influence, wound  
 By chance, or destiny, or nought ;



The discipline sublimest taught  
By stern adversity, that wakes  
In man the Promethean thought  
That grasps the fetters which it breaks;

The lessons drawn from others' woes,  
The endurance proved within, the strife  
That breaks the demigod's repose,  
To wrestle with gaunt Want for life;  
The self-reproach its gall that feeds,  
The love, defiance, and the pride  
That hides the inner wound which bleeds,  
Such pangs august to him denied.

The imaginative power that springs  
From the great passion of the soul,  
That soothes our human sufferings,  
Subdued and chained by its control,  
To him was dead: his bloodless fiend  
Dared sympathies unfelt deride;  
Behind its show of puppets screened  
The impotence it could not hide!

His heart repellent never loved,  
To him the Angel's lips were sealed,  
The world of woman's power unproved,  
The passion in its fount congealed;  
The trust, the sympathy, the love,  
That merges human self, till men  
Gain glimpses of their state above,  
Fled from him, ne'er to come again.

He watched the flowing tears, and weighed  
The salt within them as they fell;



He heard the sobbings that forbade  
The heart its agonies to tell :  
Each look and gesture conned, with eyes  
Considerate, the pen he took,  
And noted down the outward guise  
Of passions in his lifeless book.

And thus age withered, but he kept  
Unruffled the crystalline flame,  
The spirit that nor felt nor wept,  
That knew the feelings but by name ;  
Imagination hid her ray,  
And left the alien uncrowned,  
To coin from images of clay,  
With a false stamp, the god unfound !

He told the truths that in him dwelt,  
The song of art, staid, calm, and pure ;  
The quickening flame within unfelt,  
That gives the throbbings which endure ;  
Life passed, her secrets unconfessed,  
Her grandest chords by him untried ;  
He wore a star upon his breast,  
And painted shadows till he died !

There is a SPIRIT watching here  
O'er mightiest poets ; they depart,  
But their songs shed like blossoms sear,  
Are gathered by the reverent heart :  
Their prophecies all vainly spoken,  
Are heard at last, and truth atones,  
The ruins of false Idols broken  
Become the footsteps to their thrones.



# SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GREAT Spirit of the North—immortal SCOTT!  
 It were ingratitude to leave the debt  
 Of thankfulness we owe to thee forgot,  
 For thy great world of life which in us dwelt,  
 Incorporated with our being, yet  
 Apart, and hallowed; truth and thought sedate,  
 That when from life abstracted, and the weight  
 Of cares, we drew from thee, until we felt  
 Wiser and better.

Through thy gallery  
 Of living forms we pass; kings, heroes, seers,  
 Starred with the worth of knightly chivalry,  
 And with those lowlier spirits that, sublime  
 In suffering, met the assaults of life and time,  
 And yielded to them nothing but their breath:  
 The self-enduring, meek of heart, yet bold,  
 Whose sorrows lay beyond the source of tears;  
 And the grand fortitude that bore to death  
 The agony it proved, but left untold.  
 Such as we might have been, or are; but they  
 Dwell with us to life's close, and when the way



Our heart oppresses, and our eyes are dim,  
And on the ear hath tolled hope's requiem,  
We turn to thee, Enchanter! and thy spell  
Bears us to Fancy's realms of brightest day;  
Then on thy glorious pictures while we dwell,  
Thy Spirit blends with thy created things,  
Till we bless thee in thy imaginings!



## TO THE PROFESSOR OWEN.

HIGH Friend!—not vainly was the gift of life  
Accorded thee, thou hast not idly sate  
At the great feast, forgetful at the board  
That festal wreaths upon the brow sedate  
Are toys; for higher aim was man create,  
For thought, and emulation's noble strife.  
Thou on ambition's loftiest wing hast soared:  
Thou, Priest of Nature wast ordained, thy part  
To stand before her central altar-place,  
To look the Past in her majestic face,  
And delve into the secrets of her heart!  
The Interpreter of marvels to thee told,  
Records of scrolls from buried worlds unrolled,  
Characterless and void, save to the eye  
That made its prescience drawn from time gone by,  
The revelation of futurity.  
Thou hast borne upward from the depths to light  
The reliques of the life Pre-Adamite:  
Fragments of mammoth scattered, rent apart  
By that wild storm that crushed the heaving earth,  
Sunken and wrecked in space, recalled to birth  
By thee, creator! from the realm of death,  
Awaited but revivifying breath.



What thy reward?—the consciousness that thou  
Hast opened to the eyes of wondering men  
Fresh forms of beauty: unimagined things  
Of the great world that lives beyond our ken.  
Walk on, great silent Poet! with the brow,  
And heart that doth its conscious joy avow:  
Search thou the ocean's depths, the mine, the sod,  
Unfold to us who stand beside and gaze  
On thee with reverent eyes, and hearts o'erawed,  
All that transcends our souls' imaginings:  
All thou hast traced of lights from broken rays;  
All of the great and beautiful that springs  
From the pure life whose origin is God!

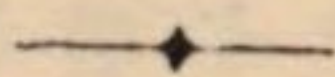


## O R A R E.

WHILE yet I trod this earthly sod,  
 And the great Soul awaked in me,  
 I was not wont to pray to God  
 In others' words with bended knee;  
 In formal phrase I could not see  
 Myself reflected, for I felt  
 The everlasting Deity  
 Inspiring within me dwelt.  
 I turned toward the open space,  
 At night or morn, or starred or clouded,  
 I knew it was His dwelling-place,  
 In light enthroned, or darkness shrouded:  
 And then I looked this shrine within,  
 This human temple, and I found  
 His Spirit there had ever been,  
 In triad-form, and each was crowned  
 With rays, and knelt in lowliness,  
 Hope, Faith, and Love, their lyres unstrung  
 I raised the harp, and strove to express  
 The hymn that they had left unsung:  
 Alas! my efforts I repressed,  
 I felt my words were lost in air;  
 I clasped my hands across my breast,  
 I felt that thankfulness was prayer!



## THE REMEMBRANCE.



METHOUGHT I stood in realms beyond the grave,  
Where in a waste and melancholy place,  
I saw my Mother: the same pensive grace  
Hung round her forehead, but upon her cheek  
Tears, as if shed by one who strove to save  
The thing it loved from ills, though all too weak.  
I looked again into those anxious eyes  
And read the same veiled tenderness, her breast  
Sighed, as if filled with earthly memories.  
I gazed on that loved face, and gazing blessed,  
Until my eyes o'erflowed, but in those tears  
I felt joy inexpressible, for they  
While flowing brought me back to boyhood's years:  
Waters that washed my human sins away!



## TO MY CHILD AGNES, SLEEPING.

O THOU love of loves ! thou sleepest,  
 But thy folded arms are joined  
 O'er thy bosom, and thou keepest  
 Those sweet fingers intertwined,  
 As if thou a prayer hadst caught  
 From some Angel, who had taught  
 Thee, ere came the birth of thought !  
 And how beautiful art thou,  
 Nestling in that golden rest !  
 How much lies beneath thy brow,  
 And the deeps of that hushed breast,  
 Of rich treasures unconfessed !  
 Marvels that thou canst not show ;  
 Joys that come to thee and go,  
 Ere thou of their birth dost know.  
 Lights that from those azure eyes  
 Flash forth, as from founts unbidden,  
 Telling or of wild surprise,  
 Or of hope or rapture hidden ;  
 Or the pensiveness that grows  
 From them, that around thee throws  
 Its soft shadow of repose !



And thy tears that have a tongue,  
Chased by smiles, the rays of gladness,  
From thee like the sun-light flung  
On dewdrops from lilies hung:

And thy low tones, as of sadness  
Or delight, each voice appealing  
To the heart, each note a feeling  
Of a life itself revealing.

And while sleeping thou dost lie,  
Beauty in that face reposes,  
Like a silent melody

Breathing from thy lips of roses!  
And while those flaked tresses bright,  
Tissue wove of golden light,  
O'er thy veiny forehead sweeps,  
Life beneath its vigil keeps  
O'er the sacred soul that sleeps!

Like a child immortal straying,  
That awhile had lost its way,  
And in slumber yet was praying  
For a heavenward guiding ray;  
So thy hands press o'er thy heart,  
And thy sweet lips smile apart,  
As if thou didst hear the lays  
Of seraphic harps, that raise  
To the Father songs of praise!

Or beside some stream Elysian,  
Dost thou, sweetest! gather flowers,  
While heaven opened shows in vision  
One that beckons from its bowers;  
While thou sigh'st for wings to flee  
To those haunts, where thou might'st be



Joyous and as bright as she ?  
Ah, no ! other joys have taken  
Thy light bosom for their home :  
Dimples round thy lip awaken,  
Thou art not in sleep forsaken,  
Over green fields thou dost roam,  
While thy youthful mother there  
Weaves a rose-wreath for thy hair  
That thou pantest but to wear !  
And thy coral lips are parted,  
Thou hast gained thy little will ;  
As the butterfly, light-hearted,  
Thou in sport from her hast darted,  
Dream on, and be happy still !  
This, thy father's prayer o'er thee,  
Oh, may thy life holy be  
As the joy thou giv'st to me !





## LINES

WRITTEN ON MY SCHOOL PLAY-GROUND.\*

## I.

I KNELT down as I poured my spirit forth by that grey  
 gate,  
 In the fulness of my gratitude and with a joy sedate ;  
 Alone on that wild heath I stood, and offered up  
 apart  
 The frankincense of love that gushed, fount-like, from  
 my deep heart.

## II.

And while I breathed that thankfulness, and felt its  
 holy glow,  
 And my heart gathered gladness in its calm and equal  
 flow,  
 While the sun shone within me, and the air elastic  
 played,  
 And to and fro the wheat-field like the wavy ocean  
 swayed ;

\* Doultong Sheep-slate, near Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire.



III.

And while the black firs tossed their boughs against the  
joyous blue,  
Light glinting on the grassy sward as broken rays  
flashed through,  
I felt that Nature answered like an Angel from her  
throne,  
And echoed back the rapture of my bosom from her  
own.

IV.

I saw the rich red pathway in the opening distance  
rolled,  
As if it led through vistas to some throne or shore of  
gold,  
And while the light breeze murmured there like sighs  
of love suppressed,  
My heart poured forth its blessing on the loveliness it  
blessed.

V.

I felt I stood on sacred ground that hallowed was to  
me,  
To boyhood's years far faded on the verge of memory :  
Sacred to me the grey-haired man who drank God's  
gracious air,  
Though thirty years had rolled away since last I entered  
there !

VI.

The oak drooped o'er that gate, a withered thing in dead  
repose,  
Grey Doultling's spire above the waste a sheeted spectre  
rose ;



And Mendip's bleak and barren heights again enclosed  
me round,  
Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten  
ground.

## VII.

But heath and landscape, boundless once, were shrunken,  
all was changed ;  
I felt I stood a stranger there, the place and me  
estranged :  
Each glance was memory, each step a joy, a welcome  
sense  
Of gratitude's fine ecstasy, calm, voiceless, but intense.

## VIII.

All stirring impresses of life were sobered by the  
scene :  
While staid reflection looked within the glass of what  
had been,  
For not a mound I trod upon was unforget, nor  
tree  
Rose in that surging scene whose image had not entered  
me ;

## IX.

Then when material Nature, mother-like, embraced her  
child :  
Then when each impulse flowed like hers, fresh, free,  
and undefiled :  
And there I stood, the Man, the breeze that o'er my  
forehead blew  
Was welcomed now a blessing which that wild boy  
never knew !



X.

Nature's eternal face looked on me! she was still the  
 same,  
 'T was I had left her, I forgot the ties, the parent claim :  
 I was the prodigal returned, who felt my follies run,  
 That I was no more worthy to be called, as once, her  
 son.

XI.

And gone the strength, the abounding health, the boy's  
 elastic tread,  
 The bird's nest won, the cricket run, the leap exulting  
 sped,  
 The conquest-wreath, sought ardently by me aspiring  
 then,  
 As in the strife of after-life among contending men ;

XII.

The lark sprang from the turf again and cleaved the air  
 along,  
 Intoxicate with joy she poured her spirit forth in  
 song :  
 The Clouds on the blue sky reposed, and silently re-  
 vealed  
 Their waiting aspect and the calm on each vast fore-  
 head sealed !

XIII.

The thistle's beard flew past me, but, as once, I chased  
 it not :  
 I stood where games were played whose very names I  
 had forgot,  
 I saw the faces I had raised, I met each answering eye ;  
 I heard their ardent voices fill the halls of Memory.



## XIV.

I clasped their hands again, I joined the exulting game,  
I chased  
With them the bounding football, or the covert path-  
way traced,  
Where, when the holidays drew nigh, I loved alone to  
roam,  
To picture forth my sister's clinging welcome to me  
home !

## XV.

Why sunk those voices in me an oppression chill and  
drear,  
A pain within my deep heart felt, in my dimmed eyes  
the tear ?  
I seemed on the bleak shoal of time left desolate and  
lone,  
I asked of startled consciousness where vanished youth  
was flown.

## XVI.

I called upon the firmament of memory, the sun  
Creating still the past, its life and glory from it won ;  
I saw fond eyes shed on me the affection which they  
drew ;  
I felt my lapsing happiness most constant—while it  
flew.

## XVII.

I closed my eyes to fix the living vision I had raised ;  
Faces that shone familiar lights again upon me gazed ;  
I heard their words, dream-music, by wind wakened  
when it flings  
Its spirit-thrilling touches on the harp's electric strings !



XVIII.

The thistle that waved by me broke that dream of  
 shadows, I  
 Alone stood on the heath before the wind and open  
 sky :  
 The past receded, cloud-like, o'er youth's far horizon  
 scene,  
 I stood within the present, and yearned back to what  
 had been.

XIX.

Where are they now, those forms and faces, shadows  
 still endeared,  
 Those ardent hearts that beat round me, that hoped,  
 aspired, or feared?  
 Or dead, or living, scattered o'er the earth, so changed,  
 they  
 Are creatures of another world whose mould hath passed  
 away !

XX.

Not so art thou, I thank thee, Nature ! here at last I  
 found  
 Retreat from passion's fiery throes, from chains of life  
 unbound,  
 The eye is dried, the feverish pulse is stilled, but left  
 behind  
 The resignation, and the hope, the calm and equal  
 mind.

XXI.

For from thy shrine I turned not, until thou this heart  
 hadst shriven,  
 Thy freshness in my soul infused as bathed in founts of  
 heaven :



Simplicity, and child-like hope, and faith thou didst  
instil,  
And liberty, in crowds forgot, in secret cherished  
still.

## XXII.

For there I felt the sickness and the weariness of  
heart,  
Contemplating life's hollow shows in which I bore no  
part;  
The faith that deadened, love that chilled, the hope that  
all had tried;  
Convention's lie, hate's jaundiced eye, hypocrisy, and  
pride.

## XXIII.

Almighty Nature! take again thy child unto thy breast,  
Let me repose again on thee, by weight of life  
oppressed;  
Before thy awful countenance repress the earthlier  
thought,  
False friends, false loves, and hope, and fame, dream-  
like awhile forgot.

## XXIV.

O lonely Pilgrim! thou dost stand before a sacred  
shrine,  
Thy altar-place of opening youth and grave; and is it  
thine,  
This altered form, this blanching hair and cheek; oh,  
can it be  
This grey-haired pensive man is all that now remains of  
thee?



XXV.

A form all changed, the storm and wreck escaped, with  
weeds defaced,  
Who walks with thoughtful steps along the melancholy  
waste,  
On life's strand standing lonely, like the exiled ghost of  
yore,  
Sighing in vain his soul toward lost youth's delicious  
shore!

XXVI.

Yet what art thou, so changed, but child of that  
departed youth?  
Now knowing good and evil, in the knowledge-fruit of  
truth,  
Then slave to passionate impulse, thou, and error, now  
sublime  
Thou lookest from earth's shoal beyond the bounds of  
space and time.

XXVII.

Thou wast the sapling of this trunk that must in age  
decay,  
Seed shed in blossom, morning's orient toned to twilight  
grey;  
The father of a boyhood past, thou, child-like even  
now,  
Wouldst ask the wreath of memory to live upon thy  
brow.

XXVIII.

Even now I rise and pace the desert heath with firmer  
tread,  
I cast depression to the winds, I raise to heaven my  
head;



I feel the mission is fulfilled my soul was set to do,  
To read the truth, to look the heart of man and nature  
through.

## XXIX.

A calmer feeling follows, a repose, and grateful  
love  
To the Spirit moving in me, and around me, as  
above;  
That fills my veins with gladness, with the silent joy I  
see  
In bearded faces of the clouds, in leaf, and flower, and  
tree,

## XXX.

That tells me I am one with the divinity revealed,  
The visible thought of God on nature's open forehead  
sealed :  
The veneration, and the faith, the gushing love in  
me,  
The triad elements that, ray-like, fountain forth from  
Thee !

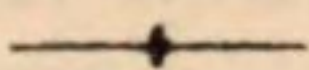
## XXXI.

Grey Earth shall pass, tongues be forgot, fame's records  
sink in dust,  
And in oblivion's scrolls be lost the good, the great, the  
just :  
But the soul freed from mortal coil by Him, time's bond  
shall sever,  
And dwell a consciousness apart in deathless life for  
ever.



## F I N A L L I N E S

ON THE SAME SPOT.



FAREWELL! farewell, thou holy dwelling-place  
Of holier thought, I never more shall pace  
The home of boyhood that hath left its trace

In me of freshness from youth's orient source,  
Of giant hope that spanned life's bounded course,  
Of erring passion buried in remorse.

The sun is setting o'er bleak Mendip's height  
Slowly in red and melancholy light,  
Expression coloured by my mental sight:

Gleams flash through leaden clouds that hurry by:  
One crimson line glares o'er the horizon sky,  
Like red Day dying in his agony.

His glorious visage parting rests on me,  
Wild elf-lock flakes his brow veil tristfully,  
As if into my spirit he could see,

As if he shared the passion that I felt,  
As if my sadness in great nature dwelt,  
While blessing this loved ground where I have knelt.



Happy that I have seen it!—happier  
That I to Nature bound idolater,  
In evening's quiet life returned to her.

What marvel that I offer thee my tears?  
That memory each sacred spot endears.  
Thou the sole witness of those earliest years

That shall return alone when God, who gave  
Their being, reawakes them from the grave  
Of the far past, and bids the laurel wave

Of an eternal green, youth's forehead o'er:  
The lost and loved restored on some bright shore  
Of bliss, where change and death can come no more.

I never more shall see thee, heath!—thou art  
A memory loved that must with me depart;  
A holiest relic buried in this heart!

I pass from thee as I had never been;  
A wind that sighed itself o'er thee unseen,  
A human thing that could not from thee wean

Affections human which thou gav'st!—that told  
To thee its grief and joy, that dared unfold  
Feelings it could not from thy breast withhold.

It was I felt thee as a mother!—knew  
The original tie, on wings of memory flew  
Back to the life I from thy bosom drew.

I left thee; with the million proved the force  
Of human passion, love, faith, hope, remorse;  
All this worn heart have wasted in their course;



And yet I live, my bosom is their tomb,  
Where memory sheds her sanctifying gloom  
O'er buried relics time shall disinhume :

Nor there repentance watcheth, nor regret ;  
I nought would change, all I avoided, met,  
Were threads of one inextricable net.

I felt the chains I struggled with, and failed :  
Evil that fell upon me was entailed  
By birth and nature, conquered when assailed.

I might have lived unknown in solitude,  
An animal passionless, a savage, rude  
As the brutes round me, knowing ill nor good,

And, swine-like, thus have perished in my den :  
No !—rather action's stormiest life again,  
And feel my heart-pulse throbbing among men !

Foiled, baffled, but o'ercome not, though in vain  
Contesting, spurning sloth's inglorious chain,  
For honour's strife, self-dignifying pain !

The storm hath passed away, the human tree  
Shaken, but fixed, again looks tranquilly  
In the unrippled stream of memory,

There contemplating all it was and is ;  
The altered form, the startled consciousness,  
The quiet of unruffled happiness

Imaged in life that doth its reflex show :  
Another, yet my own, looks on my brow,  
And shares the silent joy it doth avow.



Ineffable, eternal, and unknown !  
 Wisdom ! the visible universe thy throne,  
 Whose being is in its reflection shown :

Hear me ! here kneeling where my boyhood grew,  
 Again in me life's earliest faiths renew ;  
 The trust, the love, I from thy Spirit drew :

Life is oblivion, hope its sigh suppressed :  
 Let the great mystery in darkness rest,  
 So, child-like, I be gathered to thy breast !

Or in Thyself, or in the universe,  
 Thy visible thought, and be this final verse,  
 Record of him whose spirit Thou didst nurse !



## ASPIRATION.



As some old Titan, his brow seamed with scars,  
Trenches of buried thunders, stands beside  
The imminent cliff o'erhanging the wild flood,  
His glowing visage lighted with the pride  
Of one who in great strife unvanquished stood,  
The sinking heart or baffled will defied :  
His eyes turned where the red and angry bars  
Of twilight closed behind the fire-eyed Day !  
So watched I, in my soul's abstracted mood,  
The solemn altar of immortal Fame !  
So dwelt I on the immaterial ray  
Forth flashing from its shrine, till I became  
A portion of the god whereon I gazed.  
Unmarked the chafing life that round me strove,  
The waves that fumed and died on ocean's floor,  
Mine eyes were fixed on thrones ensphered above  
Our low terrene, in eminence sublime ;  
Until I felt my spirit to them raised,  
Beyond the reach of chance, or change, or time :  
That I was bound, while breathing on life's shore,  
With the enduring powers that live for evermore.



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD



# ITALY.

## PART I.

## PART I.

# ITALY.

## PART I.







# ITALY.

## PART I.



## PART I.



THE Apennines : Florence.—Apostrophe to Italy.— The Venus.— The Niobe :  
Sappho.—Love and Psyche.—The Dancing Faun : Mercury.— The Genius  
of Death : Socrates : Plato : St. John : St. Croce : Michael Angelo : Dante  
and Milton. — Vallombrosa : Influences of Nature.— Ravenna.— The Pass  
of Furlo.— The Consul Nero.— The Rubicon. — Julius Cæsar.—Ariminum.  
— The Adriatic.



# ITALY.

## PART I.

### I.

IF thou wert aught, Time-hallowed phantom, Muse!  
 Save the creation of immortal mind,  
 Here throned apart thy temple wouldst thou choose:  
 O never yet 'mid Ida's woods reclined,  
 Parnassian height, or Delphic shades enshrined,  
 Was a sublimer, worthier altar thine  
 Than where I stand, companion of the wind,  
 Cloud-folded on the stormy APENNINE!  
 There where I feel thee linked with Nature's life and  
 mine.

### II.

Athens of Italy! I gaze on thee  
 From Miniato's cypress-covered steep;  
 FLORENCE! beneath me opening silently,  
 Thou liest amid thy olive groves in sleep:  
 Round thy grey towers the veil-like vapours sweep,  
 Softening thy beauty to a tone more fair;  
 Hark! sounds of life rise o'er yon azure deep:  
 The full-toned bell throws music on the air:  
 A City's mighty heart is audibly throbbing there.



## III.

Thou who dost love thy human-kind, who feelest  
Thou art in brotherhood of soul allied,  
When from the crowd to solitude thou stealest,  
Waste not thy passion by the mountain-side,  
Go, gaze upon a city in its pride,  
Then shalt thou feel thine own humanity !  
The incarnate Son of Man who for us died,  
O'er Salem wept for man's infirmity,  
As life with all its woes oppressed his heart and eye.

## IV.

Spirit of Beauty ! thou all visible  
Soul of the universe, with eloquent hue  
Colouring the forms that in our bosoms dwell  
Reflecting thine, here thou dost kin renew  
With man as when in orient youth he grew  
Nearer the life-tree, when to him was shown  
The harmonies of love he from thee drew :  
On the blue mountains round is reared thy throne,  
In the deep air we blend our breathings with thine own.

## V.

Here, on thy altar-place the offering take  
Of my heart's worship, round whose shrine await  
Love, hope, and faith, the triad life that make  
Our own a blessing : doth not emanate  
Thy Spirit from all forms ? thy thought sedate  
Feel we not impressed from the woods ? the flowers,  
Breathe they not forth thy moral felt too late ?  
Enjoy while yet we may, while breath is ours,  
Time passing bears along the unreturning hours.



## VI.

O thou loved land which still art Paradise !  
Thou that embodiest all the poet's dream :  
Thou steeped as in a hyaline by skies  
Of tenderest tincture, where the orient gleam  
Of sunlight glorifies vale, wood, and stream,  
Bright as the rays that wake them into birth ;  
Where the corn, vine, and olive, laughing teem ;  
Where the broad rivers roll in voiceful mirth ;  
Where the Titanic-Alp girds thee from common earth.

## VII.

Vain the lament that mourns thee, thou dost tread  
The circle marked for men as nations, first  
Nerved Freedom prostrates slavery, while her head  
Fame crowns with laurel, then by luxury nursed,  
Laxes the giant strength those chains that burst :  
Till decline lowers the pulses once elate :  
Thy beauty which hath been a gift accursed,  
Thy saviour yet shall be : the world though late  
Shall throne thee, Italy, in thy ancestral state !

## VIII.

Lo, the idolatry of elder time,  
The worship of all ages, mightiest Love,  
Raising from sordid self each thought sublime ;  
The soul in marble moulded forth to prove  
Its immortality, that vainly strove  
To kindle in expression the deep feeling  
From the imaginative life that wove  
To being that divinest form, revealing  
All the vast heart hath dreamed within its depths con-  
cealing.



## IX.

Form of ideal beauty, that doth keep  
Watch o'er herself in silent ecstasy :  
As when her shape was mirrored in the deep  
Stilled by her presence, when the earth and sky  
Confessed the tutelary deity,  
Whose breath was life, whose spirit was repose ;  
Then when emerging from her shell, the eye  
Saw leaf-like each expanded grace disclose,  
Opening the central heart of the unfolded rose.

## X.

So stands in life the breathing goddess, bright  
As with rays emanating from her head,  
Crowning her with a glory's hallowing light ;  
While on the aching eye and heart is shed  
That sense of adoration which is fed  
When language sinks beneath the spell we feel :  
Beauty and purity with wings outspread,  
Her brow o'er-shadow, calling us to kneel  
To love that doth in us its holier fount reveal.

## XI.

But where art thou, Prometheus of the past,  
Thou who didst animate that form divine ?  
Thy hand is in the dust of ages cast,  
Yet shouldst not thou man's common lot repine,  
Thou who hast pedestalled within her shrine  
Beauty, the form of nature's happiest mood ;  
Wrapt in her life we cease to think of thine :  
Thus transient still our human gratitude,  
The giver still forgot, while ever grasped the good.



## XII.

The Niobe, the majesty of grief,  
Before whose presence awe-struck spirits bow !  
Her mighty sorrow asks not for relief,  
Yet doth that human attitude avow  
The mother unforgot ; her regal brow  
Is raised to heaven imploringly in vain ;  
Her hand still guards her youngest hope that now  
Her arm with passionate fondness would retain,  
But ere the robe enfolds, her latest love is slain.

## XIII.

There stands the living ruin ! she weeps not,  
Tears in their fountains dried have marble grown ;  
Despair's last pulse is stilled, the deed is wrought  
That hurled her reason headlong from its throne :  
Branchless and lightning-stricken, and alone  
She lives, retaining breathless consciousness  
Of passion stayed and petrified to stone :  
The appealing gesture and the vain caress,  
Attest bewildered woe in mute grief passionless.

## XIV.

Cold is the eye that looks on thee unmoved,  
Colder the heart that warms not at thy tale,  
Dark Sappho ! who like thee hath ever loved  
And left such burning record ? what avail  
Genius, the glorious faculty to entail  
The deathless life of the immortal Muse,  
When slave to human passion ? when doth fail  
Wreath on the laureate forehead to infuse  
Peace, or the throbbing brain impregnate with its  
dews ?



## XV.

Entwined their arms, their souls met in their eyes,  
Into one being circumfused, one heart,  
Stand Love and Psyche pure as their own skies :  
She seeks not yet to draw life's veil apart,  
The child of innocence, she knows not art :  
Oh, could the immortal soul thus happy rest,  
Nor seek to plunge into itself the dart,  
What else is knowledge? how might it be blest,  
Its paradise this earth, of all it loves possessed !

## XVI.

The Dancing Faun, the bacchanal of joy !  
The pulses of delight within him bounding :  
His foot pressed lightly on his cymbal toy,  
Now soft, now full the answering music rounding ;  
How is his triumph at each note redounding !  
His arms are tossed in motion like the tree,  
When the wind through its joyous boughs is sounding ;  
His face, his eyes brimful, o'erflow with glee,  
His the delirious life of rapture's ecstasy.

## XVII.

Behold light Hermes, messenger of heaven,  
On the supporting breath of the wild wind  
Balanced, ere flight to his poised wings is given :  
How in that form is typed the immortal mind,  
Grace, speed of thought, and freedom unconfined :  
He points, his arm thrown upward with a smile,  
To his far home, Jove's mandate is consigned ;  
Not even Calypso's charms the god beguile :  
One bound, he leaves afar Ogygia's azure isle !



## XVIII.

Lo, that lone Statue ! lonely as a cloud  
Above the desert, in his beauty he  
Is sorrowful, his thoughtful head is bowed,  
His drooping torch sinks quenched beside his knee,  
Thoughts of the past and of futurity  
Darken his brow, his lonely spirit yearns  
For a life passed into eternity :  
The Spirit of Death his deathless being mourns,  
The beautiful is gone, and ne'er, alas ! returns. .

## XIX.

What is this death, this terror of the mind,  
This sightless Substance bodied by our fear ?  
Felt, though unseen, the step of life behind ;  
For ever distant yet for ever near ;  
Mocked by our sleep, whose pillow is our bier,  
From whence hope wakes us to pursue again  
The syren luring us to persevere,  
Until foredone, we own the struggle vain :  
Resigned to rest in peace beneath his leaden reign.

## XX.

Angel of Death ! august in beauty thou :  
Thine the dark loveliness the night doth wear  
When the stars lighten o'er her clouded brow ;  
They paint thee terrible who do not dare  
To watch thee steadfastly, thy features bear  
The marble stillness of eternal rest ;  
All passions meet in slumber buried there,  
All hopes, loves, hatreds, hidden or confessed :  
Life's agitations stilled on thy petrific breast.



## XXI.

To the grief-stricken thou the great Unmoved,  
 Medicinal comforter art ; 'tis thou alone  
 Joinest the lover with the dust he loved :  
 To him who owns immortal longings, none  
 Reveal save thou what he would look upon ;  
 The dead, the immortal, the life infinite,  
 Spirits or gods that radiate from the One :  
 The realm of shadows, the waste void of night,  
 Where the soul rests or wings its still progressing flight.

## XXII.

The sense of thy great coming, mighty Death !  
 Chills sage and hero, strength bows down the knee,  
 Beauty before thee casts her withered wreath :  
 Pride kneels in abject humbleness to thee,  
 And wisdom owns her name humility !  
 Thou hold'st the mirror to the beautiful,  
 And show'st its fleetingness : the pageantry  
 Of wealth thou mock'st ; thy foot is on the stool  
 Of thrones, All Just ! that dost the slave as monarch  
 rule.

## XXIII.

Lo, we confront the wisest of mankind !  
 The glory of old Athens and her shame :  
 The image of divinity confined  
 Within the lowliest temple ; who doth claim  
 A memory that mocks the trump of fame,  
 Embodied virtue, Socrates the wise ;  
 He who proved human wisdom was a name :  
 Who saw humanity in naked guise,  
 Stripped of its shreds and gauds and sophist vanities.



## XXIV.

What genius trace you in those satyr brows?  
What inward light do those dull eyes betray?  
The sensual slave no coarser type avows,  
Yet o'er that face doth mind in lightnings play,  
For God woke in him the ethereal ray  
Of soul that felt its immortality,  
Even in his demon's spiritual sway:  
Calm in his central path of purity,  
He left his deathless record how to live, to die.

## XXV.

Inspiring spirit, ruling from the dead,  
Divinest Plato! do we gaze on thee  
Still star-like throned o'er vaporous ages fled,  
A substant and eternal memory:  
Until a holier was sent from high,  
Thou rosest on mankind, sole harbinger  
Of truth revealing triad deity;  
Of the man fall'n from his ascendant star:  
Of heaven remembered still, the light still seen from  
far.

## XXVI.

Staid Contemplation on her seraph wings,  
Alighted, sits on thy majestic brow,  
That tablet of profound imaginings;  
And in their wisdom who so meek as thou?  
Truth, from her heaven unsphered, taught thee to  
bow  
Before divine humility, to prove  
The glorious faculties the man might show  
Enfolded in him, faith, and hope, and love,  
Angels that link him still with brighter spheres above.



## XXVII.

Lo, girt with mountain solitudes, the stream  
Dashed at his feet, the leopard's skin his dress,  
Roused from his rock by an inspiring dream,  
The embodied 'Voice within the wilderness ;'  
His eyes shoot forth the lightning consciousness  
Of prescience piercing through the cloudier years :  
His opening lips the mighty truths confess :  
The startled soul his thrilling warning hears,  
' Prepare, make straight the way, a god—a god appears !'

## XXVIII.

And in that form immortal life is moulded,  
On that clear forehead starlike faith is sealed,  
The flower-like blossoming of truth unfolded,  
In his refulgent boyhood is revealed ;  
Who would not rather, glorious spirit ! healed  
From mortal sin, prove, standing there as thou,  
The grandeur of thy innocence, than wield  
Power before which the prostrate world should bow,  
Crowns which compared with thine, are dross upon the  
brow ?

## XXIX.

Yet pass not, watching o'er Lorenzo's tomb,  
Thy Day and Night, sublimest Angelo !  
Eldest of Powers, ye see the gathering gloom  
Of crowning darkness round her forehead grow,  
She sleeps, and must not be aroused ; for, lo,  
The Titan Day his robe aside hath hurled,  
On his supporting arm uprising slow :  
Beneath his eyes clouds part like banners furled,  
Light flashing from their orbs awakes the distant world.



## XXX.

Altar of human dust ! thy sanctities  
Time-hallowed, are with our religion wrought,  
Even to thy sacred name the heart replies,  
Grey Santa Crocè ! holy is the spot  
Whose memories are fountains of our thought ;  
Whose life the future as the past inspires :  
Mecca of pilgrimage ! that shall be sought  
By those who reverence dust once lit with fires  
Deathless as those that shine amid the starry choirs.

## XXXI.

Here rests the dust of Angelo, upon  
The tablet graved of those prophetic brows  
Rays where divinity reflected shone ;  
His eye the delegated power avows ;  
Genius before whose altar the world bows,  
There the will fixed in its sedate repose :  
The thought whose wakening shall mankind arouse ;  
The light august, that o'er each feature throws  
The harmony that from the inner Mind o'erflows.

## XXXII.

Art's triad elements, ray-like gathering joined  
Central in him : creator of winged things  
And forms that left our breathing life behind :  
Titanic growths of faith's imaginings :  
Great Day and Night beside their secret springs,  
He bodied deathlessly : the Judgment saw,  
Heaven's glories, and the damned sufferings,  
And that great Hebrew Seer, when to the law,  
And Sinai's thunders knelt the idolaters in awe.



## XXXIII.

Seek not within those dark and marble cells,  
His tomb and monument, he sleeps not there,  
His sun-like spirit in the present dwells;  
Earth's mightiest altar-place his tomb doth bear,  
In his orbed dome hung floating upon air!  
There rules the mind of him who erewhile trod  
Among mankind, as one of them, to share  
Their petty griefs' ordeal, till from the sod  
The disembodied soul should, rising, walk with God.

## XXXIV.

And near him Dante bends above his urn,  
His thoughtful head upon his hand reclined:  
On that austerest forehead high, and stern,  
The lip compressed and cheeks with furrows lined,  
Is graved the eternal record of the mind  
That raised above humanity drew down  
Storms robbing it of rest: that still doth find  
Envy and hate within fame's iron crown,  
Scorching the brow that seeks man's wreath of vain  
renown.

## XXXV.

Look on his face, that tablet worn, but still!  
By the commandments of stamped passion traced,  
The fiery elements of mastering will:  
Hate that the life-blood fevers, revenge based  
On sleepless purpose, scorn whose blight doth waste  
The nurturing heart that lightning-like would fell:  
These the familiar fiends that love effaced  
From his closed breast, creating there a hell  
Where o'er his tortured foes his spirit loved to dwell.



## XXXVI.

For persecution on the exile wrought,  
Called up the avenging Nemesis of rhyme,  
Dooming to vulgar pangs by feverish thought  
Gendered, grotesque and base: yet with the slime  
And dregs of passion mingled, lights sublime  
Of a descended spirit; glimpses shown  
Of the auguster mind that later time  
Had softened, grief the ordeal proved, to tone  
The will that agony made succumb before its throne.

## XXXVII.

But his song, comet-like, went on its path,  
Wreaking on foes the vengeance of the hour,  
Embodied by a minister of wrath:  
Throes of volcanic passion and of power  
Awhile to endure, not with those lays whose dower  
Is the heart-worship through all time entailed,  
But lowering as the oppressive thunder-shower;  
Records of wrong or hate whose source has failed,  
Searched by the curious eye through murkiest meaning  
veiled.

## XXXVIII.

Unlike thee, first as mightiest, whose closed eyes  
Through Vallombrosa's bowers didst behold  
The vistas of unfolding Paradise:  
Who midst the roar of torrents uncontrolled  
Heard'st surging hell: and in the scathed pines rolled  
Beneath thee, saw'st the Archangels' shapes unawed;  
No bestial forms in worn-out fable told,  
But such as on their clouds all glorious trod,  
Ray-like creations stamped, each centering to a god.



## XXXIX.

No mind perturbed, no fallen spirit thine,  
 Thou poised Titan ! on thy shoulders heaven  
 And hell uplifting, nor o'erfraught ; divine  
 Vision was to thy sightless eye-balls given ;  
 Thou, borne on seraph-wing, thy earth-bonds riven,  
 Didst rise to God who touched thy living tongue !  
 On thy calm heights, from earthlier passions shriven,  
 Angel and demon forms alike were sung  
 To thy great harp of truth by inspiration strung.

## XL.

Dark Vallombrosa ! thy Etrurian shade  
 Is hallowed by the Spirit that a shrine  
 Hath of thy solemn sanctuary made ;  
 Here Milton lives in his majestic line :  
 An immortality doth man consign  
 To earth, his signet on her brows impressed ;  
 Memnonian Idol ! as, with touches fine  
 Morn's fingers music from its bosom pressed,  
 So genius kindles life from her responsive breast.

## XLI.

Doubt'st thou her inspirations ? lo, yon peaks  
 Titanic, burying their spears in heaven  
 As if they dared the thunder, or where breaks  
 Through mist and foam yon torrents headlong driven,  
 Hurl'd over trees and precipices riven,  
 Hark ! to their roar in yon Tartarean dell,  
 Ravings as of the tortured unforgiven ;  
 Type they not elder faiths to us and tell  
 The strife of powers opposed, the war of heaven and  
 hell ?



## XLII.

Lo ! round the mountain's scathed sides like a wall,  
 Pines lightning-blasted, wear such forms as bore  
 The thunder-stricken Angels : like a pall  
 The seething mists rise shrouding white and hoar,  
 Forests all crushed, upraising from the roar  
 Of waters their wild branches red and sere,  
 Thick as the weeds on ocean's surf-heaped shore ;  
 This is the vale of shadow, pause thou here  
 Where deathless Milton trod, the sacred ground revere !

## XLIII.

Oh ! while these autumn leaves are round me lying,  
 While thy Etrurian shades o'erarched ensphere,  
 While the wind seems thy voice to mine replying,  
 Bard of lost Paradise ! I call thee, hear,  
 Thou power that liv'st among us still, appear !  
 While the leaves mount the whirlwind, I would be  
 Conscious that thou in thy great life art near :  
 I would behold thee, like the prophet, flee  
 Heavenward, but leave on earth thy robe of prophecy.

## XLIV.

Silent Ravenna ! through thy desolate streets  
 Flits the dim shadow of departed power,  
 Felt on the heart which thy great tale repeats ;  
 Thou that did'st prop Rome's empire for an hour,  
 Shade of a Shadow ! yet is thine the dower  
 That as with rays of light hath thee arrayed,  
 Thou hold'st the dust of Dante ; in that tower  
 His bones by Florence begged in vain are laid :  
 His passionate appeal to her as vainly made.



## XLV.

Behold the Pass of Furlo ! earth upheaved,  
Yon giant range of mountains rent asunder,  
While through their gorge Metaurus' waters cleaved,  
Flashing in foamy light, or buried under  
Huge fragments hurled from high, its voice of thunder  
Heard, while on sweeping its resistless way !  
Yet not alone claims Nature our mute wonder :  
Here the foiled Roman made his wild essay  
To crush his foe and rule with undivided sway.

## XLVI.

Who knows not Nero, he whose lyre was strung,  
To the red fires and shrieks of burning Rome ?  
When hath not fame the deeds of monsters sung ?  
When shall the hero of the name assume  
As wide renown, engraven on his tomb,  
The conqueror of Asdrubal ? whose arm  
Here, fate-like falling, shadowed Carthage' doom,  
And wresting victory from her, broke the charm  
Of him whose name filled Rome with ever-waked alarm.

## XLVII.

Here in her toils were Afric's legions led,  
O'ertrampled, powerless or to fight or fly,  
Hewn down while they like sacrifices bled ;  
Here, visibly embodied Destiny  
The scales of empire turned with victory :  
No record now remains, save yon grey hill,  
Where fought the Punic hero but to die :  
There now the shepherd sleeps beside the rill,  
The stream glides murmuring on, the cave and crag are  
still.



## XLVIII.

Yet one enduring sound is ever heard  
 In that repose which dwells unchangeably,  
 Save when by tempests' wrath for moments stirred;  
 Yon solitary water-fall, whose high  
 And sweeping fountains chaunt a melody  
 Wilder than harp to loftiest epic rhyme,  
 Still typing in its grand monotony  
 The movement of existence: voice sublime,  
 That doth record even there, the march of life and time!

## XLIX.

Onward we pass: a vein-like rivulet  
 Glides gushingly along, whose azure threads  
 Disparted scarce their shrunk channel wet;  
 Here swelling to a river such as heads  
 The steed slow wading through its pebbled beds:  
 Its name hath passed a household word with men,  
 Moral for him who late or early treads  
 Life's fortunate path, who grasps that moment when  
 The good or ill are offered, ne'er to come again:

## L.

That tide which leads to happiness, or fame,  
 But leaves, for aye, in shallows if withstood;  
 Lo, where yon red banks tell the water's name,  
 The Rubicon; and here the arch-rebel stood,  
 Whose name is ever linked with that wild flood,  
 Spoiled child of Rome and Fortune, he who chained  
 Victory to his car: in changeful mood  
 An ever-varying Proteus, the unreined  
 Impulse, his law of will, obeyed as fate ordained.



## LI.

With an unsettled eye and brow perturbed  
 He looked on, but saw not the river's course,  
 Earth seemed as if she rose and palpably curbed  
 Reinless ambition : wailings of remorse  
 Rose from that stream her mandate to enforce ;  
 The Roman mother stood before her son :  
 Life opening flashed on him from its first source,  
 All or of good or ill, to seek or shun,  
 The infinite of thought in that brief moment won.

## LII.

Here Cæsar paused, the working influence  
 Of the stern circumstance that rules us still,  
 The prescient feeling of the right, the sense  
 Of conscience stifled but immutable,  
 Contending impulses of good and ill  
 Strove here for mastery, the balance hung  
 By the faint hands of vacillating will :  
 Strength, faith, hope, confidence behind him clung,  
 Before, his foe's cold smile, pride conquered, and he  
 sprung.

## LIII

For oh ! what loves or human memories slaked,  
 Country, or fame, or gods, the undying thirst  
 Of feverish ambition once awaked ?  
 Thine was of purer essence, to be first  
 Thy aim ; Rome was not by thy tyranny cursed,  
 She loved, yet marvelled at thee : and the fear  
 Of thy dread eagles which by victory nursed,  
 Came, saw, and conquered, vanished when more near,  
 For thou hadst made thy foe unbroken faith revere.



## LIV.

Thou wast Rome's sacrifice, her greatest, last :  
The throne upreared by thee a lesser took,  
Yet fitter, so thy aim of life surpassed :  
He, wiser, turned the sword into a crook ;  
But who on thy bald laurelled brow could look,  
Nor fear the heights ambition might attain ?  
Hate struck, the blow for freedom's he mistook :  
But thou didst leave, on thy own altar slain,  
A warning to earth's tyrants rendered not in vain.

## LV.

For thou wast stamped by Nature one of those  
Whose fiery spirits must ascend or die,  
Conquering or falling ; aught save life's repose  
Thou couldst endure : thine the sublimity  
Of an undying nature, and thy sigh  
To be the first, the world's sole oracle,  
Its grand but misdirected energy ;  
For when thy least wish fortune did fulfil,  
What respite gave it thee, man of the restless will ?

## LVI.

And thou, Ariminum ! wast first to hail  
The immortal rebel on his march, when sprang  
Thy citizens from morning slumbers pale,  
As the shrill trumpets through thy forum rang !  
The wild shouts of the soldiery, the clang  
Of arms, and shielded o'er his legion's tide,  
Cæsar enthroned, forgot remorse's pang,  
His brow inflamed with mingled wrath and pride,  
Frowning like War let loose with Até by his side.



## LVII.

The passionate harangue, the answering wrath,  
Wrung from the fierce excitement of the hour ;  
The cohorts rushing on in their wild path,  
Whose rage is reason and whose law is power ;  
The consciousness of dangers such as lower  
O'er him who dares against his country rear  
The rebel's standard, cursed alike his dower,  
Failure, or triumph ; vengeance, hate, and fear,  
Passion's wild elements met in warring chaos here.

## LVIII.

And now a northern wanderer from that isle  
Which the soft Roman shivered but to name,  
Stands here, while ardent thoughts of him beguile  
Of whom all now is dream-like save his fame !  
Oh, more than breath recording is the flame  
That kindles from the ashes of dead years  
Impulse or thought that points ambition's aim,  
The hope prophetic that the spirit cheers  
To climb life's ardent steep, and crush unworthy fears.

## LIX.

Thou glorious Adriatic !—do I gaze  
On thee, bright dream of boyhood, fount-like spring  
Again pure memories of classic days  
When thou didst fill the heart's imagining ;  
The full sail wafts me with expanded wing  
Over thy azure waters, the glad foam  
Doth on the white deck its feathery eddy fling ;  
Free as the bounding sea-bird, on we roam,  
Whither doth tend her course, what port shall be her  
home?



PART II.

PART II.

ITALY

PART II.

Yes, there she sleeps, while in the silent night,  
Her spirit wanders o'er the world of light,  
In the bright light of day, she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,  
And in the night she sees her friends,



## LVII.

The passionate harangue, the answering wrath,  
Wrung from the fierce excitement of the hour;  
The cohorts rushing on in their wild path,  
Whose rage is reason and whose law is power;  
The consciousness of dangers such as lower  
O'er him who dares against his country rear  
The rebel's standard, cursed alike his dower,  
Failure, or triumph; vengeance, hate, and fear,  
Passion's wild elements met in warring chaos here.

## LVIII.

And now a northern wanderer from that isle  
Which the soft Roman shivered but to name,  
Stands here, while ardent thoughts of him beguile  
Of whom all now is dream-like save his fame!  
Oh, more than breath recording is the flame  
That kindles from the ashes of dead years  
Impulse or thought that points ambition's aim,  
The hope prophetic that the spirit cheers  
To climb life's ardent steep, and crush unworthy fears.

## LIX.

Thou glorious Adriatic!—do I gaze  
On thee, bright dream of boyhood, fount-like spring  
Again pure memories of classic days  
When thou didst fill the heart's imagining;  
The full sail wafts me with expanded wing  
Over thy azure waters, the glad foam  
Doth on the white deck its feathery eddy fling;  
Free as the bounding sea-bird, on we roam,  
Whither doth tend her course, what port shall be her  
home?



PART II.

PART II.

ITALY

PART II.

Yes, there she sleeps, while on the water's edge  
Her spirit wanders, seeking some far-off  
In the soft light of dawn, or in the glow  
Of sunset, when the world is all in fire  
And the heart is all in love  
And the soul is all in pain  
And the body is all in death  
And the spirit is all in heaven  
And the heart is all in love  
And the soul is all in pain  
And the body is all in death  
And the spirit is all in heaven



## PART II.

---

VENICE: Sunset: Records and Fall: Titian: Lord Byron. — Among the mountains. — Lake Trasimene. — Temple of Clitumnus: The Falls of Terni. — The Campagna. — Veii: distant view of Rome: The Past: Invocation to the Dead: Causes of her Decline and Fall: Trajan. — St. Peter's Church: The Dome: The Sistine Chapel. — The Miserere. — Pantheon: The Capitol and its Records: The She Wolf: Junius Brutus: Pompey. — The Palatine, its desolation: Palace of the Cæsars: The Forum: Arch of Titus: Moonlight on the Forum.



## PART II.

## I.

THE sun is setting; his last rays are steeping  
In golden hues yon clouds that steadfast keep  
Their station on the far horizon sleeping,  
Breasting the sky yet blended with the deep,  
While from their braided edges glittering creep  
Sharp pointed spires, in blue air faintly shown  
O'ershadowed as the sea-mists round them sweep;  
Lo, where those veils are raised, substantial grown,  
Fair Venice there reclines upon her ocean-throne!

## II.

Yea, there she sleeps, while on the waters lying  
Her spires and gilded domes reflected shine  
In the rich light's last lustre o'er her dying;  
Silent and lone as a deserted shrine  
Reared o'er that mirror's floating hyaline;  
Ancestral Venice! earth to her bowed down  
Deeming her Roman birth should mock decline:  
There still the queen is throned, but now her crown  
Is shadowed round her brows, haloed from past renown.



## III.

Enter as in the vision of a dream,  
Where all is strange, grotesque, mysterious, wild ;  
Ye glide through paths that are the ocean stream,  
Mid palaces with sea-green weed defiled,  
Looking desertion, yet unreconciled  
To be the sepulchres of greatness fled :  
Where Silence is a presence felt, the child  
Of desolation, for ye hear no tread,  
No shout, no trump, to wake this city of the dead !

## IV.

And the Rialto's arch is left behind,  
Ere memory from the past can disenthral  
Visions that crowd on the bewildered mind :  
Ere startled meditation can recall  
Bright Venice, when her ring imperial  
Wedded her green-haired bride ; lo, witness stands  
The bridge where first with Freedom's coronal  
She bound her brows, when her devoted bands  
Of patriots fixed their homes upon the shifting sands.

## V.

Vainly the waves roared and the tempests dashed  
Round that last hold, no farther could they flee :  
Vain from the shore the tyrant's falchion flashed,  
They looked to heaven and felt that they were free,  
And thundered back the shout of liberty !  
Patriots themselves devoting in that hour  
On freedom's altar-place, the chainless sea :  
Want nurtured daring, wealth embodied power,  
The Ocean's harvest theirs, the east and west their  
dower.



## VI.

Wast thou not child of Rome and her great heir?  
Stamped not thy deeds thy lineal origin?  
The stoic will to suffer as to dare?  
Thou who from that heaped sand-bank didst begin  
To cope with mightiest dynasties, and win  
Homage from thrones: thou saw'st their rise and  
fall,  
Roman, Frank, Lombard, Goth, and Saracen;  
Byzantium's friend or foe, until thy thrall  
The Orient owned, and paid her tribute to thy wall.

## VII.

Here past and present blend, until we deem  
Our life an unreality; can it be  
That thou didst head the Italian league supreme,  
Regenerator thou of Italy?  
That kings and greater, Venice! knelt to thee,  
Owning thee sovereign umpire of their fates?  
That thou sole champion wast of liberty,  
Then when pale Europe shook through all her states,  
When, conquest-flushed, the Turk first thundered at  
her gates?

## VIII.

Rome of the Ocean! thou thy Carthage foe  
Hadst also, and thy Dorian Hannibal,  
Till haughty Genoa was taught to know,  
That glory kept for thee her festival;  
That victory was to thee a carnival:  
Cyprus, Lepanto, Troy-like Candia—Fame!  
Thou shouldst have bound to thy fixed pedestal  
Fortune, ere she grew wearied of her name;  
Ere States revolting dared to question her high claim.



## IX.

Yet wherefore wast thou crushed at once? thy shield  
Braced on, thy hand armed, with thy bulwarks crowned  
By foeman never entered? didst thou yield  
Without one stroke? thy foe thou didst astound,  
Until contempt the soldier's bosom found  
For slaves who crouching, dared not wake his ire:  
Where was the pride that Genoa could not bound?  
Oh, where the soul of valour that like fire  
In the Morea blazed, for ever to expire?

## X.

Hurled to the dust is now that Freedom, broken  
And thunder-torn her banner once flung high  
O'er those red columns as a rainbow token,  
When wilder grew the tempest and the sky;  
And they, the brave who in their agony  
Fought round it, rallied, struggled, bled, and died,  
Sleep with it now, forgot like victory,  
Their shouts that rang along those halls of pride  
Are in a stillness hushed that ever shall abide; —

## XI.

Till the Archangel's trump shall wake the dead,  
And call from their all-dreamless sleep the brave,  
The freemen who like sacrifices bled,  
Upon their country's altar-place, their grave  
The heaped-up battle field, where laurels wave  
Hallowed by tears and triumphs unforgot;  
Until the immortal memories they gave  
Become the inspirations of the thought,  
Bodied in mighty deeds such as their fathers wrought.



## XII.

Her Adrian-rule and sceptre of the sea  
Are torn from her, her eastern diadem  
Is shivered, melted to a memory :  
Scorn of the foemen when she bowed to them,  
Cast to the Austrian as a worthless gem,  
Most in her fall the impotence was shown  
Of the clay-idol ; pause ere ye condemn,  
Remorseless in her hate to foes alone,  
With a stern jealous love the Parent watched her own.

## XIII.

Yea, all is here romantic, strange and wild,  
And mystical and dreamlike : lo, the square  
Where domes, and spires, and minarets are piled,  
The ducal hall's barbaric splendour there,  
The steeds of bronze that glitter in the air  
Bridled, the towering Campanile's height  
Where Galileo fixed his starry chair,  
And yonder triple shrine that fills the sight  
With a strange sense of awe, of marvel, yet delight.

## XIV.

The Greek, the Goth, the Saracenic twined,  
Spires reared o'er Moorish cupolas appear ;  
The long arched front with myriad columns lined :  
Behold, undisciplined by art severe,  
The poetry of architecture here :  
Heaped up and as a conqueror's spoil displayed,  
The o'er-crowded wealth of either hemisphere,  
Enter, a Spirit doth the place pervade ;  
Religion hath her own the sanctuary made.



## XV.

Yet the rich spoils which round those altars shine  
Seem more the stores that Mammon's den conceals,  
Gorgeous yet dark, than Jesus' blessed shrine;  
But oh, what groups yon casement's light reveals  
As through the shadowy depths beneath it steals!  
Shedding its last decaying hues upon  
Grey age that there in rapt devotion kneels,  
As if it were a ray from God that shone,  
Sign to the prostrate sent of faith's acceptance won.

## XVI.

And the deep silence and half-stifled breath  
Of those who shade-like tread, as if they feared  
To wake the slumbers of the dead beneath,  
Or as they felt the Eternal Being heard  
Each voice within his sanctuary preferred:  
Lo, where yon contrite pours on bended knee  
To the confessional each slow-wrung word;  
The Magdalen of grief! fair woman, she  
More erred against than erring still her lot to be.

## XVII.

Oh, never yet, fair Venice! shone the sun  
Where life did changes like thine own avow;  
Even on this spot what laurels have been won,  
Witness of all thy triumphs, when thy brow  
Was raised as proudly as 'tis fallen now,  
Here where thou sat'st upon thy jealous throne,  
The mart, the carnival, the masque below;  
With morn, the corpse by those red columns thrown  
Of some pale headless wretch, his name, life, crime un-  
known.



## XVIII.

But when the stars pale o'er the dazzling lights  
Of the Piazza's arcades, when the sound  
Of music, dancing, revelry invites  
Greek, Turk, or Persian stretched along the ground,  
When the tale-teller hath his circle found,  
Then with light veil and flexile step steals by  
Venetian beauty ! earth shows nought around  
Like the dark heaven of that all-speaking eye,  
Its passionate records past, its future prophecy.

## XIX.

Then when the Italian lover from beneath  
Sighed toward her balcony in hope or fear,  
Breathing romance whose deep and passionate breath  
Was more than eloquence to woman's ear,  
Till all but feeling slumbered, even fear  
Lulled into rest where nought but love awoke :  
Ah, well for her at morn she did not hear  
The sullen plunge, the cry suppressed that broke,  
As the hired bravo's dagger dealt its murderous stroke !

## XX.

Yet pass not gliding through the echoless streets,  
Pisani's palace, where a greater dwelt  
Than he, whose name humanity repeats,  
As coming and departing life have felt  
The spell which answering souls in common melt,  
The magic of the beautiful, the grace  
To which in its idolatry have knelt  
Entranced spirits, forms that leave their trace  
Deep in reflective hearts that time may not efface.



## XV.

Yet the rich spoils which round those altars shine  
Seem more the stores that Mammon's den conceals,  
Gorgeous yet dark, than Jesus' blessed shrine;  
But oh, what groups yon casement's light reveals  
As through the shadowy depths beneath it steals!  
Shedding its last decaying hues upon  
Grey age that there in rapt devotion kneels,  
As if it were a ray from God that shone,  
Sign to the prostrate sent of faith's acceptance won.

## XVI.

And the deep silence and half-stifled breath  
Of those who shade-like tread, as if they feared  
To wake the slumbers of the dead beneath,  
Or as they felt the Eternal Being heard  
Each voice within his sanctuary preferred:  
Lo, where yon contrite pours on bended knee  
To the confessional each slow-wrung word;  
The Magdalen of grief! fair woman, she  
More erred against than erring still her lot to be.

## XVII.

Oh, never yet, fair Venice! shone the sun  
Where life did changes like thine own avow;  
Even on this spot what laurels have been won,  
Witness of all thy triumphs, when thy brow  
Was raised as proudly as 'tis fallen now,  
Here where thou sat'st upon thy jealous throne,  
The mart, the carnival, the masque below;  
With morn, the corpse by those red columns thrown  
Of some pale headless wretch, his name, life, crime un-  
known.



## XVIII.

But when the stars pale o'er the dazzling lights  
Of the Piazza's arcades, when the sound  
Of music, dancing, revelry invites  
Greek, Turk, or Persian stretched along the ground,  
When the tale-teller hath his circle found,  
Then with light veil and flexile step steals by  
Venetian beauty! earth shows nought around  
Like the dark heaven of that all-speaking eye,  
Its passionate records past, its future prophecy.

## XIX.

Then when the Italian lover from beneath  
Sighed toward her balcony in hope or fear,  
Breathing romance whose deep and passionate breath  
Was more than eloquence to woman's ear,  
Till all but feeling slumbered, even fear  
Lulled into rest where nought but love awoke:  
Ah, well for her at morn she did not hear  
The sullen plunge, the cry suppressed that broke,  
As the hired bravo's dagger dealt its murderous stroke!

## XX.

Yet pass not gliding through the echoless streets,  
Pisani's palace, where a greater dwelt  
Than he, whose name humanity repeats,  
As coming and departing life have felt  
The spell which answering souls in common melt,  
The magic of the beautiful, the grace  
To which in its idolatry have knelt  
Entranced spirits, forms that leave their trace  
Deep in reflective hearts that time may not efface.



## XXI.

Titian, the soul of colours, he who caught  
Hues from his own Venetian sunsets till  
The canvas lives with their rich tincture fraught ;  
A portion of his being to instil  
And feed upon their lustrousness, and fill  
Himself with beauty that a glory threw  
Around his name ; kings waited on the will  
Of him who gave them fame, whose pencil drew  
Forms that resolved in dust from him their life renew.

## XXII.

Mark yon grey palace\*, could we pass nor pay  
A reverential tribute to the one  
Its tenant for the hour, a lightning ray  
That flashing passed from men ; but as yon sun,  
His fame is central, and when waves have won  
Their own, and Venice and her tale forgot,  
BYRON ! thy race of fame shall be begun :  
Eternity dwells in the poet's thought :  
Monarch of memory, his life within it wrought.

## XXIII.

He passed ; that sudden death-knell on each heart  
Struck, as it mourned for a departed friend,  
For his existence had become a part  
Of his own country, eager to defend,  
And proud, even while she blamed him, for the end  
Of his quick life in crowning glory set ;  
Greece with her heroes loved his name to blend ;  
His ardent song, even while it woke regret,  
Inspired the answering soul, yea, dared it to forget.

\* The Palazzo Moncenigo.



## XXIV.

Long as man's heart to Nature shall aspire  
For that communion where no foot intrudes,  
Long as he listens to the solemn choir  
Of mountains, thunderstorms, and ocean-floods ;  
Long as the mind in its awakened moods  
On life, and passion's workings loves to dwell,  
Or question mystery that o'er us broods,  
So long, like a perturbing oracle,  
Shall Harold's verse enchain the future to its spell.

## XXV.

A scene of desolate mountain loneliness,  
To which the howling winds lend fitting tongue,  
But a deep sense of joy, the consciousness  
Of freedom thrills me as I walk along,  
Till gratitude pours forth itself in song  
For the great boon of life. O ! what are worth  
The raptures felt convention's crowd among,  
To his who walks in clouds above the earth,  
Pure as its fountain-streams in their sky-nurtured birth.

## XXVI.

This flying moment, this brief point of time  
Arrest, ere be the inspiration passed  
Drawn from yon altar-place of crags sublime :  
Wildly through blasted pine groves sweeps the blast,  
That on the heath like fallen Angels cast,  
Raise up their shivered arms to heaven : but lo,  
Yon lake beneath expands its bosom vast ;  
I stand by its white waves that foam below,  
Typing the Ocean's wrath when heaves its mane of  
snow.



## XXVII.

The azure Thrasimene ! how the name  
Calls up the quickened life-blood to the heart ;  
Visions of fight and old heroic fame  
Before the mind's eye into being start,  
Deeds which their inspiration still impart ;  
Here fell the Romans' eagle wings outspread  
Struck in the storm by Jove's ethereal dart ;  
Here valour sank, his blood like water shed,  
Dying upon his foe, the Roman never fled.

## XXVIII.

All strife was vain, the darkening mists rolled down,  
Blinding them trampled on the marshy strand,  
While the foe rushed from yon hill's sunlit crown,  
Front, flank, and rear on that devoted band ;  
Vain their wild rally, vainer still their stand,  
Yet frantic courage hewed its desperate way  
To where yon ridge's triple heights expand ;  
Conquered and conqueror's dust have passed away,  
But the once blood-dyed stream records the dreadful  
day.

## XXIX.

Farewell to themes like these, a woodland scene  
Of pine-crowned heights above the path impending,  
Declines upon a bank of living green ;  
The eye dwells lovingly there, to Nature lending  
Its own deep quiet, with her beauty blending  
Our spirit that enrobes her with its hues ;  
From the rich grass the violet's breath ascending  
Fills the fine air with odour, and imbues  
Our being till it doth with its own life infuse.



## XXX.

Pause here, where like a golden exhalation  
O'er yon green bank Clitumnus rears his shrine ;  
Is that all delicate temple the creation  
Of human hands? As clasps the elm the vine,  
The acanthus leaves round those fair columns twine;  
The Roman owned the the river god, and paid  
His tributary gratitude, divine  
Those olden faiths when the heart grateful, made  
An altar-place of earth, love's natural faith obeyed.

## XXXI.

A gorge cleft through the mountain's mighty heart  
Is't her volcanic breathing that we hear,  
Or pent-up winds, or earth's spasmodic start?  
No, 'tis the cleaving Terni's wild career :  
On, where yon clouds like shrouded giants rear  
Their shapes in azure distance, while the swell  
Of the strife thundering on the startled ear  
The sounds of their eternal conflict tell,  
Loud as o'er distant storms the thunder's sinking knell.

## XXXII.

Lo ! hurrying on enwreathed in mist and foam,  
His robes caught upward in delirious flight,  
Velino rushes from his mountain home,  
In beauty and in terror ; from yon height  
One desperate bound hath hurled him flashing might,  
And wrath, and madness, from his skyey throne  
Shot like a flying minister of light !  
High o'er the whirlpool wreck his crown is shown  
For ever hovering there in glittering state alone,



## XXXIII.

A glory haloing his ruin ! there  
Tortured and writhing in the abyss he lies,  
Yet on his shivered forehead he doth bear  
The flickering hues and light of his lost skies ;  
Behold in eddying wreaths how o'er him rise  
The smoke, the mist, the steam of his fierce breath,  
And the gleam flashed forth from his arrowy eyes ;  
How lend they, darkening 'gainst the mountain heath,  
A horror to the scene, that war of life and death !

## XXXIV.

Voice of the desert, echo of a truth  
From every leaf responded, fare thee well !  
Lo, where like Time in his immortal youth,  
Thou sweep'st resistless down the craggy dell,  
Conquering or crushing down each obstacle,  
Until like settling age with brow o'ercast,  
Thou glidest toward the deep ; stern Oracle !  
Thou dost tongue forth the strifes of manhood past :  
Our race began like thine, be thine our rest at last !

## XXXV.

Mid-day burns o'er the waste, the sky around  
Is flame, earth stilled, and lifeless as if death  
Had passed along blasting the shadowless ground,  
Air vibrating in lightning gives no breath ;  
The red-eyed buffaloes stretch o'er the heath,  
Or wheeling round in narrowing circles gain  
Where shrunken Tiber reeks his weeds beneath ;  
The spirit of fire doth on his altar reign,  
Life felt that he was there, and hid her face in vain !



## XXXVI.

Stamp what thou look'st on in thine inmost soul !  
Behold where Rome on her arena found  
No foe that sinking owned not her control ;  
Who foiled, rose mightier with Antæan bound,  
Until earth's diadem her temples wound ;  
She whom kings made their tributary home,  
Whose legions' standards were by Victory crowned ;  
Whose eagles crossed o'er ocean's furthest foam,  
Founder and grave of empires, she, the almighty Rome !

## XXXVII.

And here and there a solitary tower  
Rises, grey record of departed days,  
The skeletons of disembodied power ;  
And the wild goat and buffalo now graze,  
Where the up-pointing grassy mound o'erlays  
The dust of heroes ; on its arches based  
The Aqueduct from hollow brows doth gaze  
Through its black fissures, shattered and defaced,  
Stretching with giant strides along the desolate waste.

## XXXVIII.

There, where afar the eternal city rears  
Her spires and sevenfold hill, and crowning dome,  
That like a nation's monument appears  
Above a nation's sepulchre, the gloom  
No life dispels, we walk as o'er a tomb,  
Hark ! the dull ground reverberates our tread :  
Grey tombs their mouldering ashes disinhume,  
Pointing the moral of their greatness fled,  
Fit prelude as ye near the city of the dead !



## XXXIX.

Awake—awake thou stand'st on sacred ground !  
 Is not earth sacred formed of human bones,  
 That blood hath deluged nor avenger found,  
 Save in that cold oblivion which atones,  
 Till the Archangel summons prostrate thrones ?  
 Here pageants passed until they swelled the sum  
 Of thrice a hundred triumphs, here the groans  
 Of captives died amid the exulting hum  
 Of myriads, vanquished, victors, now for ever dumb !

## XL.

Time—the dread secrets of the past avow !  
 Death raise thy yawning portal-gates to tell  
 What is their doom or where the actors now ?  
 Fed they the worm alike, the weak who fell,  
 The strong who triumphed, those who ill or well  
 Played on the stage, feared, hated, or caressed ?  
 Ye mightier dead ! whose spirits in us dwell,  
 Our life-inspirers, have ye joined the rest,  
 Barbarian, bard, slave, sage, by the same fate op-  
 pressed ?

## XLI.

Avenging Nemesis ! dread power, that weighest  
 The dust of nations, thou art not a shade,  
 Thou on this spot thy iron sceptre swayest ;  
 Yea, desolation here thy throne hath made,  
 More awful thus with solitude arrayed,  
 Than palpably apparent ; thou hast passed,  
 Lo, how thy shadow on the ground hath laid  
 A blighting spell, a withering curse hath cast  
 The lightning of thy presence, such the power thou hast.



## XLII.

And thou dost rise o'er this, eternal Rome,  
Dream of our youth, whose hope will not depart  
Until we die or see thy sacred home !  
Altar of pilgrimage to every heart  
Whose feeling is religion ! thou, that art  
Nurse of our faith, arts, arms, to whom were given  
The keys of heaven, and hell's avenging dart ;  
Kings at thy feet have knelt to be forgiven,  
Thou who durst mediate with fallen man and heaven.

## XLIII.

I leaned against a grey and mouldering wall,  
Last wreck of Troy-like Veii, the bird  
Nestled amid its flower-crowned coronal ;  
Inward tradition's cloudy voice I heard :  
I thought of when the twin-born cities stirred  
Contending in time's womb for earliest birth,  
While fate had stamped the irrevocable word ;  
Death-doomed the one, the other ruling earth,  
To prove the moral drawn from fame and fortune's  
worth.

## XLIV.

But where is Rome, that matron on the ground,  
O'er her grey brow oblivion's ashes shed ?  
Where she who sate upon her seven hills crowned,  
Still raising haughtily her regal head,  
The majesty of ruin round her spread ?  
Where sits that queen who time and fate defied,  
Bidding kings kneel before her glories fled ?  
Lo, yon far shrine, she hath but changed her pride,  
Aspiring still to heaven for crowns by earth denied.



## XLV.

Fallen is thy power, yet just was the decree,  
Nations awaked rebelled from thy false sway,  
Men gave to God their homage, not to thee,  
Spurning thy threats, and idols vain as they;  
States pass, religions flourish and decay,  
But lives the undecaying realm of Art;  
Here rul'st thou man with undivided sway,  
The forms of beauty worshipped by the heart  
Are thine, undying life whereof we form a part.

## XLVI.

And, dim beside her rises Hadrian's tomb,  
And the blue Sabine hills, 'tis Rome, awake  
The glorious memories that her brow illumine,  
Now while the lights of ages o'er thee break!  
Pause, on this sacred spot couldst thou partake  
Feeling of triumph? vain were such false heat,  
The ashes of the dead beneath thee rake,  
The dust of ages quickens at thy feet,  
The Past is watching thee from her time-hallowed seat!

## XLVII.

Spirits of forty ages answer me!  
Ye hover round this spot impalpable,  
But felt in your all-sightless agency;  
I here appeal as to an oracle,  
Answer the invocation! dare to tell  
Who wrought this ruin? who aroused at last  
Avenging Nemesis that fate-like fell  
Yourselves to crush? your power who overcast  
In dust, to teach once more the present by the past?



## XLVIII

Who saw, and felt, but spurned the lesson taught  
By fall of buried empires? for an hour  
Of petty sway, who heaped the shrine o'erfraught  
With human victims to the Moloch power?  
Who made corruption, slavery, vice, the dower  
Of the gorged herd, still gorging unsufficed,  
Till ruling Sybarites they taught to cower?  
While they the bauble-crown in barter prized,  
Thrown to the wealthier wretch whom even they  
despised.

## XLIX.

'Twas you, your love of power insatiate  
Brute ignorance fed, till rising, she o'erthrew  
Her clay-reared idol; when behind your gate  
Fear, cowering, looked on the barbarian crew,  
When more than foemen, fire, plague, famine slew,  
Who lowered your supple natures till you were  
So worm-like trampled on, prostration grew  
Your natural homage, the slave's soulless air,  
The flattery wrung from fear, the infamous despair!

## L.

Behold your work, accuse nor fate nor God,  
Justice' poised scales are raised alike for all!  
Nations before you the same path had trod,  
But you had godlike spirits to recall  
How single virtue stays an empire's fall;  
Bear witness one, immortal Trajan! thou,  
Thou who didst rear again the old senate-hall,  
And all its pristine dignity avow,  
Thou whose name awed the Dacian in his wilds of snow!



## XXXIX.

Awake—awake thou stand'st on sacred ground !  
Is not earth sacred formed of human bones,  
That blood hath deluged nor avenger found,  
Save in that cold oblivion which atones,  
Till the Archangel summons prostrate thrones ?  
Here pageants passed until they swelled the sum  
Of thrice a hundred triumphs, here the groans  
Of captives died amid the exulting hum  
Of myriads, vanquished, victors, now for ever dumb !

## XL.

Time—the dread secrets of the past avow !  
Death raise thy yawning portal-gates to tell  
What is their doom or where the actors now ?  
Fed they the worm alike, the weak who fell,  
The strong who triumphed, those who ill or well  
Played on the stage, feared, hated, or caressed ?  
Ye mightier dead ! whose spirits in us dwell,  
Our life-inspirers, have ye joined the rest,  
Barbarian, bard, slave, sage, by the same fate op-  
pressed ?

## XLI.

Avenging Nemesis ! dread power, that weighest  
The dust of nations, thou art not a shade,  
Thou on this spot thy iron sceptre swayest ;  
Yea, desolation here thy throne hath made,  
More awful thus with solitude arrayed,  
Than palpably apparent ; thou hast passed,  
Lo, how thy shadow on the ground hath laid  
A blighting spell, a withering curse hath cast  
The lightning of thy presence, such the power thou hast.



## XLII.

And thou dost rise o'er this, eternal Rome,  
Dream of our youth, whose hope will not depart  
Until we die or see thy sacred home !  
Altar of pilgrimage to every heart  
Whose feeling is religion ! thou, that art  
Nurse of our faith, arts, arms, to whom were given  
The keys of heaven, and hell's avenging dart ;  
Kings at thy feet have knelt to be forgiven,  
Thou who durst mediate with fallen man and heaven.

## XLIII.

I leaned against a grey and mouldering wall,  
Last wreck of Troy-like Veii, the bird  
Nestled amid its flower-crowned coronal ;  
Inward tradition's cloudy voice I heard :  
I thought of when the twin-born cities stirred  
Contending in time's womb for earliest birth,  
While fate had stamped the irrevocable word ;  
Death-doomed the one, the other ruling earth,  
To prove the moral drawn from fame and fortune's  
worth.

## XLIV.

But where is Rome, that matron on the ground,  
O'er her grey brow oblivion's ashes shed ?  
Where she who sate upon her seven hills crowned,  
Still raising haughtily her regal head,  
The majesty of ruin round her spread ?  
Where sits that queen who time and fate defied,  
Bidding kings kneel before her glories fled ?  
Lo, yon far shrine, she hath but changed her pride,  
Aspiring still to heaven for crowns by earth denied.



## XLV.

Fallen is thy power, yet just was the decree,  
Nations awaked rebelled from thy false sway,  
Men gave to God their homage, not to thee,  
Spurning thy threats, and idols vain as they;  
States pass, religions flourish and decay,  
But lives the undecaying realm of Art;  
Here rul'st thou man with undivided sway,  
The forms of beauty worshipped by the heart  
Are thine, undying life whereof we form a part.

## XLVI.

And, dim beside her rises Hadrian's tomb,  
And the blue Sabine hills, 'tis Rome, awake  
The glorious memories that her brow illumine,  
Now while the lights of ages o'er thee break!  
Pause, on this sacred spot couldst thou partake  
Feeling of triumph? vain were such false heat,  
The ashes of the dead beneath thee rake,  
The dust of ages quickens at thy feet,  
The Past is watching thee from her time-hallowed seat!

## XLVII.

Spirits of forty ages answer me!  
Ye hover round this spot impalpable,  
But felt in your all-sightless agency;  
I here appeal as to an oracle,  
Answer the invocation! dare to tell  
Who wrought this ruin? who aroused at last  
Avenging Nemesis that fate-like fell  
Yourselves to crush? your power who overcast  
In dust, to teach once more the present by the past?



## XLVIII

Who saw, and felt, but spurned the lesson taught  
By fall of buried empires? for an hour  
Of petty sway, who heaped the shrine o'erfraught  
With human victims to the Moloch power?  
Who made corruption, slavery, vice, the dower  
Of the gorged herd, still gorging unsufficed,  
Till ruling Sybarites they taught to cower?  
While they the bauble-crown in barter prized,  
Thrown to the wealthier wretch whom even they  
despised.

## XLIX.

'Twas you, your love of power insatiate  
Brute ignorance fed, till rising, she o'erthrew  
Her clay-reared idol; when behind your gate  
Fear, cowering, looked on the barbarian crew,  
When more than foemen, fire, plague, famine slew,  
Who lowered your supple natures till you were  
So worm-like trampled on, prostration grew  
Your natural homage, the slave's soulless air,  
The flattery wrung from fear, the infamous despair!

## L.

Behold your work, accuse nor fate nor God,  
Justice' poised scales are raised alike for all!  
Nations before you the same path had trod,  
But you had godlike spirits to recall  
How single virtue stays an empire's fall;  
Bear witness one, immortal Trajan! thou,  
Thou who didst rear again the old senate-hall,  
And all its pristine dignity avow,  
Thou whose name awed the Dacian in his wilds of snow!



## LI.

O had Rome shared thy aspirations, time  
Nor war had overthrown her ! she had stood  
As stands thy column lonely and sublime  
Amidst her ruins ; the barbarian flood  
Had rolled before her legions unsubdued ;  
Cæsars had crowned their fields with Victory's name,  
And Cato's virtue sanctified the good ;  
The Forum yet had glowed with Tully's flame,  
Altar of liberty, of past, of present fame.

## LII.

But luxury ruled justice, power repelled  
Appealing freedom, life was bought and sold,  
Till slavery fawned upon the hand that felled ;  
Nearer unchecked the hosts barbarian rolled,  
Till Rome's majestic walls their march controlled :  
Where slept those legions valour's self might shun ?  
Pent in their gates like sheep within the fold,  
Their first faint fight was ended when begun,  
And the awed Savage entering, dared not deem her  
won !

## LIII.

There, from that day, Goth, Hun, and Vandal sunk  
The ploughshare of their ruin ; nought recalls  
Save scattered bones where stood the mighty trunk ;  
The Alp checked not, the avalanche's falls  
Crushed not, nor Tiber stayed, nor triple walls ;  
Rolled in the ashes thou hast proved the worst,  
How lowered the nature tyranny enthralls :  
Nations beheld thee in thy slavery nursed,  
Clanking the chains defiled the Helot dared not burst !



## LIV.

Yet be awarded gratitude sedate  
To her who made the nations what they are,  
Who testified the truth regenerate ;  
She who, when fallen her ascendant star,  
Sent forth once more her eagles, not with war,  
But with the olive from her ark of peace ;  
Religion sate in her triumphal car,  
Before it charity taught strife to cease,  
The earth beneath its track one harvest of increase.

## LV.

Yea, be all honour hers ! the mother she  
Of saints and heroes, who the earth o'erran,  
The conqueror first, then, saviour of the free ;  
She found the savage but she left the man  
Refined and softened ; and when her brief span  
Was passed, and the barbarian on her hurled,  
Crushed to the dust her greatness was began :  
The cross of life, her banner she unfurled,  
Inspired the hopeless soul and humanised the world.

## LVI.

Lo ! where yon column's circling ranks expanding  
Round the vast portico their shadows fling,  
Like the bared trunks of some huge forest standing  
Beneath the mountain overshadowing ;  
So rears earth's mightiest shrine of worshipping  
Her giant front in the profound of heaven !  
The Apostle's tomb, for whose great suffering  
The keys of hell and paradise were given,  
Enter, far, far away be earthlier memories driven.



## LVII.

Look up, behold the pride, the boast of Rome,  
Orbed as the world, and floating as on air,  
In dazzling lustre swells yon starry dome,  
Mirror of heaven, but heaven when she doth wear  
All galaxied with lights her flashing hair !  
Winged saints and hierarchs are soaring shown  
Into beatitude ascending there,  
Where centering in glory, sphered alone,  
The Ineffable is felt behind his hidden throne.

## LVIII.

The crowds within the Sistine halls are still ;  
Hark, how the thrilling choir informs the air !  
The Atonement won from love ineffable,  
The prophet's lamentations and despair ;  
The blood-sweat wrung from agony of prayer,  
The immortal with the mortal flesh at strife,  
When strengthening angels came the cross to bear ;  
The penance death, the prize eternal life,  
Each note a breathing soul with one expression rife.

## LIX.

Lo, the faint lights extinguished one by one,  
As in that hour the Apostles fell from him,  
When life immortal was or lost or won :  
Hark how peals forth that conscious requiem !  
The pictured prophets growing in the dim  
Obscure, frown downward ; the last Judgment Day  
Gleams life-like on the walls, ye hear the hymn  
Of the saved souls, and the voiced trumpets say,  
Awake ! for heaven and earth doth scroll-like pass away.



## LX.

Peace ! from yon altar's depths a sound is stealing,  
Impalpable as dreams, or touch of light  
Upon the brow of darkness felt, revealing  
Its soundless presence in aërial flight,  
Vibrating on the dull dead ear of night,  
An exhalation rising from beneath  
To blend its being with the infinite ;  
A spirit-tone that glides on its own breath,  
While gently wakening silence from the sleep of death.

## LXI.

A stillness death-like all, the judgment doom  
Felt coming yet withheld, then stole on air  
Notes faintly flowing forth as from a tomb ;  
The breathing of a soul's imploring prayer,  
Sighs of eternal farewells, the despair  
Of ties for ever rent, the grief profound  
As if of Angels interceding there ;  
Then rising from that surging sea of sound,  
The swelling notes that told the accorded pardon found.

## LXII.

What Temple frowns upon us in our path,  
As if our step advancing it controlled ?  
I know thee, awful shrine ! on whom the wrath  
Of twenty ages with their storms have rolled,  
Pantheon ! who unmoved can thee behold ?  
Thou that recall'st Rome's hero-origin,  
Thus unadorned cast forth from nature's mould ;  
The heroic age when freedom brought forth men ;  
Oh, yet shall time recall that golden life again !



## LXIII.

Virtue's stern impress we behold though faded,  
Austerely stamped upon thy naked brow !  
The acanthus' leaves are rent away that braided,  
But never awed thy majesty as now,  
While hallowing Time doth eloquently show  
Thy wrongs, till dwelling on thee, the staid mind  
Feels thy resistance that to nought doth bow,  
On thy self-strength immovably reclined ;  
To fortune, change, or wreck impassively resigned.

## LXIV.

The mellowed image of the beautiful,  
Darkened by years, that storms nor fires efface,  
Sits on thy front, and doth the mind o'er-rule,  
For the imagination cannot trace,  
Save here, where strength, and majesty, and grace,  
The triad meet ; the old heroic time  
Lives in thee, ages slumber round thy base,  
Amid the barbarous toys of modern clime  
Thou stand'st from all apart, stern, simple, and sublime.

## LXV.

We stand upon the Capitol, the heart  
Of magisterial Rome that fiercer beat  
While danger pointed there his deadliest dart,  
When the Gaul fired her city at her feet ;  
Then she sate throned upon that rocky seat,  
With an unconquered energy, and hurled  
Headlong the wretch who dared her last retreat ;  
The freeman's hand her eagles' wings unfurled,  
The innate virtue hers that awed the subject world.



## LXVI.

Here the mind's eye concentrates its full gaze,  
Throne from whence fulmined Rome her levelled  
    wrath,  
Star-crowning point of fame and fortune's rays;  
The eagle's nest that sent on their fierce path  
Conquerors, who held their conquests nothing worth  
Till up that haughty steep again they rode,  
Offering the mighty mother of their birth  
The spoils from nations crushed, the glittering load  
Of crowns from monarchs plucked who chained behind  
    them trode.

## LXVII.

The majesty of Rome, the coronal  
Twined round the victor's forehead fortune weaves,  
The envied and the gazed upon by all,  
Kings in their pageant sunk to crownless slaves,  
Treading above their Mamertinean graves,  
Walking in life o'er echoing death beneath;  
The intoxicating sense which memory leaves  
Of worth and power, the laurel's withering wreath,  
The fame that lives and dies in others' transient breath.

## LXVIII.

Such are the lures which have been, and shall be,  
Till peace be held as the diviner name,  
The earth one dwelling-place of liberty;  
Then truth shall point the only path to fame,  
The mightiest wreath aspiring man should claim,  
Unfading where all else doth fade, and pure  
As from the altar soars the heavenward flame;  
Those crowning words, or deeds, which best secure  
The happiness of men, the records that endure.



## LXIX.

She-wolf, thou fitting savage nurse of Rome !  
Akin was thy wild nature, thy fierce spring  
Deadly as hers excited in the foam  
Of her roused wrath that knew no softening ;  
Lo, the contending twins beneath thee cling  
For milk that gall-like from their hearts flowed o'er,  
Until their walls, war's Cain-like offering,  
From their first rising smoke of incense, bore  
A curse upon them dyed with fratricidal gore.

## LXX.

Lives he, who fixes on us that stern look  
Of triumph, as if life's great aim were won ?  
The iron Junius, he who could not brook  
That tyranny should blight the growth begun  
Of palmy Rome ? What deeds may not be done  
By him who conquering nature hath not quailed ?  
Behold the priest who sacrificed his son  
To duty, filial prayers in vain assailed,  
Freedom, the love of country and of fame prevailed.

## LXXI.

Unlike thee, noblest Roman, Pompey ! thou,  
Awarded with that name profaned, "the great,"  
The cloud is gathered o'er thy furrowed brow,  
Prophetic still of overshadowing fate ;  
Presaging mind the evil doth create  
It dreads, and on the self-raised phantom dwells  
Till the sure hours its stroke ingenerate,  
While mistrust like the voice of oracles,  
Doth paralyse the will with its foreboding spells.



## LXXII.

Statue august ! thy forehead's thoughtful mood  
The stamp of indecision still doth wear,  
As if, thy efforts of faint will withstood,  
Thy spirit would succumb to its despair.  
Bear witness, red Pharsalia ! hadst thou there  
Fought as of old, the unconquered chief had fled ;  
Then had great Rome confided to thy care,  
Rejoicing crowned that venerated head  
With laurel wreaths by fame ray-like around it spread.

## LXXIII.

But thy misgiving mind itself betrayed,  
Flight followed, and the assassin's felon stroke ;  
On the wild shore thy headless corse was laid,  
But from thy ashes Nemesis awoke,  
And with avenging arm on Cæsar broke  
While at thy Statue's base he fell ; from high  
He saw thee watching, vainly did he cloak  
His face, thy form grew on his dying eye,  
He felt thee, present there, look down upon him die.

## LXXIV.

We stand upon the Palatine arrayed  
With undecaying memories, the stage  
Where Rome's great drama through its scenes was  
played ;  
Heroes the actors, the applauding age  
The audience, stamping on the historic page  
Deeds cursed or lauded, as opinion ruled,  
Such base hath vice or virtue ; what the sage,  
Or ardent patriot's thought, by pedants schooled,  
Impulse, or fiery faith by reasoning process cooled ?



## LXXV.

Men are we, feeling our humanities ;  
Despite the eternal moral, the mind dwells  
On these grey ruins with complacent eyes,  
A sense of dignity within us swells,  
Yea, pride, their tale our common greatness tells,  
Oppressing yet the heart ; doth not the spot  
All tongueless, speak out more than oracles,  
The rise and fall of men, of empire's lot,  
Their records ever thus, crushed, buried, and forgot !

## LXXVI.

The drama played hath melted to a dream,  
The actors substant, for their shadows cast  
Upon our memories their lives redeem ;  
The stage is desolation, but the past,  
A presence here, its ruin doth outlast,  
And fills the inspiring air ; yon skeleton  
In mouldering fragments rent, attests its vast  
And glorious dimensions when it won  
The wonder of the earth, that palace of the sun.

## LXXVII.

Fame left the hill with Cæsar, folly came  
And reared her golden fabric, the fond toy  
Of Nero, boast of servile Rome and shame,  
Where wild caprice for ever found employ,  
For tyrants' moods in satiating cloy ;  
But Fortune wearied turned at last away :  
Then rushed the Goth and Vandal to destroy,  
Fire, sword, and earthquake bore relentless sway,  
While ruin toiled to heap that mountain of decay.



## LXXVIII.

Now delicately Nature's hand renews  
 The arch and column that she gently weds,  
 Softening the sadder memory which subdues;  
 How brightly o'er yon frieze its golden threads  
 The acacia throws! even as pure childhood spreads  
 Its playful locks round age's forehead grey;  
 O'er skeletons of ruins beauty sheds  
 Her blossoming, decay above decay,  
 But flowers are Nature's eyes, no laurels of the day!

## LXXIX.

SPIRIT! that hoverest o'er this desolation,  
 That shedd'st on all thy sanctifying breath,  
 Life of the Past! whose vision is creation,  
 Who in the valley of the shade of death  
 Spak'st, and the dry bones leap to life beneath,  
 Who on time's isthmus standing, join'st the sea  
 Of two eternities, who twin'st the wreath  
 Acanthian round the dead renewed by thee,  
 Treasurer of deathless souls, divinest Memory!

## LXXX.

Come sit with me upon this mossy stone,  
 And as yon Forum's wreck we contemplate,  
 The hero's, sage's, seer's, and patriot's throne,  
 Rear thou the ruins in their ancient state!  
 Awake to life, thou canst, the good and great,  
 Until their shadows walk before our eyes;  
 Till Cato awes us with his mien sedate,  
 Till we behold the ardent Tully rise,  
 Pouring his passion forth that thrilled like prophecies.



## LXXXI.

Immortal Shadows ! animating still  
 Our life, our quickening impulses of thought,  
 What are ye ? where the will immutable,  
 The unshaken duty that with fortune fought,  
 And conquered, wherefore ?—to be unforgot ;  
 Say was this all ? stern Cato ! didst thou die,  
 For this, great Tully ! was thy mind o'erwrought,  
 Thy craving spirit could this satisfy,  
 The limit of thy hope man's immortality ?

## LXXXII.

Had ye no nobler goal or aim than this,  
 This, and the self-reward of your great hearts ?  
 Sought ye for this Fame's paths of restlessness,  
 Baring your open breasts to the keen darts  
 Of hatred, spurning slavery's truckling arts,  
 Until, o'ertasked, ye sank ? No, from this bier  
 Of earth upraised, fulfilled your mortal parts,  
 Ye looked beyond vain annals, for a sphere  
 Of mightier range than life accorded to you here !

## LXXXIII.

Smile not, complacent Sadducee ! we stand  
 To minister a nation's obsequies,  
 Pilgrims to tombs left on the desert sand ;  
 Records of prescient spirits whose clear eyes  
 Looked through time's cloudiest futurities,  
 These the material records that avowed  
 Where dwelt the demigods ; lo, still they rise,  
 But where their human dust ? what home, what  
     shroud  
 Hold they dispersed abroad, in wind, flower, wave, or  
     cloud ?



## LXXXIV.

They are a part of Nature's loveliness,  
 The beauty and the life that wakes our own,  
 Then while in blessing her, ourselves we bless;  
 But whither hath the informing spirit flown?  
 Where hath it wandered, to what star unknown,  
 The soul that could not perish in the sod,  
 The thought that made futurity its throne?  
 The will, life's fiery ordeal that trod,  
 The mind through nature's veil that saw the present  
     God?

## LXXXV.

Is this wreck all that now remains of thee,  
 Thou magisterial Forum? this the place,  
 Ambition's climbing altar? can it be  
 This tree-scathed solitude is all the trace  
 Where temples crowded into narrowing space,  
 Looked, while to yonder azure heaven they soared,  
 As if eternity dwelt on their base;  
 Where heroes, demagogues their passions poured,  
 And the plebeian power ruled, flattered, or implored?

## LXXXVI.

Here the past sits a substance, not a shade,  
 The palpable wrecks around her throne and bier;  
 We feel her life the conscious air pervade,  
 A sense of her great prescience breathing near,  
 While audibly is felt upon the ear  
 The throbbing heart of mutability;  
 The present like a shadow watches here;  
 The future, child of both, doth prophecy  
 Changes, that storm-like felt, mid folded thunders lie.



## LXXXVII.

A solitude within the Forum's heart,  
There meditation may repose ; alas !  
What here may her profoundest thought impart ?  
That thou, weak moralist ! to dust must pass  
With dust beneath ; but this chaotic mass  
Who shall divide, or portion, or restore ?  
What light reveal the world beneath that was ?  
What eye embody forth the forms they wore  
Those giant-fabrics reared as if for evermore ?

## LXXXVIII.

Yon arch, is't Jove's or Fortune's ? on that sod  
Was the beaked war-denouncing rostrum piled,  
Where Tully stood like a descended god ?  
Where sacrificed the Roman his loved child,  
That virgin flower whose soul was undefiled ?  
Where rose spare Brutus when his friend he slew,  
While Freedom on that immolation smiled ?  
Behold the arch of Titus, we renew  
No more vague wanderings, here reposing on the true.

## LXXXIX.

Material record of the man who left  
The one immortal, he who lost a day ;  
Though rent that arch, the shaft and column cleft,  
Well readest thou the moral of decay ;  
How empires as religions pass away,  
Idols renewed, till waxing old, they fail,  
And falling manifest their feet of clay ;  
Think ye the Hebrew who there graved his tale  
Of slavery, deemed his creed should over earth prevail ?



## XC.

That the mocked symbols of a faith accursed  
Should crown yon altar-places desolate,  
The fondest, latest by religion nursed?  
When Truth should point her path to heaven, and fate  
Become a word to raise the smile sedate;  
When the gods multiform should bow to One?  
Lo, there the victors on the vanquished wait!  
The secrets of their creed revealed in stone,  
For heathen scorn and gibe while lightly passing on.

## XCI.

The spurned, the trampled to the dust have risen,  
The slaves are conquerors, the cross of wood  
Is reared o'er marble, what can truth imprison?  
On those grey columns once where heroes stood,  
Stand martyrs, men who poured forth their hearts'  
    blood  
For that first cause of all, their creed divine;  
So time rolls on, states trace their paths renewed,  
Owning forewritten mandates of decline;  
Light mutability, our name, our life is thine!

## XCII.

Peace to such thoughts, nor vain, nor fruitless all  
Of wisdom's gathering, for they teach us more  
To enjoy life's flowers, while yet the coronal  
And blessing ours; I turn to thee, bright shore  
Of distant Light! and while my heart flows o'er  
With feeling quiet shed from thy full urn,  
My spirit on thy shrine itself would pour  
In softness and affectionate hope, and yearn  
To tell its joy to thee, as if thou couldst return,



## XCIII.

Thou rolling Moon! my thought to me again;  
Wast not thou lighted by thy sun to be  
A lamp as a confessional for men?  
From the creation they have turned to thee,  
Wakeful, or rising from sleep silently,  
To breathe their secrets to the One, and own  
That faith whose resting-place is certainty,  
Then while love gazing, felt thou wast the throne  
And stepping-stone of prayer, the altar of the un-  
known.

## XCIV.

Yet show'st thou too thy ruins, a world dead,  
Even as these wrecks chaotic round me piled,  
Beneath those light-veils o'er thy forehead spread,  
We gaze on desolation waste and wild;  
Held'st thou a race that breathed not life defiled?  
Have wave-whelmed generations on thee trod?  
Or art thou stamped creation's youngest child,  
Where yet in holiest innocence unawed,  
Spiritual things shall walk through Eden paths to  
God?

## XCV.

Thou hast no state, or fall'n or raised, bright Orb!  
That blends itself not with our human feeling,  
We whom in turns the soul or sense absorb:  
Lo, how o'er yon arena thou art stealing  
With hallowing light, or the rapt mind appealing  
To thee, invests with an informing tone,  
As if thy ministering beams were healing,  
By filling with pale beauty of thine own,  
Rents that in day's broad eye too nakedly are shown.



# ITALY.

## PART III.



### PART III.



THE Colosseum — Midnight therein. — The Past recalled — the Dying Gladiator. — Cola Rienzi. — The Apollo: Group of the Laocoon. — Guido's Aurora. — The Moses of Michael Angelo: Influences of Sculpture on the Mind. — Grotto of Egeria. — Tusculum: Cicero's Villa: Greatness of the acts of Cicero. — Horace — Picture of himself and Farm: his Confidence in his Fame. — Tivoli: Hadrian's Villa. — Lake Albano: Beauty of the old Allegories: Farewell to the Gods of Mythology: Last View of Rome from the Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Latialis: Morning over Naples: Herculaneum. — Vesuvius.



## PART III.

## I.

ARENA of the unrecorded brave !  
 Whose blood flowed unavenged upon thy sand,  
 Hold of the despot, refuge of the slave,  
 Den where the assassin made his latest stand,  
 Altar where hermits their devotion fanned,  
 Red scaffold where the unshaken martyr died,  
 Where sped the joust, where danced the motley band ;  
 Stage ever changing ! still the pilgrim's guide  
 From earth's remotest shores, who here have smiled or  
 sighed,

## II.

Pouring the thought or passion of the hour,  
 Great Colosseum ! at thy mighty shrine ;  
 Earth's bosom cumbered with the wrecks of power,  
 Shows nought beneath the sky to match with thine ;  
 Earthquakes have heaved, storms rent, time worn  
 each line  
 Of thy majestic fabric, but the eye  
 O'erteeming, nothing grander can combine  
 Than thy sublime but shattered symmetry,  
 Thou wonder, pride, and awe of all that pass thee by.



## III.

Hark!—the night's slumberous air is musical  
With the low carolling of birds that seem  
To hold here an enduring festival;  
How do their notes and nature's flowers redeem  
The place from old pollution! if the stream  
Of reeking blood gushed forth from man and beast,  
If Cain-like brethren gloated o'er the steam  
Of immolation as a welcome feast,  
Ages have cleansed the guilt, the unnatural strife hath  
ceased.

## IV.

Gentle their sentence! if they blindly thought,  
The offspring deed betrayed its heathen source,  
They practised but the lesson they were taught;  
The creed was wrong, and lust, and lawless force,  
Their gods were tyrants, fierce, with less remorse  
Than man when most embruted, such were given  
By superstition as her last resource,  
To solder chains by time and freedom riven,  
Pandering to grosser sense, embodying vice in heaven.

## V.

What thought, what hope had they beyond the hour?  
Wealth sapped their feeble virtue to its roots,  
While their heart's rankest weeds were fed by power,  
Crushing in blossom those majestic shoots  
That ask for culture ere they yield their fruits  
That crown the man as with a coronal;  
Pause ere thy blame thy conscious heart confutes;  
Thy own felt weakness o'er their dust recall,  
To err is human still, the common lot of all.



## VI.

The white flowers blossom chapleting a ground  
Whose dust was human, they bloom not the less ;  
Where be the myriads once those seats that crowned ?  
They gazed on thee, bright Moon ! but did not bless  
Thine urn, from which they drank no gentleness ;  
The fight, the hunt, the galley's crashing prow,  
Such were their morning hopes of happiness,  
For which they waited with as feverish brow  
As for some worthless aim our hearts are beating now.

## VII.

Yet rest forgiveness on their memory !  
Life's infancy was theirs, its solemn end  
Unknown, they felt not their humanity,  
They knew not their vast souls. Lo ! how ascend  
Tier above tier those benches that extend  
In shattered circles, where the Roman sate,  
While on his nod, or voice, or finger's bend,  
The gladiator read remorseless fate,  
Even so might life or death on one slight motion wait !

## VIII.

Along its broken edges on a sky  
Of azure, sharply, delicately traced,  
The light bird flits o'er flowers that wave from high,  
Where human foot shall never more be based ;  
Grass mantles the arena mid defaced  
And broken columns, freshly, wildly spread,  
And through the hollow windows once so graced  
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinklings shed,  
Lighting as if with life those sockets of the dead !



## III.

Hark!—the night's slumberous air is musical  
With the low carolling of birds that seem  
To hold here an enduring festival ;  
How do their notes and nature's flowers redeem  
The place from old pollution ! if the stream  
Of reeking blood gushed forth from man and beast,  
If Cain-like brethren gloated o'er the steam  
Of immolation as a welcome feast,  
Ages have cleansed the guilt, the unnatural strife hath  
ceased.

## IV.

Gentle their sentence ! if they blindly thought,  
The offspring deed betrayed its heathen source,  
They practised but the lesson they were taught ;  
The creed was wrong, and lust, and lawless force,  
Their gods were tyrants, fierce, with less remorse  
Than man when most embruted, such were given  
By superstition as her last resource,  
To solder chains by time and freedom riven,  
Pandering to grosser sense, embodying vice in heaven.

## V.

What thought, what hope had they beyond the hour ?  
Wealth sapped their feeble virtue to its roots,  
While their heart's rankest weeds were fed by power,  
Crushing in blossom those majestic shoots  
That ask for culture ere they yield their fruits  
That crown the man as with a coronal ;  
Pause ere thy blame thy conscious heart confutes ;  
Thy own felt weakness o'er their dust recall,  
To err is human still, the common lot of all.



## VI.

The white flowers blossom chapleting a ground  
Whose dust was human, they bloom not the less ;  
Where be the myriads once those seats that crowned ?  
They gazed on thee, bright Moon ! but did not bless  
Thine urn, from which they drank no gentleness ;  
The fight, the hunt, the galley's crashing prow,  
Such were their morning hopes of happiness,  
For which they waited with as feverish brow  
As for some worthless aim our hearts are beating now.

## VII.

Yet rest forgiveness on their memory !  
Life's infancy was theirs, its solemn end  
Unknown, they felt not their humanity,  
They knew not their vast souls. Lo ! how ascend  
Tier above tier those benches that extend  
In shattered circles, where the Roman sate,  
While on his nod, or voice, or finger's bend,  
The gladiator read remorseless fate,  
Even so might life or death on one slight motion wait !

## VIII.

Along its broken edges on a sky  
Of azure, sharply, delicately traced,  
The light bird flits o'er flowers that wave from high,  
Where human foot shall never more be based ;  
Grass mantles the arena mid defaced  
And broken columns, freshly, wildly spread,  
And through the hollow windows once so graced  
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinklings shed,  
Lighting as if with life those sockets of the dead !



## IX.

So stretches that Titanic skeleton,  
Its shattered and enormous circle rent,  
And yawning open, arch and covering gone ;  
As the huge crater's sides hang imminent  
Round the volcano whose last flames are spent,  
Whose sounds shall never more to heaven aspire,  
So frowns that stern and desolate Monument !  
A stage in ruin, an exhausted pyre,  
The actors passed to dust, for ever quenched its fire !

## X.

Hark ! the deep hush of men, the stifled hum,  
As when for moments armies hold their breath  
Suspended ere the signal-word become  
Fate's utterance, the award of life or death ;  
In the thronged seats around, above, beneath,  
A sea of heads, a coil of human life  
Circles as with a vast and varied wreath,  
Each stone, and living column, each door rife  
With struggle, stand, or rush, the moment's jostling  
    strife.

## XI.

Behold the lower circle, glittering there  
Patrician birth in serried ranks allied,  
The Emperor fills his golden chair,  
The man by adulation deified ;  
Above sits Roman beauty in her pride !  
Crowning the topmost tier plebeians crowd,  
Gazing as from the mountain's giant side  
Into the vale, spread o'er them like a cloud,  
Glows through its purple folds the outspread Velaria's  
    shroud.



## XII.

The roar is hushed, a deathlike stillness reigns ;  
A sight unused arrests the popular mind,  
Sate with blood their thirst awhile refrains ;  
O'er breathless thousands ye might hear the wind  
Wave to and fro the sail o'er them declined ;  
Lo, where the vanquished sinks ! in him is shown  
The heroic mould the sculptor had combined ;  
The slave's brass collar round his neck is thrown,  
In those shagged locks and beard the race barbarian  
known.

## XIII.

Fainting he reels, blood gushingly hath broke  
From the death-wound, slow oozing down his side,  
He falls as in his country's woods the oak  
That cleft and thunder-rent the storm defied !  
In that bold brow ye trace the freeman's pride,  
Flashed from those eyes the heart that could not  
yield,  
Hero by nature stamped, by fate denied ;  
The haughtiest scorn on that curled lip revealed  
His loathing of the crowd, wild hate no more concealed.

## XIV.

For he is feeling the approach of death,  
The chill, the fainting sickness, but his mind  
Is busy while thick heaves his gasping breath ;  
Alas ! no eye shall bend o'er him reclined,  
No pious hand shall dig his grave, nor wind  
His wreath, and consecrate with tears each flower !  
Hurled to the dogs his body who shall find ?  
The pageant, sport, and ruffian of the hour,  
Dragged from his far-off clime, enslaved to brutal  
power.



## XV.

Space whirls around him! 't is not the crowd's roar  
He hears, the blood from his lax'd arteries  
Sounds ebbing like the spent waves on the shore;  
In the hot sands beneath him he sees rise  
Trees, grassy fields, loved forms, and speaking eyes,  
And kinsmen's beckoning hands, he lifts his head,  
A flashing light! home's far realities  
Buried in thunder-clouds have darkened, fled,  
His quivering limbs convulse, life passes, he is dead!

## XVI.

And there the Moon sleeps flooding that white ground;  
And pales with ghastly sheen each column's height,  
While the gigantic circle yawns around,  
Black, silent, savage, on which twinkling bright,  
Shine the keen stars, and like an anchorite  
In his cowl shrouded, heaven frowns blackly o'er;  
Yet who would see that pile in beauty's light,  
Be it not silvered by grey moonlight o'er,  
Go when departing day adds there one glory more!

## XVII.

For with that ruin and the dying day  
Are blended sympathies that man may feel,  
The red light magnifies its grand decay,  
Hallowing the wounds which it would not conceal;  
Tints that are harmonies then round it steal,  
Hues which are nature's feelings for the past,  
Doth she not ever such with time reveal?  
And o'er the wreck her nameless magic cast,  
Religion of the place that shall grey faiths outlast.



## XVIII.

And the rich paradise of flowers unfaded  
That from the mossy grasses blushing glow,  
With the last tints and dewes of evening braided ;  
The rath weeds and the ivy wreaths that grow  
Fantastically round each arch's brow,  
Filling each wreck with motion, the birds' song  
Making a festival above, below ;  
O, when red twilight fades those walls along,  
Payest thou not homage there, thou dost that ruin  
wrong !

## XIX.

We stand before the dwelling of a man  
Who proved, ere meteor-like his spirit fled,  
Through Rome's live heart the blood of freedom ran,  
That, with the dust of ages o'er her spread,  
Prostrate and chained, the Helot was not dead ;  
A resurrection of futurity  
Awaiting still, to raise her buried head,  
Cola Rienzi ! was reserved for thee,  
To infuse within her veins the life of liberty.

## XX.

Here like a fallen Angel 'mid the wreck  
Of a crushed world thou stood'st, evoking forth  
Passionate words that waited at thy beck  
To raise the fiends, hate, vengeance into birth,  
And the old memories of heroic worth ;  
The skeleton fragments of Rome's giant power  
Recalled the minds that once o'erruled the earth,  
The freemen heard, the spirit that made cower  
Tyrants, awoke again the Nemesis of the hour.



## XXI.

Patriot, sage, poet, orator, each part  
Of thine was subtly played, the unattained,  
The greatest was unfelt, the hero's heart;  
Dazzled wert thou thy giddy eminence gained,  
While flattery whispered that the Tribune reigned;  
Foes mocked thee, patriots saw their liberty  
By crime, and vanity, and folly stained;  
Failure, flight, cowardice, apostacy,  
Proved what thou wert too late, vain martyr of the  
free!

## XXII.

But in thy fall a memory sublime  
Was left, the moral what to seek or shun,  
For patriots through all ages and all time;  
Freedom by valour must be held as won,  
No sheltered flower to blossom in the sun,  
But a tossed vessel warring with the blast,  
Though the waves, white-edged, whelming o'er her  
run,  
Though lightnings rend the deck and lower the mast,  
The helmsman's eye doth watch the pole-star to the  
last.

## XXIII.

Glorious and living incarnation! Light  
Embodied in the human form, the god  
Confronted visibly from his calm height  
Descended, clouds revealing where he trod;  
We stand and gaze upon the presence awed,  
His parted lips a smile of triumph wear,  
A glory from his brow is flashed abroad;  
It is the light's last halo lingering there,  
Then when he shook the day from his ambrosial hair!



## XXIV.

Python, the earth-born, gasps beneath him slain,  
But he, the embodied beautiful and good,  
Unruffled stands, as nether strife were vain  
Matched with divinity; his foe subdued  
He gazes on no more, his haughtier mood  
Hath passed away, and his all-radiant eyes  
Are looking through eternity; the brood  
Of evil crushed, his spirit heavenward flies,  
For his reward must come from the attesting skies.

## XXV.

Such Nature never stamped, nor form, nor face,  
Hero nor god of old heroic time,  
Beauty, and might, and majesty, and grace  
Are gathered centering in his form sublime;  
Lord of the Muse and the immortal rhyme,  
Thought on that forehead sits as on a throne,  
And prescience breathing of his heavenly clime;  
A light within those full-orbed eyes is shown,  
The vision of the god, the past and future known.

## XXVI.

The living test of human agony!  
What man relying on himself may bear,  
The writhing group of the Laocoon see;  
Passion, will, hope, power, all contending there;  
Pangs by fear unconceived his vitals tear,  
But in its tortured citadel the mind  
Sublimely sits contending with despair;  
The crushing snakes his limbs enfettered bind,  
The coiling bonds of fate indissolubly twined.



## XXVII.

His head leans back in languor, and his brow  
Is ploughed by pain in furrows, his strained eyes  
Sightless, rolled back in their white orbs, avow  
Life's incommunicable agonies,  
The human will that doth unconquered rise,  
The foe confronting vainly in a strife,  
Where victory foredoomed is destiny's ;  
His arms thrown upward show each sinew rife  
With swoln convulsion strained, the grasp of death with  
life.

## XXVIII.

Scarce hath the poet of the marble hidden  
Truth in this symbol of immortal skill,  
The inspiring moral swells the heart unbidden,  
The image of the indomitable will  
Contending with a fate immutable ;  
Of virtue rising over agony,  
So life's sublimer purpose it fulfil,  
Self strengthened and resigned to live or die,  
With a mind unsubdued and an unshaken eye,

## XXIX.

Fling back the Orient-gates ! behold awaking  
Aurora beautiful from tranced sleep,  
While with crystalline fingers she is shaking  
Morn from her dewy hair ; the young Hours keep  
Watch o'er her car, and round its pathway sweep  
Roses, far scattering onward as they flee,  
Light-rays flashed forth like foam from the blue  
deep :  
Downward they wheel in dance and revelry,  
Waking on earth's grey hills the choirs of melody.



## XXX.

Her eyes are flashing glories, round her head  
Iris her diadem ethereal flings;  
Her bow is given o'er which the Sun hath shed  
His radiant hues as he the treasure brings  
For his immortal daughter, forth she springs,  
Her car is loosed, her banner is unfurled,  
Life wakes from death-like sleep, time plumes his  
wings;  
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurled,  
For, lo, great Day is born and walks above the world!

## XXXI.

Behold the Man of God, reclined apart  
In solitary state, the human sun  
That lighted chainless Israel to depart,  
Guiding their pilgrim feet with toil foredone,  
Through cloven waves and pathless deserts won,  
Watched o'er by pillared fires; the seer alone  
Who looked on Sinai's mount upon the ONE!  
Lo, the great Hebrew prophet on his throne  
Seated, as if with watching into marble grown.

## XXXII.

He holds the Law, that law stamped scorching, given  
In earthquake, thunder, and in flame; his brow  
Is radiant with a glory caught from heaven,  
As when confronting Godhead, he dared bow  
To human fears nor boundless faith avow;  
Wrathful from his high seat his eye surveys  
The hosts to Mammon prostrate then as now,  
In vice embruted even while lightning rays  
Streamed from the fiery mount on their besotted gaze.



## XXXIII.

Dread Statue of austerest majesty !  
Form of the heroic time, thou dost reveal  
Gleams of our nature's past sublimity ;  
Who can behold thy prophet-brow nor feel  
The awe, the reverential fear, and weal  
Of grey religion, faith august as thine ?  
Truth on thy massive forehead stamps her seal ;  
A light doth from those full-orbed eyeballs shine,  
The glory thou didst veil reflecting the divine.

## XXXIV.

The mind beholding thee becomes antique,  
Impregnated with thy unconscious power,  
Till lesser forms diminished seem and weak ;  
The soul assumes thy strength as its own dower,  
And upward looks to thee as to a tower,  
Stern Image of sublime humanity !  
What are the vain regrets of our brief hour ?  
Dare we repine ? even thou wert doomed to die  
Then when God's promised land first opened on thine  
eye.

## XXXV.

Synod of gods and heroes ! symbols ye  
Of strength, of beauty, and sedate repose,  
Such as befits your immortality ;  
Of that majestic mood no tax that owes  
To the wild rule of passion, but that chose  
Its throne above hope, envy, hate, or fear ;  
Our aim by life e'er baffled to compose  
Our spirits thus by suffering shaken here,  
And earthlier storms that still perturb our nether sphere.



## XXXVI.

For in the placid and august expression  
Humanity hath graven on your brows,  
The heart grows softened, till it breathes confession  
In silence, or in eloquence that shows  
Its feeling for the beauty it bestows ;  
The air respiring round you doth impress  
Tranquillity that from your presence grows ;  
A quiet whose repose is happiness  
Caught from the forms around, so stilled, so passionless.

## XXXVII.

We turn aside to meditate, to dwell  
Upon the beautiful, ourselves a part,  
The unconscious bosom its receptacle ;  
To feel the calm sublimities of Art,  
The moral elevation of the heart,  
And where find we a home for thoughtful rest,  
Save in the quietude thou dost impart,  
Maternal Nature ? who e'er turned oppressed  
To thee, nor comfort found on thy absorbing breast ?

## XXXVIII.

And could we choose a spot, this vale Elysian  
Would bound ambition's wishes, but there dwells  
Within its sanctuary a deathless vision,  
A faith to which the bosom fondly swells,  
Believing in it more than oracles ;  
Enter yon earthen grot with violets crowned !  
Haunt where tradition weaves its brightest spells ;  
A spirit dwelt within that hallowed mound  
To whom sage Numa knelt in reverence profound :



## XXXIX.

Gathering from her sweet lips the wisdom poured  
Pure as the fount of yon attesting stream,  
At whose turf altar grateful Rome adored;  
Who would disturb or wake from such a dream  
On whose clear vision mirroring truth doth beam?  
There met the lovers when no footstep rude  
Profaned their haunts; Spirit that reign'st supreme  
Here even now, still to be won if wooed,  
Sacred Egeria, hear!—thy name is solitude.

## XL.

Egerian solitude! the spell still lingers  
That chains us to this spot of beauty, here  
All delicately twined are her fine fingers  
With the wild flowers whose spring-time is the year,  
Rome in the deep blue distance doth appear;  
The murmurs of her life to us are borne  
Faintly as once on Numa's musing ear!  
Creating the same human thoughts that mourn  
The shows of naked life its tinsel trappings shorn.

## XLI.

The Tusculum of Cicero! the name  
To him endeared, and unto us entwined  
With his light complaints, and vanity, and fame;  
Here where to peaceful solitude resigned,  
He bodied forth those thoughts to time consigned,  
On life, and on futurity, and planned  
That passionate eloquence of mastering mind,  
The conscious Catiline dared not withstand,  
Awe-struck, and felled as if from Jove's resistless hand!



## XLII.

What were thy thoughts contemplating thy home,  
 The eternal city rearing her far brow?  
 That thy inspiring eloquence saved Rome  
 From fire and sword, yea, from the razing plough  
 That cleaves the soil which hides her ruins now;  
 How much of life was crowded in thy span!  
 All that ambition's heart can hope below;  
 Wisdom's last truth taught here, thyself to scan,  
 To prove in thy regrets thou still wert erring man.

## XLIII.

Thou gav'st Rome freedom, thy great task was done,  
 The shouts that would have hailed with the same tone  
 Tyrant or freeman, broke not moments won  
 From solitude, the joy to be alone,  
 What wealth could for their sacrifice atone?  
 The peace, the rapturous lull of thy full breast,  
 The mind reposing, kinglike, on its throne;  
 Conscious of innate worth by thee confessed,  
 Virtue's pure crown attained, making fame's wreath a  
 jest.

## XLIV.

Leave not too hastily the height above;  
 Gentler amenities have sanctified  
 The place with memory and affectionate love;  
 There where yon olive-bosomed hills divide,  
 Fronting the sun on each declining side,  
 Where the wild cornels and the hawthorn bloom,  
 With his own verse immortally allied,  
 Could'st thou, grey earth, the record disinhume,  
 Stood the low decent cot where Horace built his tomb!\*

\* ——— "sepulchri  
 Immemor, struis domos."



## XLV.

Poet of human nature ! for all ages  
 Thou speakest, to all hearts ; through every clime  
 Thy voice is heard, thy lay excites, assuages,  
 Gentle, sad, wayward, playful, or sublime,  
 Well didst thou match thy fame against all time ;  
 The prescient spirit thine that stamped the life  
 Of our humanities upon thy rhyme,  
 Our fleeting joys and loves, the jealous strife  
 Echoed of hopes and fears with which thy hours were  
     rife.

## XLVI.

Who felt man's nothingness and vanity  
 Profoundly as thyself ? thou all hadst tried,  
 The passionate impulse and satiety ;  
 Who hath so gently probed our weaker pride,  
 Or forged us moral armour to abide  
 The strokes of fortune ? who, like thee, hath shown  
 The wisdom to enjoy life's eventide,  
 The blessing of existence while our own,  
 Ere yet the shadow time from us be ever flown ?

## XLVII.

How much of time is lost in petty strife  
 With trifles ; here unmoved by hope or fear  
 I commune with myself, true, genuine life,  
 Grateful and honourable rest more dear  
 Than noblest offices ! that nurse severe  
 Of solemn thought, that dost all thought sustain,  
 How hast thou, Solitude ! inspired me here,  
 Not idly of life's blessing to complain,  
 But stamp upon the age my impress not in vain.\*

\* Pliny.



## XLVIII.

And where breathes Nature deeper oracles  
Than in thy depths, romantic Tivoli !  
Here, where the spirit of past ages dwells,  
Lulled by the waters' voice of prophecy,  
And diademed with craggy majesty,  
And plumed with woods that shed a horror round ?  
From the deep olive-grove lift up thine eye,  
Lo, on yon azure cliff's aerial bound  
The Sibyl's temple reared against the blue profound ;

## XLIX.

Where the wrecked image of the beautiful,  
Conscious of faded hues and self-decline,  
Looks down an eloquence that doth o'er-rule  
The heart far more than language, though divine  
Were he who spake ; full swells the flowing line  
Of light and delicate proportion there ;  
Time's grey tints mellowing that ruined shrine,  
Impart a speaking sadness to its air,  
A venerable grace that doth its wrongs repair.

## L.

Or wouldst thou choose a spot where sterner nature  
Awes not as here, but woos thee in her guise  
Of Siren beauty, where each softened feature  
Breathes tenderness, and where her eloquent sighs  
Fill the live air with vocal melodies,  
And the rapt bosom with that love profound  
That binds the universe in holiest ties,  
Turn where revealed beside yon mural mound,  
The wreck of Hadrian's villa glorifies the ground.



## LI.

Retreat of tired ambition satiate  
The stage or left in hate or scorn, the cry  
Of the loathed crowd whose shouts alike await  
Victor or vanquished; when the goal on high  
Toward which through life had strained the aspiring  
eye  
Is won, for what? to feel the strength o'erstrained,  
Youth buried in the grave of apathy,  
The lightness of the bauble prize attained;  
Such the reward that waits power's toilsome summit  
gained.

## LII.

But in that haunt, howe'er in thought secure,  
The secret bias of the heart is known,  
The pride or vanities that still endure;  
Or the mind's first simplicity is shown,  
Ere called to ripen rankly on a throne  
Passion and crime that else had been untaught;  
So rises then the cell or hall of stone,  
True emblem of the inner mind thus brought  
To mate with solitude, and court, or flee from thought.

## LIII.

Here Hadrian's vanity the spot endeared;  
A city in a villa's walls confined,  
All objects from all foreign climes upreared,  
In one vast labyrinth confusedly joined,  
The theatre, arena, bath, combined;  
In yon bright vale the mimic Peneus ran,  
Taught through Thessalian Tempè's woods to wind;  
Here was meek nature masqued, and mocked by man,  
Art toiled, invention racked, to crowd life's narrow span.



## LIV.

Lo, where emerging from the depth of shade  
Of wildly tangling woods that round her rise,  
The draperies of Nature unarrayed  
In rude magnificence, Albano lies;  
Her lake of beauty opening to the skies,  
Bosomed in crags, which darkening the mid-air,  
Reveal nought but the azure of her eyes,  
O'ershadowed by the acacia's golden hair;  
A blessing to the eye that lovingly dwells there.

## LV.

The mirror of Diana! where from high  
Reflected, her ethereal face she viewed,  
Whose beauty tranced, as now, the poet's eye;  
Lo, the rich shadows of her sacred wood,  
Where save her starry Nymphs none dared intrude!  
There, while they sped the chase, she, goddess coy,  
Enthroned 'mid her peerless solitude,  
Watched in his sleep the unconscious shepherd-boy,  
And owned the virgin's love, the deep o'erflowing joy.

## LVI.

Pure, beautiful beliefs! the heart refining  
From sensual and dark idolatries,  
To every form of Nature life assigning,  
Allying her with our humanities;  
When woodland depths were godheads' sanctuaries,  
Where the shy Dryad haunts of man could shun,  
When the swift shadow shaped on fancy's eyes  
The Oread, when sequestered from the sun,  
The Naiad in her lake spread round her waters dun!



## LVII.

Then was each fount the altar of a god,  
Each gushing streamlet holier, where man traced  
Himself reflected as in youth he trod,  
The image of the Maker ineffaced;  
When the wood's shadows his full heart embraced  
With joy and gratitude; his feast was spread  
On the green turf with due libations graced,  
Reverence to powers avowed that influence shed,  
Joy to the living pledged, remembrance to the dead!

## LVIII.

They live no more those spirits of the mind,  
What loftier knowledge hath Prometheus won?  
Is not the Ineffable with nature joined,  
Imaging all, the multiform in One?  
What were our earth, faith's cherished visions gone,  
Blest by no eye, nor hued by the full heart  
That feels the life of all it dwells upon?  
What were our world should love and faith depart?  
A lazar-house of woe where death but whets his dart.

## LIX.

But the large gods have vanished out of heaven!  
Stars fallen from their places, myths of old,  
Shadows whose giant fanes o'erthrown or riven,  
Attest the majesty of faiths they told;  
The cloud-compelling Zeus whose arm controlled  
The Titan host, hath melted on his throne,  
Heavy those eyes in sleep that lightnings rolled;  
A mightier Power hath hurled the thunder-stone,  
The Olympian hill is scaled, the grey tradition flown!



## LX.

And he, pure light's divinest harbinger,  
With rays far-darting his bright temples bound,  
Sun-haired Apollo sinks from his red car!  
The soul awaked and in that circle found  
The shadow of the One; Poseidon, crowned  
With his great trident storms no longer wrought:  
Blue-eyed Athena's name became a sound,  
Wan Venus flies her shrines, no longer sought,  
The passion of the heart, the idolatry forgot!

## LXI.

Buried in woods, grey Pan with upraised head,  
Fixed on broad heaven his unmoved sightless eyes,  
The quickening soul of Nature in him dead;  
His oaten pipe amid the sedges lies,  
Answering no more life's ancient melodies!  
The Nymphs are fled, transformed yet visible,  
Through the blue stream the white-armed Naiad  
plies,  
The inconstant Oread flits along the hill,  
The sun-lit boughs shape forth the Dryads' shadows still!

## LXII.

Hark from dark Nemi's plantain-woods, where  
twining  
The tendrilled vine the branches clasps along,  
Where glows through olives the bright cactus shining,  
Echo the sounds of laughter and of song!  
Lo, trooping forth, wild flowers their hair among,  
Albano's dark-browed daughters, from their eyes  
Joy flashing lightning, a Bacchante throng!  
Forms such as danced beneath Idalian skies,  
Or trod the flowery fields of golden Arcadies.



## LVII.

Then was each fount the altar of a god,  
Each gushing streamlet holier, where man traced  
Himself reflected as in youth he trod,  
The image of the Maker ineffaced;  
When the wood's shadows his full heart embraced  
With joy and gratitude; his feast was spread  
On the green turf with due libations graced,  
Reverence to powers avowed that influence shed,  
Joy to the living pledged, remembrance to the dead!

## LVIII.

They live no more those spirits of the mind,  
What loftier knowledge hath Prometheus won?  
Is not the Ineffable with nature joined,  
Imaging all, the multiform in One?  
What were our earth, faith's cherished visions gone,  
Blest by no eye, nor hued by the full heart  
That feels the life of all it dwells upon?  
What were our world should love and faith depart?  
A lazar-house of woe where death but whets his dart.

## LIX.

But the large gods have vanished out of heaven!  
Stars fallen from their places, myths of old,  
Shadows whose giant fanes o'erthrown or riven,  
Attest the majesty of faiths they told;  
The cloud-compelling Zeus whose arm controlled  
The Titan host, hath melted on his throne,  
Heavy those eyes in sleep that lightnings rolled;  
A mightier Power hath hurled the thunder-stone,  
The Olympian hill is scaled, the grey tradition flown!



## LX.

And he, pure light's divinest harbinger,  
With rays far-darting his bright temples bound,  
Sun-haired Apollo sinks from his red car !  
The soul awaked and in that circle found  
The shadow of the One ; Poseidon, crowned  
With his great trident storms no longer wrought :  
Blue-eyed Athena's name became a sound,  
Wan Venus flies her shrines, no longer sought,  
The passion of the heart, the idolatry forgot !

## LXI.

Buried in woods, grey Pan with upraised head,  
Fixed on broad heaven his unmoved sightless eyes,  
The quickening soul of Nature in him dead ;  
His oaten pipe amid the sedges lies,  
Answering no more life's ancient melodies !  
The Nymphs are fled, transformed yet visible,  
Through the blue stream the white-armed Naiad  
plies,  
The inconstant Oread flits along the hill,  
The sun-lit boughs shape forth the Dryads' shadows still !

## LXII.

Hark from dark Nemi's plantain-woods, where  
twining  
The tendrilled vine the branches clasps along,  
Where glows through olives the bright cactus shining,  
Echo the sounds of laughter and of song !  
Lo, trooping forth, wild flowers their hair among,  
Albano's dark-browed daughters, from their eyes  
Joy flashing lightning, a Bacchante throng !  
Forms such as danced beneath Idalian skies,  
Or trod the flowery fields of golden Arcadies.



## LXIII.

It is Gensano's flower-fête ; the streets shine  
Strewn o'er with Irises of living blue,  
Galaxied thick with star-rayed jessamine,  
And the rose blushing its rich lustre through ;  
We tread on tapestry whose varied hue  
Mocks the faint rainbow, an Hesperian shore  
Its glory darkening on the aching view ;  
Yet hath Art wrought on that mosaic floor  
Religion's pictured forms that call man to adore.

## LXIV.

There glows Madonna with her Son, o'erhung  
Their brows with lilies ; hark ! song fills the air,  
Winged infants lead the choir with censers swung,  
Shedding flower-odours from their raven hair ;  
With white veils floating from their shoulders bare,  
Frascati's daughters elevate above  
The sacred Host, religion watches there,  
Her spirit still with olden fable wove,  
Wedding great Nature thus, bride-like, with human love.

## LXV.

Farewell !—where better could the word be spoken  
Than from these wrecks of Jove's deserted shrine ?  
I gaze from Alba's mount mid columns broken,  
Over a living landscape made divine  
By old heroic valour, and the line  
Of Maro filled with prophecy of old ;  
Lo, where afar his Tibur's waters shine !  
There where his bands the Trojan hero rolled,  
Ere fixed his household gods, which still thou mayst  
    behold,



## LXVI.

Even as the bard in vision, or the dream  
Of that creation in which all or less  
Or more exist, that light which sheds its gleam  
O'er poets' breasts all else companionless.  
Farewell, thou ROME! where better could we bless  
Thy name, than where thy Alban-Mother grey  
Watches thy tomb in yon far wilderness?  
Matron and son alike have passed away,  
But left their fame entwined with his all-deathless lay.

## LXVII.

It is the morn, the ever blessed morn!  
Life's fountain-source of light is flowing forth  
Gushingly from her urn as then first born,  
Waking vitality through dreaming earth;  
Lo, silent Naples slumbers! child of mirth,  
She sees nor hears the beauty o'er her shed;  
She sleeps as sleeps an infant at its birth,  
The elements, her handmaids, softly tread,  
Attending breathlessly beside her wave-lulled bed.

## LXVIII.

And like a blue-eyed spirit, the sky above  
Bends from its throne embracing earth to greet,  
The air sighs over her its breath of love,  
The deep-voiced sea makes music at her feet,  
The hills the echo of her life repeat;  
Hues o'er her brow are tints by Iris given,  
Drawn from yon sun that steals on her retreat,  
While gentler still his fire-orbed wheel is driven,  
Watching her rest beneath the holy vault of heaven!



## LXIX.

And there the cup of Circe thou dost fill,  
Offering the pilgrim who to thee returns,  
Sated with musing from the seven-crowned hill,  
Where thy stern Roman sister's spirit yearns  
For those whose ashes fill no more her urns ;  
Away with grief ! thine eyes on him have shone,  
Who in joy's welcome for a shadow mourns ?  
Seize while thou mayst the hours still rolling on ;  
Thy life is gliding thus, a moment more 'tis gone.

## LXX.

Thou paradise of exiles ! oh, thou land  
Whose azure air oblivion breathes on those  
Who would forget the past ! thy hills expand  
Around, and girdling watch o'er thy repose ;  
The living odour wafted from the rose  
Gives balm to wounded spirits and a healing  
Softness and peace, until the heart o'erflows  
With joy ; from the deep sky is shed a feeling  
On the entranced sense like softest music stealing.

## LXXI.

'Tis night, but not in Naples, from the sky  
The moon unheeded glows, along the streets  
Wild Carnival his thyrsus tosses high !  
Each heart with hope and joy expectant beats,  
Music the dance and love-song still repeats,  
On the heaped tables flowers and fruits are spread ;  
From the thronged balconies glad beauty greets  
The world beneath, where lanterns daylight shed,  
Life, streamlike, rolling there along its starlit bed !



## LXXII.

There his wild leaps quaint Fantoccini tries,  
Chorused by laughter! here the crowd surrounds  
The cowed monk, scoffing at life's vanities  
To heedless ears and hearts; as louder sounds  
His warning, lighter Punchinello bounds,  
Zeal rears the crucifix, and fear hath knelt:  
That magic spell the showman's art confounds,  
Lowered his gay flag, a moment's awe is felt,  
Forgot ere on the heart its passing impulse dwelt.

## LXXIII.

The scene has changed, and far is left behind  
Remembered paradise, the vine expires,  
Nature in hueless languor has declined;  
Hushed are the glad notes of the birds whose choirs  
The spirit of ever-living joy inspires;  
Stern silence all, for we are nearing now  
The subterranean palace of the fires:  
Lo, where Vesuvius above doth show  
His cloven-crested cone, with pale and wrathful brow

## LXXIV.

Frowning upon us like the form of Death;  
Through the dim vapours drifted by the blast,  
His shadow falls on Hades' wastes beneath,  
Even as the Deity o'er chaos passed;  
Mountainous wrecks all wildly round are cast,  
And the hot streams of lava from yon throne  
In fiery waves roll scathing to the last:  
Nor flower, nor plant, nor grass-blade e'er hath grown  
O'er the life buried there, scorched, blasted, and un-  
known.



## LXXV.

Stand there and gaze, where on the summit crowned,  
Enthroned sublimity the eye appals;  
The wild waste plain of ever-blasted ground,  
The circling crater's lightning-shivered walls;  
The central pit, the portal to the halls  
Of everlasting fires, where, whelming o'er,  
In its first rage the shower volcanic falls:  
There, where reek forth from every burning pore  
The ashes fiery waves o'er that red heaving floor.

## LXXVI.

O thou Vesuvius! that risest there  
Image of drear eternity, alone  
Seated in thy own silent fields of air;  
Titan! whose chainless struggles have been shown:  
The annihilating power is still thine own,  
Parent of lightnings, and the tempest's shroud,  
Crowning, or round thy giant shoulders thrown  
In majesty of shadow, ere the cloud  
Break on the nether world in fulmined wrath avowed!

## LXXVII.

Grave of dead cities thou! thy heart is fire,  
Thy pulse is earthquake, from thy breast are rolled  
The penal flames in which shall earth expire;  
Thy robes are of the lava's burning fold,  
Thine armèd hand the thunderbolt doth hold;  
Thy voice is as the trump that calls to doom,  
Creator and destroyer! who hath told  
What world of life lies buried in thy womb,  
What mightiest wrecks are sunk in thy absorbing tomb?



## LXXVIII.

Hark ! as we onward pass, the sullen ground  
Reverberates beneath the hollow tread,  
Where Herculaneum sleeps in trance profound ;  
A city rises o'er her ashes' bed,  
All life, all joy, the living on the dead !  
The tear unbidden dims the eye, and swells  
The heart with its quick throbbings fuller sped ;  
Deeper than thought a feeling in us tells  
Our kindred with the world beneath our feet that dwells.

## LXXIX.

Spirit of desolation ! here thou art  
A palpable presence bodied on the eye ;  
Thy sternness to the mind thou dost impart,  
Awed while inspired by thy sublimity ;  
Thou that stand'st here aloof, and draw'st a high  
And thrilling grandeur from thy power impressed,  
That from thy state thou mak'st a mockery  
Of death and ruin, destiny confessed  
Art thou, thy throne yon mountain's thunder-riven  
breast !







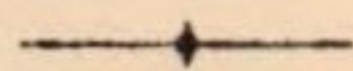
# ITALY.

## PART IV.

o 4



## PART IV.



THE River Sarno and Pompeii. — The Forum. — The Theatre and Street of Tombs. — The House of Diomed: The Alarm: The Eruption: Terror and Flight. — The Priest. — The Slave. — The Roman Sentinel. — Retreat of Diomed's Family — their Fate. — Puzzuoli: Nero in his Amphitheatre. — Baiæ and its Amenities. — Cuma: Thoughts among its Ruins. — Capri. — Tiberius. — Sorrento: Memories of Homer: Lachæa. — The Cyclop's Cave. — The Siren's Isles: Circe and Ulysses. — Tasso. — Amalfi: Appearance from the Sea. — Pæstum: Temple of Neptune. — Fata Morgana. — Conclusion.



## PART IV.

## I.

YET again buried 'mid the beautiful,  
 The myrtle bowers round which vines clustering  
     throng,  
 The latticed roofs that cast down shadows cool,  
 As the air sighs their tendrilled leaves along,  
 Forget the desolate; the skull among  
 Arcadian flowers, the shade of death that sate  
 At the life-feast and chilled the festal song:  
 O! yet the form of beauty contemplate,  
 That woos glad Eros here his love to satiate.

## II.

Know'st thou yon stream, its veiny current threading  
 Between the willow banks it loves, that makes  
 Its low voice heard by thee as thou art treading  
 That green bank thoughtfully; the aspen shakes  
 Its boughs above, the deep sky gives and takes  
 Its azure from it, and that river keeps  
 Its name, while states have vanished as the flakes  
 Of snow, sun-melted, SARNO to the deeps  
 Rolls on, its wave no more the painted trireme sweeps.



## PART IV.



THE River Sarno and Pompeii. — The Forum. — The Theatre and Street of Tombs. — The House of Diomed: The Alarm: The Eruption: Terror and Flight. — The Priest. — The Slave. — The Roman Sentinel. — Retreat of Diomed's Family — their Fate. — Puzzuoli: Nero in his Amphitheatre. — Baïæ and its Amenities. — Cuma: Thoughts among its Ruins. — Capri. — Tiberius. — Sorrento: Memories of Homer: Lachæa. — The Cyclop's Cave. — The Siren's Isles: Circe and Ulysses. — Tasso. — Amalfi: Appearance from the Sea. — Pæstum: Temple of Neptune. — Fata Morgana. — Conclusion.



## PART IV.

## I.

YET again buried 'mid the beautiful,  
 The myrtle bowers round which vines clustering  
     throng,  
 The latticed roofs that cast down shadows cool,  
 As the air sighs their tendrilled leaves along,  
 Forget the desolate; the skull among  
 Arcadian flowers, the shade of death that sate  
 At the life-feast and chilled the festal song:  
 O! yet the form of beauty contemplate,  
 That woos glad Eros here his love to satiate.

## II.

Know'st thou yon stream, its veiny current threading  
 Between the willow banks it loves, that makes  
 Its low voice heard by thee as thou art treading  
 That green bank thoughtfully; the aspen shakes  
 Its boughs above, the deep sky gives and takes  
 Its azure from it, and that river keeps  
 Its name, while states have vanished as the flakes  
 Of snow, sun-melted, SARNO to the deeps  
 Rolls on, its wave no more the painted trireme sweeps.



## III.

A rising mound shuts out the path, the wind  
 Waves the wild fig-trees o'er its flower-crowned crest,  
 Enter, a world is opened from behind,  
 The dead are disinterred from Nature's breast,  
 The buried raised from their sepulchral rest,  
 Living Pompeii again behold !  
 The vision in material life confessed ;  
 Time hath the archives of the past unrolled,  
 Their household gods unveiled, and life domestic told.

## IV.

The City of the Dead to light restored,  
 And resurrection, day again began,  
 The law of fate suspended to record  
 The greatness and the nothingness of man ;  
 Decay arrested and oblivion's ban  
 From wrecks that rise on life's cold shore alone,  
 Here, moralist ! thou seest thy bounded span ;  
 Truth stands embodied, and with audible tone  
 Points to the house, thy tomb, the dust that is thine own.

## V.

Lo, the Pompeian Forum ! haunt of rest,  
 And recreation when the twilight sky  
 Hued with its beauty the delighted west ;  
 When the sea's rising breath refreshingly  
 Gladdened each heart, and soothed each wearied eye  
 Oppressed and fevered with the heats of day ;  
 Moments when life was felt, when the light sigh  
 Was pleasure, impulses that all obey,  
 As nature o'er the heart asserts her healthful sway.



## VI.

Thou who dost press the benches disarrayed,  
In yon void theatre, the stage the same,  
Save where the painted scene illusion made,  
Whom the same hopes, wants, joys, loves, wishes claim  
As thy own fellow-men, thou wilt not blame  
Thy heart for weakness, if from thought austere  
Thy brow relaxing gentler feelings tame;  
If thou dost sigh, it may be, shed a tear  
For those who lived like thee, who thronged rejoicing  
here.

## VII.

Here, where light satire mirrored to the view,  
And lashed the modes and follies of the hour,  
Or where sublimer throes of passion drew  
Tears which confessed the Muse's tragic power;  
And they who gazed, the lover, and his flower  
Of beauty near him, in whose ear was sighed  
That love-tale prized beyond fame's brightest dower,  
Where are they fled in their patrician pride? —  
Their very dust with nature doth no more abide!

## VIII.

Rent is that area which life held within,  
The columns fallen, vanished the gay scene  
Where toiled the inventive brain of art to win  
Shouts from applauding crowds; yon fields are green  
As ever in the distance, and serene  
Looks in the beauty of the azure sphere,  
Where once Velarium's foldings spread between;  
There yawning open like a desolate bier  
'Mid Nature's deathless works man's reliques grey  
appear:



## IX.

Looking a moral and reproof severe  
On the light pastimes of the vanished dead,  
The stage of life exposed, its tinsel gear  
Of gauds, and toys, and painted draperies fled,  
There, skull-like, it is cast beneath ; you thread  
Those avenues which man no more shall build,  
The portals and the winding paths that led  
To chambers once with ardent impulse filled,  
Where the retiring mind planned, reasoned, thought,  
and willed.

## X.

The Street of Tombs ! the dwelling-places rent  
Of those who felt not fires that o'er them swept,  
Engulfed within a living monument ;  
But in those hollow niches where they slept,  
Even in their urns the fiery vapour crept,  
The mountain's ashes and the human dust  
Together heaped ; the dead no longer kept  
Their couches, forth by earth convulsive thrust  
From that last home where love the loved ones still  
entrust.

## XI.

The house of Diomed, the pleasant place  
Of the refined patrician, where the hand  
Of luxury ruled, and art traced forms of grace  
Which from time hidden could decay withstand ;  
Playthings that shall again resolve to sand,  
Opened to skyey influence and air,  
All that his vanity or fondness planned ;  
The law of nature it again must share,  
Decay, and change, and time, too long eluded there.



## XII.

Pause, while embodying the visions past,  
The scenes of life and passion acted here,  
Evoke the dead, their shroudings from them cast,  
Call up the shadows of the forms that were !  
These ruined halls again in beauty rear,  
Until their substance settles on the view ;  
Till the dead living in their homes appear ;  
Lo, the flowers bloom around as once they grew,  
The columns rise, the founts their waters still renew.

## XIII.

A marble bench is near that fountain, graced  
With Roman forms that live upon the eye,  
There Diomed reclines, his wife embraced  
And fair-haired daughter, but the lowering sky  
Hath passed into their faces ; heavily  
Day sinks in thunder-clouds, the air oppressed  
Hangs o'er them like a sulphurous canopy ;  
Foreboding prescience of ill repressed,  
Woke restlessness that grew from nature's thrilling rest.

## XIV.

The daughter leaned upon her father's breast,  
And their eyes met as each their thought controlled,  
Presaging evil felt though unconfessed ;  
Her eyes watched mournfully the murky fold  
Of heaviest mists that thus long days had rolled  
Upon Vesuvius' hidden bosom nursed,  
Prophet he looked of ominous fate untold ;  
Fear strained her eyes to see those clouds dispersed,  
Tempest whose wrath withheld might yet in thunder  
burst.



## XV.

The town was hushed, save where a faint shout came  
From the far-distant amphitheatre,  
The air glowed forth as from a furnace flame :  
The trees drooped, with no breath a leaf to stir ;  
Each house was noiseless as a sepulchre,  
And the all-sickly weight by nature shown  
Pressed heaviest on human hearts, they were  
All silent, each foreboding dared not own  
Fears, the advancing shadows of an ill unknown.

## XVI.

Behold the Mountain ! utterance half spoken,  
The vision paralysed the astounded mind :  
The mists that swathed erewhile his front are broken,  
Hurled upward as by some imprisoned wind  
Earth could no more within her caverns bind ;  
Lo, scroll-like forth in scattered wreathings driven  
From his cleft brow, grey clouds that disentwined  
From their black trunk shot forth like branches riven,  
Opening their pine-like shape in the profound of heaven !

## XVII.

Statues of fear, mute, motionless they stood ;  
The mountain that had slept a thousand years  
Wakes from his slumber ! yonder sable flood  
Of eddy cloud its giant shape uprears ;  
They gaze, yet fly not, who had linked with fears  
Vesuvius robed in ever green attire ?  
But lo, each moment wilder, fiercer nears  
The writhen canopy, its skirts respire  
Lightnings around, away, that lurid mass is fire !



## XVIII.

The trunk shoots forth in spiral flame, the shrouds  
Of darkness hurled off as a robe, alone  
Blazing, encircled with a night of clouds,  
Destruction sits upon his visible throne!  
Earth cleft asunder to her heart is shown,  
Tonguing quick flames, or loosening from their thrall  
Whirlwinds whose roar is lost in the deep tone  
Of ruin, the sea answers to the call,  
The thunder's rending blast doth echo back to all.

## XIX.

Hark! from the city the astounding cry  
Of thousands, rising for a moment, drowned  
The war of elements, then wild and high  
Rose woman's screams, a shriller, fuller sound,  
Ere sunk for ever; who might hear, the ground  
Reeling beneath? who see, when air was night  
Lit by the forked lightnings hurtling round  
Their arrowy deaths? the flash that blinded sight,  
The scathing ashes showered from the red mountain  
height;

## XX.

Making the shape of darkness visible,  
As the live flame devouring the air,  
Blazed forth as from the world's funereal pile;  
Within the walls, death, terror, and despair,  
Strode, dreadful forms half seen; beneath the glare  
Of lightning fled the crowds, or wildly clung,  
To the deaf shrines assailing heaven with prayer,  
As o'er their hearths in gibbering madness hung,  
Or motionless lay crushed beneath rent columns flung.



## XXI.

Beside yon arch, apart from the blind crowd  
Crushed, trampled, scathed along the fiery streets,  
Cowers yon pale Priest, in his keen eyes avowed  
Triumph, and passion satiate, that greets  
Strangely with awe and terror; fiercely beats  
His heart, the altar's treasure he doth bear,  
While through the sea-ward passage he retreats;  
Hark! his sharp cry of torture and despair:—  
The light of yesterday paled on his ashes there!

## XXII.

Or turn to the patrician's marble hall,  
Where that gigantic slave doth sit alone,  
Vengeance and his red hand have burst his thrall,  
Lifeless his slaughtered victims round are thrown,  
Wild his fierce triumph, all is now his own  
Save freedom, how escape the ash-heaped door?  
Through one thick wall his cleaving axe hath flown,  
The second yields, the roof gives way, 'tis o'er,  
Crushed down the murderer sinks upon the buried  
floor.

## XXIII.

On rolls the tide of myriads through the gate,  
But the red mountain blazing with stern view  
The Roman sentinel doth contemplate;  
Motionless as a statue there he grew,  
Composed his face though livid is its hue,  
Sternness with awe in his undaunted eye;  
Vainly the fiery tempest round him flew,  
He had not like yon herd been taught to fly,  
Scorched, blasted in his place the warrior stood to die!



## XXIV.

Descend that subterranean gallery,  
A lamp pales o'er the gloom which as you look,  
Reveals forms palpably growing on the eye ;  
So breathless, motionless in that dark nook,  
You might deem life had each mute shape forsook,  
Save that low groans suppressed burst fitfully  
From stifled hearts that death's convulsion shook ;  
Ah ! happier had it been at once to die,  
Than draw from hope and breath protracted agony.

## XXV.

But their wild eyes upon each other turned,  
Foreboding told the fate that anxious love  
Would hide in vain ; the lamp that flickering burned,  
Gleaming o'er haggard features, showed how strove  
Death and life busy there ; its ray above  
Vibrated, waved, expired, and all was gloom,  
Darkness and silence, save when wilder drove  
The ashes drifting o'er their living tomb,  
Or thunder's deadened voice that knelled without their  
doom.

## XXVI.

One long, last, wild, and passionate embrace  
Of those who clasp no more, then with fixed will  
Stamped on the matron's brow and marble face,  
She rose to unbar the door, why linger still  
To escape the fate without, immutable ?  
To meet the terror, to confront the worst  
Doth but the inevitable doom fulfill ;  
Time opened that closed door, the winds dispersed  
The white dust heaped beside by twenty ages nursed



## XXVII.

Pass not yon mouldering amphitheatre\* ;  
Within that grass-grown circle Nero found  
His happiness, while turned idolater  
To the base herd, his false ambition bound  
To their licentious shouts, whose venal sound  
Was fame that gave him rapture undisguised ;  
Were they accorded meed to virtue crowned ?  
No, the hired singer's fame alone he prized,  
For this he bowed a slave, by slaves themselves despised.

## XXVIII.

Burner of Rome and player of the hour ;  
Now man, now woman, god, or brute, whose name  
By-word became for infamy, whom power  
Changed into monster, yet the wretch sought fame ;  
Even he that bright abstraction dared to claim,  
Stained with each foul pollution which to hear  
Cast over Virtue's cheek the blush of shame ;  
Even he could die a hero, yea, endear  
One heart to strew with flowers the unconsecrated bier.

## XXIX.

Lo, where unfolds that spot of earth a vision  
Of immaterial beauty even now,  
Though fled the life that filled that haunt Elysian ;  
States cloud-like pass, man leaves no track below,  
But beauty's undecaying forms avow  
Though worn and rent each once harmonious line !  
The shore of Baiæ ! and the curving brow  
Of these low swelling hills that still confine  
That spirit-peopled spot, now as of old, divine.

\* Puzzuoli.



## XXX.

The Paradise of Italy! the bower  
 And throne of luxury, where life was love  
 And passionate feeling, making the brief hour  
 One long enjoyment; where the seasons strove  
 In rivalry, and braided roses wove  
 Whose blossoming renewed mocked summer's flight,  
 Where morn enamoured tinted from above  
 Each vale with her own breath, each myrtled height,  
 Pausing as love doth pause o'er her own tranced delight.

## XXXI.

There where the twilight gathered earth with heaven,  
 The substance with the holy vision blended,  
 In the pure sea's reflecting bosom given;  
 Where myrtle-groves in tenderest gloom impended,  
 From whose rich bowers with evening's shade ascended  
 Songs that expired in eloquent passion's sighs,  
 To lutes whose latest lingering cadence ended  
 In the deep waters' slumberous melodies,  
 Whose azure hues beneath lay mirrored in the skies!

## XXXII.

Look round you now, say where hath change thus  
 wrought?  
 The fall from Paradise where worthier shown?  
 Where desolation more her vials fraught  
 With wrath, its deep pollutions to atone?  
 Lightnings have scathed, earth heaved, the thunder-  
 stone  
 Rent, and war's footsteps blasted where they pressed;  
 The breezes that were once Elysium's own  
 Are tainted, there where life was love confessed,  
 When death was sleep reclined on beauty's heavenly  
 breast!



## XXXIII.

Who wrought save men themselves the infamy?  
Who desecrated Vestal earth with crime,  
Till God avenged her outraged majesty!  
Leaving the moral as the deed sublime;  
Then solitude sate there; and from the slime  
Plague reeked, but nature's undecaying soul  
Looked up to Him unchanged as in her prime:  
Fallen man alone pollutes the glorious whole,  
Sunk from his state, when slaved to passions' brute  
control.

## XXXIV.

Turn to where patriarchal Cuma rears  
The shattered columns of her giant gate;  
What spectacle behind its arch appears?  
No majesty of ruin to elate  
The aspiring soul or tone its thought sedate,  
Elysium's brightest scenes are there renewed,  
Where an undying life we contemplate;  
Where nature sits alone with solitude,  
Hiding the grave where once a mighty city stood.

## XXXV.

A wilderness of flowers around us lying,  
Tangling our steps, the hidden pathway throng,  
Vines twine o'er latticed shades and myrtles sighing,  
As the wind wakes their fibres into song;  
Heaven's cloudless azure the bright days prolong,  
Glassing the hyaline, the deep serene  
Heard far below swells up her mighty tongue;  
Life here is Eros that hath ever been,  
The skeleton death forgot, the shadow time unseen!



## XXXVI.

Upon a mossy stone I sate me down,  
And thought of mighty Cuma in her pride !  
She of the oracles of old renown ;  
I mused on all the infinite life that plied  
Through buried streets where now the worms abide ;  
I thought of all the good, the great, the just,  
Heroes for god-like actions deified,  
Whose names are vanished, record, fame, and bust,  
Of beauty's heavenly form, all turned alike to dust !

## XXXVII.

I would have mourned, my bosom sought relief,  
My heart yearned sadly toward human kind,  
But nature's self forbad the unnatural grief ;  
The sun looked down reproof, and in the wind  
I heard a spirit bid me be resigned,  
Was not the crowning blessing life allowed,  
The infinite dominion of the mind ?  
Low to the monitory voice I bowed,  
And walked rejoicing on, my gratitude avowed.

## XXXVIII.

Yet pause on yonder odour-breathing hill,  
Where offering up to Jove his oary wings,  
The tale of Dædalus instructs us still ;  
Beauty breathes o'er those old imaginings  
Of golden faith, and round them fancy flings  
Her brightest halo, opening to the mind,  
Where flower-like truth from hidden fable springs ;  
Here the sad father in his grief designed  
The story of his son in rash presumption blind.



## XXXIX.

Thrice he essayed, and thrice the sire confessed  
The o'er-mastering power of nature as he failed ;  
Owns not the mournful truth each answering breast ?  
On soaring wisdom the restraint entailed,  
Whose errant aspiration heaven assailed ;  
To leave the baser herd behind, to prove,  
Though mortal weakness in the flight prevailed,  
Its immortality, that vainly strove  
To escape from earthlier bonds, and sphere itself above ?

## XL.

Lo, far along that wild and wave-worn strand,  
Where stood Liternum, gleams a ruined tower ;  
How doth a glory round that wreck expand !  
Time may to dust yon crumbling fabric lower,  
Yet shall the spot o'er answering minds hold power ;  
The vanquisher of Hannibal, the sword  
Of Rome, there wasted out life's blighted hour,  
Exiled, and feared, and hated, the reward  
Dealt by mankind to those their freeman's rights who  
guard.

## XLI.

Descend that desolate yet lovely shore ;  
The hill, the crag, the pebbled ridge the same ;  
The waves break round thee with the same deep roar  
As when beside them SCIPIO's heart of flame  
Glowed with his wrongs and envy-tainted name ;  
Perchance the enduring forms around confessed,  
Showed him the nothingness of earthly fame,  
That divine Nature entering his breast,  
Soothed, till it hushed at last ambition's self to rest.



## XLII.

But vainly may the tutored soul essay  
The discipline of an unnatural mood  
Of self-endurance, stern resolve gives way;  
The pride, and sense of conscious worth subdued,  
Rise, ever struggling into birth renewed;  
Time, life, nor habit heal the wound that pained,  
The cankering poison of ingratitude:  
Still in his mighty heart the pang remained,  
He, who beyond the grave, indignant wrath retained.

## XLIII.

Lo, amidst Capri's shivered peaks enshrined,  
Wrecks of dead grandeur, arch and column lie;  
Where throned in isolation from mankind  
Tiberius veiled his life in mystery,  
And strove to bury from the common eye  
Deeds by fame blazoned forth; the eremite  
Who rent the ties of his humanity,  
Here the grey slave of worn-out appetite  
Revelled in crimes that hid their orgies from the light.

## XLIV.

Cold as its cliff and inaccessible  
To sympathies, one passion for its mate  
Chose that dark bosom in its secret cell,  
With power, fame, lust, ambition satiate,  
All save the appetite of quenchless hate  
Towards his kind, that grew on what it fed,  
One feeling still undeadened could elate;  
To inspire within his living victims dread,  
To hold back tortured life, ere 'scaping to the dead.



## XLV.

He stood and watched where over Baiæ's shore,  
Like a material god the sun declined,  
Like virtue sunk that doth her light restore ;  
Thus had he walked, his track had left behind  
A glory undecaying 'mid mankind,  
A blessing felt, and passed his earthward course,  
Hero or sage to deathless fame consigned,  
What was he now ? a blight, a withering curse,  
None loved, nought clung to him save his own vain  
remorse.

## XLVI.

The mind stretched on its rack of pain, the past  
Its visions magnified in memory's shade,  
The hopeless future, life's hours ebbing fast,  
Health, strength, hope, passion's energies decayed,  
All these he felt, till pride no more obeyed  
The inflexible will, forth flowed escaping tears ;  
Not that refreshing dew to virtue paid,  
But fire-like, scalding the lone heart it sears,  
Shed o'er the arid waste of unrepented years.

## XLVII.

It was a moment, but that moment brought  
Pangs which he never dealt ; in man doth dwell  
The purgatory by self-conscience wrought,  
That mocks imagination, the quick hell  
Whose torturing retribution none may tell,  
The vain remorse, the curse of guilt unshriven !  
The old man turned, that hour repaid him well ;  
Self-exiled, from humanity's precincts driven,  
Murder's releasing stroke to him was mercy given.



## XLVIII.

Italian paradise, Sorrento ! thou  
 Of the enchaining spells, lo, yonder bay  
 Where the lone crag upheaves its cloven brow,  
 Round which the blue waves chafe in idle play ;  
 Know'st thou whose mighty spirit casts a ray  
 O'er its dim cavern ? know'st thou who stood there,  
 Embodying in his world-inspiring lay  
 Its tale ? whose genius fills, informs the air,  
 Whose phantoms round that spot for ever shall repair ?

## XLIX.

Even now reclining on this mossy stone,  
 I see the sail spread from Lachæa's isle ;  
 They scale the Cyclop's cave, a shout, a groan,  
 In his red eye is plunged the fiery pile !  
 Lo, with the morning's light the goats defile  
 Slowly beneath the blinded monster's hand,  
 Free stands at length the hero of the wile ;  
 And now the giant's clamours fill the strand,  
 As shouting bound from shore the Ulysséan band !

## L.

O thou eternal Homer, every nook  
 Of this all wild yet lovely coast is thine !  
 The Sirens those grey islets have forsook,  
 Yet is each vestige of their haunt divine ;  
 Doth not thy awful genius o'er them shine,  
 Even as yon setting sun that steeps them o'er  
 With hues of life ? so thy embodying line  
 From phantasy dost hero-life restore,  
 Until we hear their tongues and see the forms they  
 bore.



## LI.

For by thy hand truth, sceptre-like, was wielded ;  
Lo, that blue promontory, Circe's spell  
There changed to brutes the slaves to vice who  
yielded ;  
Speaks not thy moral eloquently well ?  
What herb save reason could her power compel,  
And bid her kneel to virtue? o'er the foam  
Why sighed the chief in Ithaca to dwell,  
Her charms unfelt and loathed her starry dome ?  
Grave duty showed afar his wife, his son, his home.

## LII.

There was a dwelling on the sea-cliff's side,  
No ruined vestige doth its site attest ;  
A secret nook where love would choose to hide  
Its loved one from the world, a haven nest  
Of shelter, when of all it asks possessed,  
The heart would find or make its earthly heaven  
Where only found, in woman's answering breast ;  
All other ties save that sole life-tie riven,  
The world's neglect forgot, its injuries forgiven.

## LIII.

A sacred spot! create it on thine eye ;  
Each spot is sacred, hallowed by a tear,  
And this is sanctified by memory ;  
By venerating bosoms that revere  
The martyrs of the past who suffered here,  
O'er whom are offered human sympathies,  
Heart-flowers, whose dew spiritualise the bier ;  
A woman by that shore with heedful eyes  
Watches a nearing sail whose white wing homeward flies.



## LIV.

The sister's love, the vestal, and the pure,  
Recalls again affection's wasted force  
In exiled Tasso; other loves endure  
To perish, lighted at an earthlier source,  
Sate with passion, buried in remorse;  
If the heart own one pure receptacle,  
One feeling flowing holier in its course,  
One love a spirit might not blush to tell,  
'Tis when a sister's heart to thine doth fondly swell!

## LV.

The wanderer came for quiet, to forget  
The blighted hope, the inexpiable wrong,  
To soften here in solitude regret  
Of a love stamped immortal in his song,  
That but for him had lain the dead among;  
Vain essay! if thou wouldst the thought conceal,  
Or forms that ghost-like to the past belong,  
If the heart's wounds corroding thou wouldst heal,  
That solitude thou seek'st to thee shall all reveal;

## LVI.

Making the past one present, odours bear  
Vibrations thrilling along memory's chain,  
Felt in the chords of being till they wear  
Its pulse away; so did he feel how vain  
To realise his boyhood's hope again,  
Till his last refuge from self-tyranny,  
He flew from nature's ever-populous reign  
Back to the desert of humanity,  
To bear hate, scorn, repulse, to madden, and to die.



## LVII.

It is the night, the sacred hour of night ;  
Lo, eloquent darkness opens to the eye  
The unknown, the undying, and the infinite ;  
The heaven of heavens revealing silently  
The star-roofed temple of eternity,  
There, where in floating argentry are hung  
The living wilderness of galaxy,  
On the black void, like foam from ocean flung,  
That solemn sea of air whose stillness hath a tongue.

## LVIII.

A melody unheard by human ears,  
Where onward through their diapasons roll  
In space the thunder-music of the spheres ;  
Each note a portion of the living soul,  
Of the one heart that vibrates through the whole ;  
Leaves scattered from the everlasting tree  
Of life, whose wanderings have nor rest nor goal :  
Creation's branches of infinity,  
Shot from the hidden roots of quickening Deity.

## LIX.

And the hushed slumbering earth, the breathless  
trees,  
The watching hills that nearer round us close ;  
The stars that to the eye are melodies,  
Stilling the bosom in divine repose ;  
All enter now, till being overflows  
With love and adoration, till it swells  
A part of the eternal life that glows  
In all things ; that through time, death, motion dwells,  
Whose pulse each blade of grass, each world revolving  
tells.



## LX.

If thou wouldst see great morning from the deep  
Rise bounding forth as when to birth she sprung,  
Stand thou where hanging from the mountain-steep,  
Her breast with vines and myrtle-groves o'erhung,  
Round her grey sides the misty vapours flung  
Like incense from the altar of the sea,  
Rises to heaven the sunlit clouds among,  
The towering Amalfi ! once did she  
Europe and Asia join, key-stone of liberty.

## LXI.

Now on her shore the matron sits alone  
With solitude, go, seek her grot remote,  
Where beauty rests as on her visible throne ;  
The murmuring waves, the low cicala's note  
Shall lull thy listening ear, the vine-leaves wrought  
In latticed net-work, round thee weave their wreath  
Through veils where dimly seen the waters float,  
Afar expanding like the azure breath  
Of heaven descended there that fills the void beneath.

## LXII.

Or wouldst thou seek profounder solitudes,  
Rest where La Cava's silver sounding bell  
Startles the traveller musing mid her woods ;  
He who to busy life hath bade farewell,  
Sooth were it even here for aye to dwell,  
And while the minster's organ-notes along  
Stole, mingling with the water's wilder swell,  
How grateful, pausing o'er that solemn song,  
To feel shut out, forgot, the world's forgetting throng.



## LXIII.

Lo, far on the horizon's verge reclined,  
A Temple reared as on a broken throne :  
The sun's red rays in lurid light declined  
O'er clouds that mutter forth a thunder-tone,  
Gleam athwart each ærial column shown  
Like giants standing on a sable sky ;  
What record tells it in that desert lone ?  
Resting in solitary majesty  
Eternal Pæstum there absorbs the heart and eye.

## LXIV.

Pause here, the desolate waste, the lowering heaven,  
The sea-fowl's clang, the grey mist hurrying by,  
The Altar fronting ye with brow unriven,  
In isolation of sublimity,  
Mates with the clouds, the mountains, and the sky ;  
But the sea breaks no more against his shrine,  
Hurled from his base the Ocean-deity ;  
His worshippers have passed and left no sign,  
The shaker of the earth no more is held divine !

## LXV.

There like some Titan throned in his retreat  
Of deserts, the declining sun's last rays  
Falling round him on his majestic seat,  
Each limb dilated in the twilight haze  
Of the red distance darkening on the gaze ;  
An image whose august tranquillity  
The presence of unconscious power betrays,  
Whose co-mates are the hills, the rocks, the sea,  
Even so, the awe-struck soul reposing dwells on thee !



## LXVI.

And there thou standest stern, austere, sublime,  
The giant Strength reposing at thy base,  
Making a mockery of the assaults of time;  
Earthquakes have heaved, storms shook, the light-  
ning's trace  
Left the black shadows age shall not efface,  
And the hot levin dented where it fell!  
But on thy steadfast and majestic face  
Is stamped the impress of the unchangeable,  
That fixed for ever there thy massive form shall dwell.

## LXVII.

Spirit of grey Antiquity! enthroned  
With solitude and silence here, proclaim  
Thou, brooding o'er thy altar-place, who owned,  
Who reared that mightiest temple? from whence  
came  
The children of the sea? what age, what name  
Bore they who chose this plain their home to be?  
Arena meted for the race of fame;  
For gods to applaud the deeds of liberty,  
Knowledge, and glorious art, that flows but from the free.

## LXVIII.

Such musing ours, till in us be instilled  
The feeling of the spot, religion grey  
And veneration, and our parts fulfilled,  
Resigned in death to be forgot as they,  
Shadows or memories of yesterday;  
Until we feel, like dew upon us shed,  
The spirit of humility, and pray  
For life renewed 'mid dust around us spread,  
Lighting the torch of hope from ashes of the dead!



## LXIX.

And the two inmost Voices of the soul  
Shall in that hour be heard, the faith whose tone  
Subdues the ills of life to her control,  
And doubt that o'er her eyes hath shadow thrown,  
Obscuring heavenlier visions by her shown ;  
What knowledge have we won ? how frail the flower  
That blossoms from the seeds that we have sown ;  
What have the Titans gathered for our dower,  
They who the tree bequeathed, and dared to call it  
power ?

## LXX.

They who through dateless years before high heaven  
Grew fruits that are the ashes to our taste ;  
Life is of moments, but enough are given  
To feel truth's intuitions are embraced  
In our soul's youth, by passion uneffaced ;  
That the sure years which steal from us fulfil  
Duties imposed, strength giving while they waste ;  
That wisdom's name is hope, and virtue still  
The feeling of the good grasped by our human will.

## LXXI.

And should'st thou doubt the visible prophecies  
Of nature, in her forms embodying  
Imaginative dreams, when the sun lies  
On Reggio's shore, go mark its ruins fling  
Their shadows on the stream, till gathering,  
Embattled towers rise slowly from the deep,  
Pillars and castled walls, gates opening  
On serried armies, marshalled horse that leap  
Along the flying plains, where charging squadrons sweep ;



## LXXII.

And cliffs cloud-capped, deep vales, white herds far  
seen,  
And shepherds with their flocks, and mountains bare,  
Looking repose ; lo, in the silvery sheen  
Floating above the wave, they melt to air,  
Reflection but of ruins ! woven there  
From mist and shadow, but they finger forth  
Truths that oracular Nature doth declare  
To thee, fallen Italy ! regenerate birth  
Thus shall be thine from death, freedom and pristine  
worth.

## LXXIII.

The lay hath ceased, companion, solace, friend ;  
It may be for a later day to speak,  
If to pure truth its prescient musings tend,  
Caught from the expression of Art's eloquent cheek,  
Or in full verse inspiring man to seek  
Nature on her great altars ; or if be  
A loftier hope, with spirit bold yet meek,  
It draw thee closer to humanity,  
Its wreath is won by fame, its truth absorbed in thee !



1791

And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world  
And this should be the first of the world

1791

The day hath been a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great  
It may be a day of great



## NOTES TO ITALY.

---

### PART I.

#### II.

*"Athens of Italy! I gaze on thee."*

"Florence was the Athens of Italy. The genius displayed by its citizens, the intelligence to be found in the mass of its people, the national character of generosity to protect the oppressed, raised the city above every other."—SISMONDI.

#### XXIV.

*"Even in his demon's spiritual sway."*

Socrates attributed the imperious suggestion of certain premonitions and presentiments, for which he could not otherwise account, to a preternatural origin; such appears to be the general opinion of all discerning scholars.

#### XXV.

*"Of the man fallen from an ascendant star."*

"We are sunk down from the stars to dwell on earth as in a prison-house: hence the origin of depravity. It is only by rising above passions, and to the world of intelligence, the soul can be prepared to return to its original habitation."—PHÆDO.

#### XLIV.

*"Thou who didst prop Rome's empire for an hour."*

At the commencement of the fifth century Ravenna was made the capital of the Western Empire by Honorius.



## XLV.

*"Behold the Pass of Furlo."*

The Pass of Furlo is a defile in the mountains south of Urbino, the road being cleft through the rock; its ancient name was Petra pertusa. This great battle was fought along the left bank: the Monte Asdrubale, pointed out by the guide, marks part of the spot. Horace testifies the immense debt his country owed to the Consul Nero:—

*"Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,  
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal  
Devictus," &c.—Carminum iv.*

## L.

*"Lo, where yon red banks tell the waters' name,  
The Rubicon."*

Between Ravenna and Rimini, about eight miles from the latter city and one from the sea, rolls the Rubicon. Conflicting opinions on its site have been maintained; it is formed from small streams, which unite about a mile from the sea, assuming the name of Fiumicino.

## LIII.

*"To be first  
Thy aim."*

Cicero relates a line from Phœnissæ of Euripides, often on his lips:—

*"If wrong can be justified, or found seemly,  
The noblest motive for it is the gaining sovereign power."*

Cicero applied to him the word *τέρας*, to express the activity, watchfulness, and the sagacious daring of the greatest of Romans; he thus testifies:—"Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, litteræ, curæ, cogitatio, diligentia."

## LIV.

*"A warning to earth's tyrants."*

"'Tis true that Cæsar endeavoured after fame and reputation, as he judged they might be of service to his designs: but certainly, in his heart, he rather aimed at power than dignity: and courted reputation and honours only as they were instruments of power and



grandeur. So that he was led, not by any laudable course of discipline, but by a kind of natural impulse, to the sovereignty ; which he rather affected to seize than appear to deserve.” \*

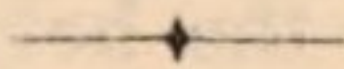
## LVII.

*“ The passionate harangue, the tears poured forth.”*

“ Coming up with his troops to the Rubicon, the boundary of his province, he made a halt ; when, revolving in his mind the greatness of his attempt, he turned to those behind him—‘ We may still retreat,’ said he ; ‘ but if we pass this little bridge, we must make our way by force of arms.’ ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Attended by the Tribunes of the Commons, who were around him, he at the head of his troops, with tears in his eyes, and his garment rent from his breast, implored their protection. His agitation was unfeigned, for, observes Montesquieu,—‘ L’on declaroit sacrilège et parricide quiconque avec une légion, avec une armée, ou avec une cohorte, passeroit le Rubicon.’ ”



## PART II.

## IV.

*“ When her devoted bands  
Of patriots fixed their homes upon the shifting sands.”*

It was in the year 402, when Alaric, descending from the Julian Alps, spread desolation before him, that the small islands of the Venetian Gulf were first peopled by any considerable body of refugees from the neighbouring continent.

## VI.

*“ Thou saw’st their rise and fall.”*

“ Venice,” using Sismondi, “ witnessed the termination of the Roman empire ; in the west, the birth of the French power, when

\* Lord Bacon—a civil character of Julius Cæsar.



Clovis conquered Gaul; the rise and fall of the Ostrogoths in Italy; of the Visigoths in Spain; of the Lombards, who succeeded to the first; of the Saracens, who dispossessed the second. Venice saw the empire of the Khalifs rise, threaten to invade the world, divide and decay. Long the ally of the Byzantine emperors, she, by turns, succoured and oppressed them: she carried off trophies from their capital, she shared their provinces, and joined to her titles that of the mistress of a fourth and a half of the Roman empire. She saw the Eastern empire fall, and the Mussulman rise on its ruins."

## VII.

*"That kings, and greater, Venice! knelt to thee."*

Humbled on all sides, Barbarossa was anxious to treat: it was decreed that the claims of the Lombard cities and the settlement of the Pontificate should be ratified at Venice. The Emperor landed on the Piazzetta of St. Mark, where the Doge, receiving him in state, escorted him to the cathedral. There Alexander, severely tranquil, awaited his no longer formidable enemy. The Emperor, as he drew near, uncovered his head, cast aside his purple mantle, and prostrating himself before the holy Father, crept onward that he might kiss his feet. The wrongs of twenty years flashed across the remembrance of the Pope. Placing his foot on the neck of the prostrate Emperor, he repeated the words of David: "The young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet." "It is not to you, it is to St. Peter, I kneel," murmured the indignant prince. The reply cost him a further humiliation: Alexander trode a second time more firmly on his neck, exclaiming, "It is both to me and Peter!"

## VIII.

*"Rome of the Ocean! thou thy Carthage foe  
Hadst also, and thy Dorian Hannibal."*

So great was the consternation of the Venetians at the destruction of their fleet by Pietro Doria, and at the storming and taking of Chiozza before their eyes, that a blank sheet of paper was forwarded to Carrara, the Genoese captain-in-chief of the army, to which, whatever terms were prescribed, the Doge Contarini promised submission. The keys of Candia were presented to the



Vizier Kiuperegli on the 27th of September, 1669. . . . No clearer image can be conveyed of the profound impression stamped upon the Venetian mind by the remembrance of the terrors of this desperate struggle, than by stating, that even to this hour, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, if a Venetian wishes to imply a "war to the knife," he proverbially terms it — "UNA GUERRA DI CANDIA."

## XVII.

*"With morn, the corpse by those red columns thrown."*

The granite columns which still adorn the Piazzetta of St. Mark; the space around them was made the scene of capital executions.

## XXI.

*"Titian, the soul of colours!"*

Extract from a letter of Aretino to a friend: "Most gracious, pleasant, and excellent Niccolo! it is the opinion of our Titian, the soul of colours, and of Sansovino, the breath of marbles, that it would be ungrateful of me," &c. &c.

## XLIV.

*"The majesty of ruin round her spread."*

Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, it was first taken by Alaric — the Salarian Gate having been treacherously opened to his army; and the city was delivered to the fury and unchecked licence of the tribes of Scythia and Germany. The private revenge of 40,000 slaves was at the same time exercised, without pity or remorse.

The injuries done by Genseric's sack (A.D. 455) are represented to have been of a scarcely inferior character. In 472 the city was sacked by Ricimer; by Vitiges about A.D. 540. The last Emperor of Rome was Odoacer, King of the Heruli. In 546 it was besieged and taken by Totila: with him the dilapidation by barbarian hands is supposed to terminate. In 1082 it was sacked, burned, and laid waste by Robert Guiscard and his Normans, more ferocious than all barbarians; and in 1527 it was taken by the Bourbon: never had the city suffered the same merciless treatment as she underwent from the soldiers of a Catholic king.



"In the five sackings of Rome (from 536 to 552), in which she was both attacked and defended by barbarians, it is impossible but that most of the architectural monuments of the city must have been utterly ruined or overthrown; the anxiety which, according to Procopius, Narses displayed to restore its injuries is a proof of their immense extent."

## XLVII.

*"Thrown to the wealthier wretch."*

Bought by Didius, at the auction of the Roman Empire; the infamous transaction is admirably pictured by Gibbon. He promised to every soldier (according to Dio) 6250 drachms, about 195*l.* of our money.

## XLVIII.

*"Immortal Trajan! thou."*

"Decebalus, the Dacian king, approved himself a rival not unworthy of Trajan; nor did he despair of his own and the public fortune, till, by the confession of his enemies, he had exhausted every resource both of valour and policy." — GIBBON.

## LVI.

*"So rears Earth's mightiest shrine of worshipping."*

Three hundred years rolled away, thirty-five pontiffs lived and died, from the commencement to the termination of this wonder of the earth. The greatest architects, immortalising their names in adorning it, passed away in the same rapid succession, unwillingly leaving their pride and glory unfinished to their successors. Bramante, Raffaello, Vignola, Maderno, Bernini, and MICHAEL ANGELO, have here left the proofs, greater or less, of their congenial spirits.

## LXII.

*"What Temple frowns upon us in our path?"*

Whether the Pantheon was designed for a temple to all the gods, following Dion, or a calidarium, the ancients spoke of it with rapture, as one of the wonders of Rome, "whose vault was like the heavens, and whose compass was that of a whole region."



## LXVII.

*"Treading above their Mamertinean graves."*

"The executions took place in a prison beneath the Mamertine, called the Tullian prison; it was sunk twelve feet beneath the natural surface. Criminals were thrown into it through a hole, still visible in the centre of the vault."

## LXXIV.

*"We stand upon the Palatine."*

The most illustrious Romans dwelt on the Palatine. Among others, Cicero, Antony, and Hortensius had there their villas: there Augustus was born. Here Nero erected his golden palace, before which stood the Emperor's colossal statue. Genseric was the first who sacked it, Totila followed: Heraclius, however, we know, lived in it during the seventh century.

## XCI.

*"On those grey columns once where heroes stood,  
Stand martyrs."*

The triumphal columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, originally crowned with statues of those great men, are now surmounted by those of St. Peter and St. Paul.

---

 PART III.

## I.

*"Hold of the despot, refuge of the slave."*

Various uses to which the Colosseum has been applied. It may be borne in mind that the word *Arena* signified also the Amphitheatre generally; he who fought thereon was called Arenarius. Nero often covered it with vermilion and chrysocolla.



## II.

*"Great Colosseum! at thy mighty shrine."*

The venerable Bede first gave it this term, from its gigantic magnitude. After having been used during three centuries for different spectacles, and, even up to the year A.D. 523, for shows of wild beasts, it served, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, as a stronghold for many noble families. To this epoch all its chief depredations are referred.

## VI.

*"Such were their morning hopes of happiness."*

"The people," says Ammianus, "spend all their earnings in drinking and gaming, in shows and spectacles. In the forum, the streets, and squares, the multitudes assemble and dispute, some defending one, and some another. When the wished-for day arrives, before sunrise, all run headlong to the spot, passing in swift-ness the chariots that are to run; upon the success of which their wishes are so divided, that many pass the night without sleep.

## XIV.

*"For he is feeling the approach of death."*

"The expression of the Statue," observes Pliny, "is that of a dying man wounded to the death, in which you might see how much life was remaining in him." *Vulneratum deficientem fecit, quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ.*

## XIX.

*"To raise her buried head,  
Cola Rienzi! was reserved for thee."*

Rienzi was fortunate in his time, with Petrarca as his poet, and a biographer, who has fairly weighed his merits and defects: his "half heroic, fantastic figure" \* has been delineated with fidelity. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has invested Rienzi with the powers of his genius, throwing over his character the richest tones of eloquence and romance.

\* *Costro era uomo fantastico; dall' un canto facea la figura d' eroe dall' altro di pazzo. — Annali. ad an. 1347.*



## XXVI.

*"The living test of human agony."*

The place of the discovery of the Laocoon (the baths of Titus) identifies it with the group described by Pliny, who gives it the pre-eminence over all other sculpture. The whole was made out of one block, the father, his children, and the wonderful folds of the serpents, according to a vote of the Council, by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, Rhodian sculptors of the first rank.

## XLIV.

*"Stood the low decent cot where Horace built his tomb."*

De Sancti proved that Horace's Sabine farm was near Licenza, close to a stream called the "Digetia," to which place the poet alludes, in the fourteenth epistle, under the name of Varium.

## LXXVIII.

*"Where Herculaneum sleeps in trance profound."*

The city of Herculaneum was found covered with six layers of ashes, making a height of sixty-five feet, rendering it certain that five eruptions had ensued after that which buried it in A.D. 79.

Pliny tells us nothing of its destruction: a casual allusion is made by Martial, a traditionary record by Dion Cassius, and a hint only from Tacitus:—

*"Haustæ aut obrutæ urbe, fecundissimâ Campaniæ orâ."*

---

 PART IV.

## XI.

*"The house of Diomed, the pleasant place  
Of the refined patrician."*

It is usually called the Villa of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, from the circumstance of a tomb bearing that name having been dis-



covered in its proximity. All that we know of the owner or his family may be comprised in one sentence: their life was one of luxury and enjoyment, in the midst of which death came on them by surprise, a death of lingering agony.

## XVI.

*"Opening their pine-like shape in the profound of heaven."*

"I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches." — PLINY.

## XVII.

*"Vesuvius robed in ever green attire?"*

"Above these," says Strabo, "rises Vesuvius, fertile, except its top, which is for the most part level and barren, so that we may suppose this spot to have been a volcano formerly, with burning craters, now extinguished from want of fuel."

## XXIII.

*"Yon Roman sentinel doth contemplate."*

This historical incident is also given with impressive effect in Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance of "The Last Days of Pompeii."

## XXVI.

*"No, the hired singer's fame alone he prized."*

"The people with earnest entreaty prayed that he would let them taste the supreme delight of hearing and enjoying his divine accomplishments. Having exhibited his skill, he kneeled down, and, stretching forth his hands with pretended agitations of hope and fear, waited for the decision of the judges. The populace paid their tribute of admiration to the prince in one chorus of applause. You would have thought their joy sincere, and perhaps it was so: the rabble wished to be amused; and for the disgrace which befel the state, vulgar minds felt no concern." — TACITUS.



## XXVII.

*"Burner of Rome and player of the hour."*

"He set the city on fire so openly," says Suetonius, "that many men of consular rank caught those of his bedchamber with tow, and torches for lighting, but durst not meddle with them."

## XXX.

*"And braided roses wove  
Whose blossoming renewed, mocked summer's flight."*

The roses of Pæstum were hallowed by all the poets; we may gather a few tributes, which are here transplanted:—

"Nec Babylon æstum, nec frigora Pontus habebit,  
Calthaque Pæstanus vincet odore rosas." — OVID.

"Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu,  
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero." — AUSONIUS.

"Vidi ego odorati victura rosaria Pæsti,  
Sub matutino cocta jacente noto." — PROPERTIUS.

## XXXIV.

*"Turn to where patriarchal Cuma rears  
The shattered columns of her giant gate."*

Cuma is remembered as the most ancient of the Italian cities; the "Eubeian Cuma" — the fortunate or the happy Cuma of the ancients; the city which Horace lauds for its vases; which, after war and plague had ruined it, was the "vacua Cuma" of Juvenal.

## XXXVIII.

*"Yet pause on yonder odour-breathing hill,"*

Where stood the famous Temple of Apollo, which had been brought to Cuma from Æolia, under which was established the oracle of the Cumæan Sibyl. It was here that Dædalus alighted, after his flight from Crete; consecrated his "remigium alarum" to Apollo, and erected him a temple.



## LIII.

*"Lo, amidst Capri's shivered peaks enshrined."*

"The inaccessible rocks of Capreæ," records Suetonius, "suited the gloomy and vicious habits of Tiberius: 'Præcipuè delectatus insula, . . . . undique præruptis immensæ altitudinis rupibus et profundo maris.' He chose for his residences twelve different villas, all magnificent and well fortified. Wearied of public affairs, he now resigned himself to his favourite gratifications, amidst his solitary vices, still engendering mischief. The habit of nourishing dark suspicions, and believing every whisper, still adhered to him."

## LVII.

*"Murder's releasing stroke to him was mercy given."*

"Tiberius drew near his end: on the seventeenth, before the kalends of April, A.D. 37, he had a fainting-fit. A band of courtiers surrounded Caligula, eager to pay their court, and congratulate the prince on his accession to the Imperial dignity. Caligula was proclaimed Emperor, when word was brought that Tiberius was come to himself, and had called for a cordial to revive his fainting spirits. The whole party was struck with terror—the crowd dispersed. Caligula remained fixed in despair, as if awaiting the stroke of death. Macro alone was undismayed; with firmness and presence of mind, he cleared the Emperor's room, and gave orders that the remains of life should be smothered under a load of clothes. Such was the end of Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age." — TACITUS.

## LIV.

*"In exiled Tasso."*

Muratori confesses that he was ignorant of the crime which confined Tasso to his cell, but asserts that the cause was not insanity, but from some hasty expressions spoken in choler against the Duke.

## LX.

*"The towering Amalfi!"*

"Amalfi kept up the commercial intercourse of Christendom with the Saracen countries before the first Crusade. Since her



subjugation by Roger, king of Sicily, the name of a people who, for a while, connected Europe with Asia, has hardly been repeated, except for two discoveries falsely imputed to them—those of the Pandects and the Mariner's compass."

## LXIII.

*"Eternal Pæstum there absorbs the heart and eye."*

The only account we have of the origin of Pæstum is from Solinus, who says it was built by the Dorians \*; a profound modern antiquary† has undertaken to prove these came from the East; his chief arguments are drawn from tracing the names Pæstum and Posidonia to the same oriental radix. Herodotus, also, observes that we shall look in vain for the word ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ among the Greeks, the name and deity being of Libyan origin.

Muratori asserts it as a general opinion of the antiquaries, that it was to the Sybarites, already famous for their luxury and taste in the fine arts, that these magnificent temples owe their origin. On the invasion of Italy by the Saracens, Pæstum fell into their hands: defeated and driven out by the Italian states, they set it on fire, leaving the temples its remaining monuments.

\* Notum est Pæstum a Dorensibus constitutum.

† Mazochii Comment. Naples, 1754.



represented by Lopez, king of Sicily, the name of a person who for a while controlled Europe with Asia, has hardly been repeated, except for two historical events, in which it is used - those of the Crusades and the Spanish conquest.

The name of the Crusades is used in the same sense as the name of the Spanish conquest, and the name of the Spanish conquest is used in the same sense as the name of the Crusades.

The only person who has of the origin of the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades. The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades.

The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades. The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades.

The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades. The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades.

The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades. The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades.

The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades. The name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades, and the name of the Crusades is the name of the Crusades.



## CLASSICAL POEMS.







## CLASSICAL POEMS.



CLASSICAL POEMS.



## OLYMPIAN GODS.

---

O YET, ere gone from me for ever, give me back that  
 dream of old,  
 The Olympian gods reclining on their thrones of cloud  
 and gold ;  
 Let me trace in living picture visions of a youth  
 sublime,  
 When my love was faith in idols worshipped by that  
 elder time.  
 I pause not in Memory's chambers o'er those records  
 wild that tell  
 How the Titans, climbing heavenward on piled moun-  
 tains, fought and fell ;  
 Pelion and reeling Ossa from their rent foundations  
 hurled  
 'Gainst the thunder-god descending on his battle-field  
 the world.

I pass by the pictures opening where rebellion darkly  
 nursed  
 By the gods in secret conclave on the Cloud-compeller  
 burst,  
 When the chain of fate he loosened, based upon his  
 strength alone,  
 Earth, and Titan gods defying to upheave him from  
 his throne.



Give me back that calmer vision when the gods in fear  
or joy,  
Throned o'er Ida's wooded summits sate and watched  
beleaguered Troy;  
Where from starry heights the cressets blazed above  
the banquet bright,  
Heaped with cates ambrosial, sparkling with the  
nectar's rosy light.

They from heaven's brink watched the Ægean circling  
like an azure shield,  
Isles inlaid on its bossed surface studding o'er a heaving  
field,  
Where the Grecian barks were lying moored, sails  
furled, with cordage bare,  
Fine as gossamer threads floating on the slumberous  
ummer air!  
They saw where the golden Simois mingled with  
Scamander's stream,  
Troy's grey towers bathed in sunlight, the far flash,  
and brazen gleam  
Of bright shields and helmets glittering from the Greek  
and Trojan bands,  
Where the Argive tents stretched whitening like  
strayed sea-birds on the sands.

They heard rise the roar of battle from the rampart  
wall o'erthrown,  
Shafts, and stones, and javelin-tempest hurled on  
Hector's helm alone;  
Stern Atrides, giant Ajax, back recoiling to the van,  
Doubtful if through portals cloven burst the demigod  
or man!



Then grave Hera's eyes effulgence on the eternal  
 Father turned,  
 Helmed Athena frowned on Ares, in stern wrath  
 Poseidon burned;  
 Placid on his throne unshaken all serene the Thunderer  
 sate,  
 Watching on that field the heroes each fulfil his law of fate.

There Patroclus shouted, blazing in Pelides' arms  
 arrayed;  
 There the rally, and the flying, by the Lycian hero  
 stayed:  
 But the sire his eyes averted from that combat wild  
 and vain,  
 And the sigh suppressed broke from him o'er divine  
 Sarpedon slain!  
 Back the tide of battle surging, Hector's heel in dust  
 hath pressed  
 The victor, Vulcanian armour rent in triumph from  
 his breast,  
 And Zeus turned his prescient forehead, in those  
 shouts the dirges heard  
 Of Troy wailing o'er her hero, fate but for the hour  
 deferred.

Then limped forth Hephaistos leering, with his hands  
 begrimed he took  
 The raised goblet, pledged to Hera and great Zeus, with  
 wheedling look;  
 Aping Momus from behind him, on his footsteps  
 following after,  
 Broke the gloom, convulsing gods with inextinguishable  
 laughter.\*

\* Ἀσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ ὄρω γέλωσ μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσι — HOMER.



Up sprang Bacchus, tendrilled tresses tossing from his  
radiant brow,  
Dancing joy within his eye-balls inspiration's lights  
avow : —

“Io Pæan ! gods or mortals, would ye taste a bliss  
divine,

Steep your senses in oblivion, drink, O drink this  
gushing wine !

“Let the warriors in the battle fall or triumph, let  
fate lower

On their heads, or fame or fortune crown them, 'tis  
but for an hour ;

But oh, let not mortal struggles ruffle an immortal  
breast,

You whose being is unchanging, you whose happiness is  
rest !”

Then the harps were strung, and music thrilled above  
that joyous throng,

And Apollo's voice in chorus rose above the Muse's  
song ;

From earth's strife the Immortals turning raised their  
golden cups on high ;

“Pledge to Zeus !” — heart-opening laughter rang along  
the starry sky.

Pales that picture dream-like fading in dim distance,  
while the ear

Solemn dirges from earth rising, voices of the truth  
doth hear ;

Freedom wrestling for her birthright, then arose, as now,  
the wail

Of a deep and thrilling cadence told oppression's ancient  
tale :



Groans from weakness trampled over, slavery's iron  
chain unriven,  
Poverty, earth-crushed, appealing with her wasted arms  
to heaven,  
Swelled the dirge of wrongs from nations, heard through  
those heroic ages,  
Seen through brightest hues that blazon over fame's  
ensanguined pages.

Yet we bend above those records, till their life with ours  
is wrought,  
Till their quickening inspirations wake the spirit of our  
thought;  
Till our beings they impregnate with the fulness of their  
rays,  
And ourselves become a portion of the idols where we  
gaze.  
And if they be dust, we fill them with our thought  
and feeling rife,  
While imagination, sun-like, tints their godlike shades  
with life,  
Till they walk again before us, forms embodied from the  
grave;  
And we cling to the creation and the glories which we  
gave.



## THE DANCE OF THE NEREIDS.



I LEFT fair Athens with the morn ; the sun  
 Looked from his skyey temple, and inspired  
 Gladness and life in all. I wandered on  
 Free as the sea-breeze dallying with my joy,  
 And to avoid the windings of the shore,  
 I struck into the woodlands. Full of life  
 Abounding was my heart, Nature infused  
 Her happiness through me ; sighings of the trees  
 Buried in the soft azure, choirs of birds,  
 The fall of distant waters, and the low  
 Deep murmurings of the full and voiceful Sea,  
 Bore burthen to the universal song.

Among the dim glades as I passed, peeped forth  
 Shapes of hoofed Satyrs red as Autumn's fruits ;  
 Through wind-swung boughs I heard Pan's oaten reed,  
 I saw the shy Fauns hurrying in their flight.  
 Thou know'st, loved friend ! each haunt of those wild  
     paths ;  
 How there the cedar and the cypress flourish,  
 The linden, and the feminine silver fir,  
 Hanging its golden flower ; the mistletoe  
 Pensile from oaken boughs, where like a king,  
 The regal rhododendron throws around



His purple clusters, where the giant myrtle  
Fashions impervious bowers of cloudiest green,  
Star-roofed with jessamine and eglantine.  
How the grey crags shoot up from tangled copse,  
Baring their veteran brows, o'erseamed with scars  
Of tempests past, and crowned with laurel wreaths,  
Meed of endurance due and trophy won.  
Thou knowest how the overshadowing woods  
Cling there together sheltered by the cliffs;  
And how the azure Sea with dimpling smiles  
Steals into the embraces of the land  
Its many arms and covert nooks, and fills  
Each silent haunt through which it glides along  
With a low note of music and of joy!

I felt the spirit of beauty hung o'er all,  
Attuning life to love, and harmonies  
That vibrated responsive through my frame.  
With a light buoyant step and lighter heart  
I bounded on; now lingering for awhile  
To mark the sinuous windings of the shore,  
Or some fantastic oak, or anything  
To feed my wandering fancies. Then I thought  
Of blind Mæonides, the lord of song,  
And how the deities once trod the earth,  
And talked with mortal heroes, and I felt  
This was their chosen region; when behold,  
Wafted upon the crisp and growing breeze,  
I heard a sound of melody.

I stood  
In the deep hollow of a shadowed dell;  
The sun in mid-heaven throned scarce entered there.  
Above me towered grey crags and mountain woods,  
And summits shaped fantastically rose



Like clouds on clouds couched round the twilight sky.  
Beneath within a bow-shot stretched the sands,  
Gleaming a golden light through mossy trees,  
That veiled them dimly with their leafy screen.

I scarce had gathered breath, when rose a choir  
Of voices from the bosom of the sea,  
A full and breathing tone of harmony,  
An exhalation rising from the deep,  
And floating on the slumberous summer airs !  
A sound so fine, so faint, it scarcely was ;  
Nought lived between it and existence, yet  
'Twas audible to feeling, name it then  
A flowing respiration, sighing forth  
From the still bosom of the infinite Air,  
Opening the tongue of silence into sound !

It thrilled my inmost spirit, entering  
Like a rich stream of fragrance, filling me  
With languor and a voiceless ecstasy.  
I stood entranced, and motionless with awe,  
And wonderment and joy. When lo ! from forth  
The bosom of the waters slowly rose  
A sea-nymph beautiful as morning, fair  
As ocean's feathery foam. Then others rose,  
Till, hand in hand, twelve beauteous Nereids joined  
In circle on the yellow sands ; they made  
Obeisance to the Sea, which reverence was  
The harmony of motion. Lightly then  
As floats the gossamer on the fine air,  
Yet silent as the stars in their bright course,  
They met in the embracing dance ; they twined  
Within each other's arms, now parting, now  
Opening a void in their loose ranks, now met



Ordered and regular in phalanx joined.  
Methought, it might be a vague fantasy,  
They in their mystic measures shadowed forth  
The eternal courses of the hosts of heaven.

A trumpet peal re-echoed from the deep !  
They stopped, and joining circle, rapidly  
Tripped to the margin of the golden sands.  
Grey Triton raised his wreathèd horn, and blew  
A low, long melody ! anon a choir  
Of sea-nymphs answered from the wave ; I saw  
Deep-bosomed Galatea in her shell ;  
The silver-sandalled Thetis, and fond Alpheus  
Left for awhile bright Arethusa's arms !  
They bore along a car from coral hewn,  
Shaped like the moon her lessening crescent shown.  
I marvelled who should fill its hollowed seat ;  
When lo, an odour stole upon the sense,  
From incense burning round it, filling air  
With its faint exhalation, softening,  
And wrapping up the sinking heart entranced  
In dreams of passion and delight.

Then rose

A Vision from the deep ! for it was not  
Like aught that eye hath phantasied. I saw  
The immortal Aphrodite, the queen of love,  
To whom the gods succumb, and men adore,  
As when she rose, cloud-like, from the sea-foam ;  
Then when the boy of Ida looked on her,  
When his eyes dimmed and his heart sank beneath  
The majesty of beauty, and confessed  
That wisdom is the mockery of love.

Her long rich golden hair, with dew-drops starred,  
Floated, wave-like, round her voluptuous neck,



Her zone cinctured her waist with golden clasps ;  
And heaved reluctantly beneath the yoke  
Her swelling breast. She sate within her shell,  
And glided like a wreath of mist to land.  
Then circling as the stars around the orbed  
And stately Moon, the attendants plied their tasks.  
The one untangled her bright hair bedewed  
With foam, and wrung it playfully in air ;  
One plaited the light foldings of her robe,  
A third her sandals and her footstool brings,  
Then raising from their sides their chorded shells,  
Slowly they sang the Aphroditical hymn.

O then my joy was at its full !— I stood  
Gazing on their bright forms until my heart  
The might of their o'erpowering beauty owned ;  
The impotence of the resisting will  
Struggling against the thrilling chains of love.  
I stood entranced in passionate ecstasy ;  
But their rich voices blending into song,  
Rising like odours stole upon the sense,  
Reminding me it was reality.  
The lay was such as Aphrodité hears ;  
It told love's emanation from the soul,  
Pure as fount-drops ere caught one stain of earth.  
It traced its stream-like course, embracing heaven  
In its absorbing bosom, giving back  
The beautiful it receives and mirrors there ;  
Or, rushing on perturbed with darker course,  
Ruffled with fiercer passions, perishing  
In its own fall, or parting, dried and lost  
In arid deserts.

Then, with melting chords,  
It pictured love's first wild ecstatic tears



From fulness of o'erwrought delight, regrets  
Dwelling entranced on the remembered past,  
And hope prophetic of the bliss to come.  
She heard them not; her cheek leaned on her hand,  
Her tresses in dishevelled gracefulness  
Falling, half-shadowed, half-revealed her neck  
And shoulder lustrous in their ivory light.  
Her parted lips, like opening coral gates,  
Showed that the mind was absent and had left  
Its dwelling-place within deserted. Wan  
Was her fair cheek, perchance more lovely thus,  
Her eyes abstracted to the azure raised  
Saw nought, yet seemed her inner thought to espy;  
Perchance her heart was to Adonis fled,  
Or musing on her conquered lord of war.

I gazed until my measureless bliss o'erflowed;  
The witchery of the scene, the melody,  
And their immortal beauty entered me;  
Their thrilling voices held me prisoner,  
Struggling to free myself from earth and die.  
I stretched my hands forth in wild ecstasy,  
And from my covert rushed to where they stood,  
To kneel and worship, and relieve my heart,  
Inebriate with joy, a mortal, I  
Heedlessly breaking on their hallowed ground!  
When lo! they vanished from before mine eyes,  
Like summer lightning, from the spot where they  
Had stood forth brilliant and palpable.

I trod upon the place which they had left;  
I looked along the sands to find and mark  
The traces of their heavenly steps, to know  
That gods had hallowed them. The ground was ribbed



With furrowed waving lines the water left  
From its bed ebbing, clear, distinctly traced,  
Unsullied, and unbroken.

Where were they?  
Stood they on earth those glorious forms of life?  
Or were they things that lived upon the Air,  
Resolved again to their fine element?  
I was alone; the quiet sky looked on me,  
The trees, with waiting aspect, watched around!  
And all my visions of love, hope, and joy  
Were fled together. Then like one who wakes  
Unwillingly from an absorbing trance,  
A blessed vision that, unreal, had borne him  
Into Hesperian gardens, I retraced,  
Thoughtful and slow, my solitary way.



## ARETHUSA.

A DIM rich leafy covert ! musical  
 With hum of bees and waters' gurgling sound,  
 And those more low and stilly melodies  
 That are the breathings of a life unseen,  
 Voices of solitude that lull the heart  
 To quiet and to sweet forgetfulness.  
 Hark, 'tis the mellow note of Dian's horn !  
 The chase is done, the huntresses dispersed  
 Each resting in her woodland's wild recess.  
 A quick light footstep bounds along the grass,  
 Now louder heard, the bird flees the lithe twig,  
 The waving branches yield before the form  
 Of Arethusa entering her home.

She threw herself upon the bank beneath  
 The shadowing willow that o'erhung the stream,  
 Her bow and glittering shafts o'erspread the turf,  
 Her head against a bough reclined, her neck  
 Gleamed whiter from the shadow of the trees,  
 Her parted lips drank in the breathing air ;  
 Spent with fatigue her arms hung listlessly :  
 Like a pale statue in eternal rest  
 She looked mute, marble, cold, and beautiful,  
 Waiting the spark of life's enkindling flame.



Unheeded was the beauty round her spread,  
That wooed her, its receptacle and shrine,  
To nature's harmonies revealed in vain.  
The green sward starry with pale primroses,  
The blue veronica that matched her eyes,  
And the clematis with her amber hair;  
The rose that stole its hue from her blanced cheek.  
The golden crocus glorified the ground,  
And hyacinth and branching asphodel  
Drooped gracefully o'er her head. Her foot reposed  
On wild thyme tufted thick with marjoram,  
Breathing delicious odours, all unfelt  
By her whose violet fringed eyelids closed  
Abandoned to the quietude !

Sunlight

Lustrous, shed greener glory through the leaves,  
Dimpling the rippled stream, while weaving on  
The scaly rinds of the o'erhanging trunks,  
Network of light and shadow, mottled vest  
In wavy motion, making to the eye  
A silent harmony.

Fire-flies pendant hung

Amidst the levelled rays poised motionless,  
Lightning-like thrilling their invisible wings;  
Vanishing, reappearing amid groups  
Of insects living in that gracious light,  
To and fro borne upon the wavy air  
In undulating motion.

Slowly then

The murmuring voice of Alpheus' flowing stream  
Distant and lulling stole upon her ear,  
Mingling dream-like with sense ; his voice was deep,  
But never full of melody as now.



She felt the water called her to its bed ;  
Listless she turned her eyes, and saw how calm,  
How cold, and pure, and silently it rolled !  
The dimpling ripples sparkled to the sun  
In wavy motion, the white radiance  
From them reflected on the ribbing sands  
In broken gleams of fluctuating light ;  
The wavelets o'er, the flashing lines beneath  
On hurrying to the green bank soundlessly.

She felt the quiet in her heart and eye,  
She drew the golden sandals from her feet,  
Loosening the zone that bound her robe beneath  
Her swelling bosom ; light it fell as wreath  
Of mist from some lone star in azure heaven !  
A moment there she stood, a form the bard,  
Or dreaming sculptor never bodied forth  
From abstract vision of the beautiful.

Then she felt conscious of the o'erlooking sky,  
And drew the crescent circle from her brow.  
Who knows not Arethusa's golden hair  
That Dian envied ? down those tresses fell  
In meshes where a sun-beam prisoned shed  
Through them an amber light ; they veiled her not,  
Her beauty shone as twilight through grey clouds  
Reveals its softened loveliness. She stood  
Upon the crisped sand that edged the stream,  
A yellow strip, that by the deep green sward  
And odorous flowers bordered, shone like gold.  
She watched herself reflected, beauty dwelling  
Upon its shadow ; now with shrinking fear  
Retreating in herself, then sportively



Dimpling the water with her timid foot,  
She threw herself in its encircling bed.

She started from the stream, and gained the sand  
Swiftly as flies to nest the bird that hears  
The summer thunder. On the bank she stood  
In listening fear; her head was raised, her lips  
Parted, as she would drink that utterance  
From earth or sky that sank within her heart.  
One hand her bosom pressed, the other raised,  
As though to mark the moment of her flight.  
Was it the wind that murmured through the sedge,  
And syllabled her name in sigh so close,  
So deep and full upon her startled ear?

She turned with a quick gesture, and beheld  
Her fear embodied, the fond river-god,  
Immortal Alpheus, gazing on her there  
In passionate idolatry as if life  
Were from her drawn "O Arethusa, hear!"  
She heard the sound, not words, nor saw where knelt  
The god before her; fear was in her eyes  
And ears, fawn-like she fled along the bank  
Before the huntsman, but what speed outstrips  
The will and motion of a god? she felt  
His panting breath upon her neck in flight;  
She shrieked not, for her gasping breath was lost,  
But her deep invoking sob was heard  
By tutelary Dian ever near.  
Her feet were earth-rooted, her graceful arms  
Arched, tossed on high, in flashing waters fell,  
Their azure veins sky-tinctured, her raised eyes  
Darted bright light amid the rolling streams;  
And her rich hair to wreaths of myrtle changed,



Drooped o'er the fountain as the plume that waves  
Above Minerva's helm.

She mingled thus  
With the pure element of waters! then,  
Or whether that her inner spirit changed,  
And, heavenly, yearned toward its kindred life,  
Or love decreed was fate, the rivulet  
That flowed from that sweet spring spread through the  
fields,  
And with capricious, coy, and wayward will,  
As if avoiding still the river-god,  
Yet still approaching half reluctantly,  
Yielded, and with a low and murmuring sound,  
With his embracing stream for ever joined.



## THE SHADE OF HOMER.

MINE ears are filled with thine eternal voices,  
O thou exulting Ocean! while mine eye  
Opens upon thy blue immensity,  
My o'ercharged bosom like thine own rejoices.  
The sands spread out before me, the sun shines  
Upon them from the azure, and refines  
With golden glories, such as fancy sees  
Wandering through glades of the Hesperides.  
The gulls, like scattered snow-flakes, speck the shore,  
Circling or sailing on the heaving floor;  
And they, sole visible things that live among  
The sands and rocks and sea, the spirit give  
Indwelling joy that doth itself prolong;  
Sense of delight like them in wandering free,  
The passion and the love for liberty.

I gazed, and while my inmost soul was stilled  
By thy deep melodies, mysterious Sea!  
While thy infinity this temple filled,  
The spirit of my thought absorbed by thee,  
Forgot the consciousness of place and time,  
Yea, for awhile its self-identity.



Methought I stood upon the Chian strand,  
I looked around and saw blind HOMER near,  
Beside a rock in meditation stand.  
I knew the godlike aspect of the Seer,  
The form majestic and the brow sublime.  
The waves dashed at his feet, he heard them not;  
The lyre was in his hand, its chords forgot  
In the high mood of his entrancing thought;  
The breezes sighed amid his hoary hair,  
That floated o'er his neck and shoulders bare;  
The inward cheerfulness that emanates  
From the great soul which its own light creates,  
Shone o'er his countenance august, as sheds  
The sun its rays o'er mountains' topmost heads.  
His forehead bald rose like an altar-place  
Lighted with fire from heaven! his reverent face  
Turned toward the setting sun whose lustrous flood  
Fell, robe-like, round the poet where he stood,  
Typing the everlasting crown that Fame  
Haloing should cast around his deathless name!

The quickening spirit of the infinite  
Shone o'er his visage drawn from inward light;  
On his lips moving inspiration dwelt,  
As if the presence of the god he felt,  
Descending on him in his solitude.  
In that large aspect and abstracted mood  
Was stamped the image of the undying creature,  
And its unconscious immortality.  
Even while I gazed, I felt how mighty Nature  
Entered his soul, while prophet-like he stood  
Amid her inspirations; from the sound  
Of waves his verse was drawn, and depth profound,  
From the grey rocks his images of power;



From the staid movements of the solemn sky,  
The strength, and motion, and sublimity,  
Embodied in the gods; from yonder sun,  
The watching symbol of the Eternal One,  
That shone upon him there in that still hour,  
As if it lingered round the Man it blest;  
The calm, and grandeur, majesty, and rest!



## U L Y S S E S.

---

### I.

OLD hoary Ocean ! I have stood at night  
 And watched thee heaving like the shroud outspread,  
 Oblivion darkly casts above the dead ;  
 Or that abyss expanding infinite  
 On Satan, when the gate of hell unclosed,  
 Touched by the key of Sin, to him disclosed  
 The waste of anarchy and chaos wars ;  
 While ever and anon with thunder fit,  
 Thou, like the Angels from the bottomless pit,  
 Didst send thy voices to the unanswering Stars.

### II.

Strange antique fancies then did thought beguile ;  
 Before my mind's eye rose Calypso's isle,  
 And calm Ulysses stood beneath the cliff,  
 His tearful eyes turned homeward, and his skiff,  
 Work cherished of his secret toil, prepared ;  
 The Ocean-stream before him to be dared.  
 Low bowed the godlike man to the salt Sea,  
 And stretched his hands towards it, as if he  
 Resigned himself to its high will ! his own  
 Fate-fixed. She stood as into marble grown,



Against that cave which now shall be retreat  
Of love no more, the sea-foam touched her feet ;  
Winds waved her tresses, her voluptuous eyes,  
Languid with weeping, on the hero dwelt !  
A mortal grief then first within her felt,  
Even earthly yearnings ; passion's ecstasies  
Remembered, pity waked from prescient sight,  
Drew tears that dimmed those eyes' ethereal light,  
Large drops that left their fringing lashes bright !

## III.

The flower-wreath she held in her faint hand  
Unheeded dropped upon the golden sand ;  
The dewy roses, type of her full love,  
Sank there to die ; pale pansies, and above,  
The anemone unfolded her fine leaf,  
Symbol and seal of an immortal grief !  
He knelt and kissed her golden-sandalled feet  
Unheeded ; she was passive, all was past,  
She stood a woman there, forsook at last ;  
She saw, heard, felt not, hers the agony  
Whose pulse absorbs an immortality.  
Slowly the hero turned to her, and mute  
Inclining, in that gesture gave farewell !  
Unanswered, she but saw him in his grave.  
He stepped from earth, and floated on the wave ;  
An atom on the watery world, impelled  
To seek the human forms so long withheld  
From his deep bosom, that again would dwell,  
And mingle with his kind and unrepressed,  
Give way to passions petrified by rest,  
And fold again his wife to his loved breast,  
And share ennobling sorrows !



## IV.

In that boat

A King he sate, nor needed crown remote,  
 His passions subject to his high command.  
 He raised the sail, and floated from the land,  
 Nor marked that form amid the shadows dim,  
 Who in those waters heard his requiem.  
 His eye was on the Stars that seemed to keep  
 Watch o'er him rolled along the wasteful deep;  
 Each like himself impelled by duty's sway,  
 To hold its incommunicable way;  
 There the sweet Pleiads shone that rule the storm;  
 There through the mist-foam gleamed Orion's form,  
 And the Bear watching from his silent throne  
 Along a track as lonely as his own!  
 Fixed to the helm, he watched the Polar Star  
 That through the darkness shone on him from far,  
 Companion, guide; an altar-place to him  
 Strength giving, fixedness of godlike will,  
 And law of obligation to fulfil,  
 Opposed by fate, foes, shipwreck, and the storm;  
 Calm and sedate, he looked the embodied form  
 Of Virtue fleeing from the realms of Sense,  
 Strong in thy shield of holier innocence!



## MILO CAUGHT IN THE OAK.

### I.

HE stands fixed, immovable ;  
 Agony o'ercome by will,  
 Owned but by the lips compressed,  
 The set brows and heaving breast.  
 Like a wrestler bound is he  
 In a gripe he cannot flee ;  
 For those sinewy arms that broke  
 Through the ribs of that gnarled oak  
 Are wedged fast, which, closing o'er,  
 Grasp him to escape no more.  
 Twilight deepens ; he has stood  
 In that rigid attitude  
 Since the mid-day, when he made  
 That wild effort which betrayed  
 Strength might be too rashly tried,  
 When great Nature it defied.  
 Rest perchance has power regained  
 For those giant limbs o'erstrained ;  
 Yet a moveless Statue there  
 He stands, doubtful yet to dare  
 His strength again, since first he found  
 That the seven times victor crowned,



Foiled by Nature stood foredone,  
By power he may not fight nor shun.

## II.

Hark ! what sullen sounds come down  
From those hills with forests brown ?  
'T is the famished wolves that stray,  
Howling for their evening prey ;  
If thou 'scap'st not, by yon heaven !  
Thy limbs piecemeal shall be riven,  
While thou lack'st an infant's power  
To aid thee in thy mortal hour !  
As if Fate had spake, he wakes ;  
From that stupor-trance he breaks,  
As the bolt sped from the hand  
Of Jove upon a guilty land,  
As the whirlwinds when they burst  
From the caves where they are nursed,  
As the lightning's fiery glance,  
Woke stern Milo from his trance !

## III.

Forward his sinewy leg is thrown  
Against the trunk, and one hath grown  
Into the yielding earth, as deep,  
And firmly doth that pillar keep  
Its base with all its tendons strung ;  
His hands within the bark are clung,  
Still griped, his arms are forward thrown,  
Each nerve like bow-strings stretched ere flown  
The shaft, then bending his huge back,  
Upon the fissure's yawning rack



Strained his eyeballs, lightning flashing,  
His teeth clenched in madness gnashing,  
His Titanic limbs prepare  
Their last wild effort of despair.

## IV.

Olympian Jove ! the groaning trunk  
Yields, the rent spreads, 't is deeper sunk !  
The white foam from his lips flies forth,  
The sweat of agony and wrath  
Reeks from his brow, his bosom throbs,  
His breath heaves in convulsive sobs ;  
Each nerve, each artery is strained,  
His starting eyes with blood are veined ;  
Hold yet thine own, one effort more,  
Milo, thy desperate strife is o'er !

## V.

Hark ! the mad wolves, they rush on thee,  
Hear'st thou, and wilt thou not be free ?  
Shall that so often laurelled brow  
Be torn down and dishonoured now ?  
Shall he, without the power to strive,  
Be helplessly devoured alive ?  
He whose unglaived hand had felled  
The wild bull in his rush withheld ;  
He carrion for brutes of prey !  
His bones their offal tossed away ;  
He whose strong arms, one moment free,  
Had made their famished myriads flee,  
Even as the lion's self had turned  
On things his vengeance else had spurned.



## VI.

They come ! the brutes the man assailed :  
One last wild effort—nature failed ;  
Burst forth at once from every vein  
The tide of life like gushing rain ;  
His heartstrings cracked, his strength is sped,  
The champion of Greece is dead !  
His limbs relaxed bear up no more,  
His breast is steeped in spouting gore ;  
He falls against the trunk, his eyes  
Stare wildly on the open skies,  
As if accusing Fate which gave  
That strength of which he died the slave !  
Morn came ; but where was he who stood  
Alone in that stern solitude ?  
The man who dared to match his power  
With Nature in unguarded hour ?  
His red hands wedged within the cleft,  
Were all of Milo's trophies left ;  
Greece found his bones and told with pride  
The strife wherein her hero died.



## PROMETHEUS BOUND.

## I.

I HAD a Vision such as fills the eye  
When fixed upon the past while shadowing forth  
The future, prescient of the things to come.  
An icy plain stretched out to where the sky  
And earth met blending; that wild waste was broken,  
Ocean-like, rough and barren, onward rolled,  
Yawning with black ravines down whose steep sides  
Lay the striped snows, on-stretching to where heaved  
A wilderness of hills that, cloud-like, rose  
Steadfastly fixed; mountains on mountains piled,  
Earth's visible Titans watching from their thrones  
Great Day and Night reposing at their feet.

## II.

Earth's glorious forms, her veins that are the streams,  
Her hair, the woods, bosomed with heaving hills,  
Voiced with winds, waves, and thunders, there were not,  
Stilled, and extinct as they had never been.  
All was a lifeless, motionless wilderness,  
Where air was breathless, frozen as the ground.  
There Echo, the elastic spirit, haunting



Else desolate solitudes, was heard not; nought  
Breathed there, nor fowl, nor creeping thing that lives,  
And dies in darkness, it was Nature's grave,  
Her skeleton stretched naked before heaven.  
Silence reigned there presiding deity;  
The unreality became a presence,  
Whose sway was felt, imparting mystery,  
And awe, and fear.

## III.

One solitary crag  
From that illimitable plain shot up  
Its granite spear. It held communion  
Or with the rising or the setting sun;  
With tempests rushing round it, answering  
While welcoming their fury; with the fine  
And subtle motions of the summer air,  
With touches of ethereal moonlight coming  
And vanishing like spirits, with the stars,  
Those everlasting watchers of the heavens,  
Looking down from their brightness on that rock  
Of durability that matched their own.

## IV.

One human being lived and suffered there,  
To suffer is to live; upon himself  
He took the burthen of humanity,  
To prove to Man the enduring faculty  
Folded within him, and the immutable will.  
All that he may awake from depths of thought  
As fathomless as life; all he may draw  
From the imagination's winged power  
That doth exalt above this world of pain:



All he doth prove of bodily agony ;  
Of hope his nature strengthening, all pangs  
Prostrating thought, or maddening, all joys  
Soothing or sublimating life, were borne  
Concentrated within that lonely breast !  
Upon that open plain the arena spread  
Before him and attesting heaven, his spirit  
Watched suffering it felt no more ; the ordeal  
Was proved, endurance made familiar :  
A sense subdued, even as despair or hope,  
Subjected to the mind's supremacy.

## v.

Midway that solitary form was bound ;  
A shape divine, as man first walked on earth  
In growth developed, when the tree of life  
Shot up and flourished ; ere disease had sapped,  
Time seared or passion paralysed his powers.  
His arms were bound above his head, and feet  
Nailed to the cliff without a resting place.  
All the beatitude of holy sleep,  
Renewing life foredone, unfolding doors  
Of shadowy being to escape the real,  
Steeping o'erwearied sense like dew-hung flowers  
In soft oblivion were to him unknown.  
In him thought dwelt a sleepless spirit still,  
Wherefore, but to assert its faculty ?  
To form the type of the enduring man  
Subjecting sense to reason, and opposing  
To adverse elements a steadfast will,  
Resistance, which is inborn liberty ;  
Evoking from the depths of his great soul



Phantasm of faith sublime, the prescience  
Of an undying life, that disciplines  
The earthlier passions to its rule, or hate,  
Anger, disdain, or triumph, or despair.

## VI.

Lo ! there ambition's human recompense,  
Erring, yet god-like, that could not descend  
To own the weakness which is ignorance ;  
Or yield to agonies closed in waking death.  
What his reward for all he taught and suffered ?  
The worn-out hope, the doubt and the despair  
Returning on him still, rock-like repelled  
By that impenetrable spirit ; these  
The harvests won with sweat whose drops were blood ;  
This the bare height attained to open on  
Waste desolation, the Tantalean thirst  
Unslaked that lives beyond the grave, these are  
The fabled vultures gnawing on the heart !

## VII.

The Elements, whose life is change, wrought none  
On him ; or when the rising Sun looked down,  
Or bade him on that desolate waste farewell ;  
Whether the fine airs of the summer slept  
Around him in the shadows of the rock,  
Or tempests wreaked their wrath on his bared head,  
His eyes were open ; his concentrated mind  
Worked out its destiny, to infuse in man  
The wisdom that, Athena-like, remoulds  
From the old clay ; to mourn not, nor defy,  
Which is vain boasting conscious strength disdains.



Calmly to yield to that Necessity,  
The Nemesis behind the Thunderer's throne;  
To share the throbbings of the heart of life,  
Upheaving round him, he, its central star;  
The image of the deity enthroned  
In unapproachable solitude. The lightnings,  
Uncurtaining the darkness, flashed upon  
His upraised face, where sate defiance still,  
On his mute lips compressed with thought, and showed  
The embodied will stamped on that marble brow,  
Calm, rigid, motionless, immutable!



## THE DELUGE.



Dramatis Personæ.

*Spirits.*

MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL OF THE LORD.

ISRAPHIL.

ORAZIEL.

*Men.*

NOAH.  
HAMMON.  
IRAD.  
ANAK.  
THE PATRIARCH.

*Women.*

AZOARA.  
ASTARTE.

The Scene is laid on and around Mount Hermon.

The time of Action is Two Days.

---

The Drama of the Deluge, published first in the year 1839, was suggested by the annexed passage in "Purchas' Pilgrimage."



“HOWSOEVER it is more than apparent that the booke bearing Enoch’s name is very fabulous, which, because the tales therein professe antiquitie (although they were later dreams) I thought it not unfit to borrow out of Scaliger somewhat of that which he hath inserted in his notes upon Eusebius, the Greek copie being, as the phrase testifieth, translated out of the Hebrew ; which had been the work of some Jewe ; the antiquitie appeareth in that Tertullian citeth it ; —

“ \* And it came to passe when the sonnes of men were multiplied, there were borne to them faire daughters, and the Watchmen (so he called the Angels out of Dan. iv.) went astray after them, and they said one to another, Let us chuse us wives of daughters of men of the earth ; and Semixas, their prince, said unto them, I feare me ye will not doe this thing, and I alone shall be debtor of a great sinne. And they all answered him and said ; We will sweare with an oath, and anathematise or curse ourselves, not to alter this our minde till we have fulfilled it, and they all sware together. They came down in the days of Jared to the top of the hill Hermon.

“ And they called the hill Hermon, because they sware and anathematised on it. These tooke them wives, and three generations were borne unto them : the first were great giants ; the giants begate the Nephelim, to whom were borne Eliud ; and they taught them and their wives sorceries and enchantments.

“ Ezael taught first to make swords and weapons for warre, and how to worke in mettals. He taught to make woman’s ornaments, and how to looke faire, and jewelling.

“ And they beguiled the saints, and much sinne was committed on the earth. Others of them taught the vertues of roots, astrologie, divinations, &c. After these things the giants began to eate the flesh of men, and men were diminished, and the remnant cried to heaven, because of their wickednesse, that they might come in remembrance before him.

“ And the four great Archangels, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel, hearing it, looked downe on the earth from the holy places of heaven : and beholding much bloodshed on the earth, and all ungodlinesse and transgression committed therein, said one to another, — That the Spirits and Soules of men complaine, saying, That ye should present our prayer to the Highest, and our destruction.

“ And the four Archangels, entering, said to the Lord, Thou art God of gods and Lord of lords. Thou seest what Ezael hath done ; he hath taught mysteries, and revealed to the world the things of heaven.

“ Then the Highest said — the Holy One — the Great One — spake, and

---

\* This fable arose from the false interpretation of Moses’ words, Gen. vi.



sent Uriel to the sonne of Lamech, saying, Goe to Noe, tell him of the end approaching, and a flood shall destroy the earth.

“ ‘To Raphael he said, Go, Raphael, and bind Ezael hand and foot, and cast him into Darknesse, and open the wilderness in the Desert of Dodoel, and there cast him, and lay upon him sharpe stones to the Day of Judgement.

“ ‘And to Gabriel he said, Go, Gabriel, to the Giants, and destroy the sons of the Watchmen from the sons of men, set them one against another, in warre and destruction.

“ ‘To Michael, he saith, Go, Michael, bind Semixas, and the others with him that have mixed themselves with the daughters of men (until seventie generations) to the hills of the earth; until the day of their judgement, till the judgement of the world be finished, and then they shall be brought into the confusion of fire, and unto tryall, and unto the prison of the ending of the world, and whosoever shall be condemned and destroyed, from henceforth shall be cast together with them till the finishing of their generation. And the Giants, which were begotten of the spirits and flesh, they shall call them evil spirits on the earth. The Spirits that depart out of their bodies shall be Evill Spirits, because they were engendered of the Watchmen and men.’

“ The antiquitie of it, and because it is not so common, and especially because some of the Ancients and of the Papists have been misse-led by these dreames (refused justly by Jerome and Augustine) interpreting the sonnes of God in Moses to be spoken of Angels (as their translation did reade it), have moved me to insert those tales.

“ Lactantius saith (l. 2. cap. 15), that when the world was multiplied, God sent Angels to keep men from the frauds of the Diuell, to whom he forbad all earthly contagion. These were by the Diuell insnared with women, therefore deprived of heaven; and their progenie of a middle nature betwixt men and angels became uncleane Spirits; so that hence grew two kindes of Dæmons, or diuellish spirits; the one heavenly, the other earthly, which would now seeme to bee keepers, and are destroyers of men.

“ The angels are sometimes called the sonnes of God; but that name is communicated to man, who by nature children of wrath, by faith in the naturall and onely Sonne of God, have this prerogative to be the sonnes of God, and fellow-heires with Christ.”

PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMAGE.



# THE DELUGE.

---

SCENE I.

DESERTS OF MOUNT HERMON.

IRAD.

AY, this is loneliness, no life is here ;  
The black woods frown on me as if I were  
The first to break their solemn solitudes  
Talking of human griefs. Methinks rebuke  
Looks from their brows, that Nature answers me ;  
Voices of wrath and love alike are hers,  
And I have felt the breathings of her life  
While dwelling on her face.

I may confess  
My bosom here, unheard, what hath love taught me ?  
The change of that I deemed unchangeable,  
Sole fruit that I have gathered from its tree ;  
I see my idol's hollowness, I feel  
I worship still. How darkly slumbers earth  
Beneath yon stars that watch like Godhead's eyes  
Above his altar ; O that I had lived  
In those bright worlds and never known Astarte !  
We feel the conscious present is our life,  
I am of earth, nor seek for joys beyond ;  
I would forego an immortality  
So I might share her human love.



*Enter* ASTARTE.

Thou shunn'st me.

IRAD.

Astarte ! I deemed not to meet thee here,  
Turn not thou from me, I will leave thee ; I  
Ascend the mountain to the Patriarch.  
The moon will change ere we shall meet, as changed  
Art thou.

ASTARTE.

Irad ! I am the same, my thoughts —

IRAD.

Dwell not on me, Astarte ! love like mine  
May be repulsed, but it returneth ; hopes,  
Once inmates of thy heart, now cast to earth  
Like broken flowers, are cherished in mine own.

ASTARTE.

Is this well said ?

IRAD.

I ask not thy confession ;  
In thy staid passionless face the truth is told.  
Love may be crushed, it rises from the stroke,  
For hate was love disguised that hid its face  
All vainly, but indifference is its grave.  
We were betrothed from childhood, we grew up  
As one, I turned from Enoch's haughtier maids  
To dwell on thy retiring beauty. Oh,  
Bless'd be those hours when we sate and heard  
The bird of evening's song, and felt the hour  
Of quiet draw us to the inward world  
Of our own bosoms, as the outward failed !



Those eyes looked into mine, our spirit's breath  
Drawn from one heart, respired from one vast soul.

ASTARTE.

I was then worthier, for I was like thee.

IRAD.

And what hath changed?

ASTARTE.

For thee, unworthy — I —                      Irad! I am no mate

IRAD.

What mean these words?  
Why turn'st thou from me with averted face,  
Why does thy cheek flush and thy bosom heave?  
'Tis Azoara hath infused in thee  
Her prouder spirit: well her brow reveals  
Her Cainite origin which is her shame.  
What falsehood hath she spoken 'gainst our race,  
We, the elect of God?

ASTARTE.

Blame her not, Irad !  
We do not mould ourselves, let us not chide  
The human frailties that we must share ;  
Her thoughts have higher objects than thy life.

IRAD.

I ask not of them so they taint not thee.  
Lo ! she comes forth at evening as her wont :  
I will not meet her pride and haughty step.



I seek the mountain—fare thee well ! Yet why  
 Say I that word to thee still ever near ?  
 When thy light footstep is no longer heard,  
 The falling leaf is as that well-known sound !  
 When I depart I see thee still, thou dwell'st,  
 Light-like, around me ; when I hear thee not,  
 I can create thy voice in memory.  
 Oh, when I turn from thee I do not leave thee,  
 Thine image fills my being and becomes  
 My body's soul that else were tenantless.  
 Farewell — prophetic ill breathes in that word,  
 Staying me even while I should depart ;  
 May the clear eye of God watch o'er and bless thee  
 As I have done Astarte, but in vain !

---

SCENE II.

AZOARA ; ASTARTE.

AZOARA.

My sister ! listening to the Adamite,  
 In tears ? nay, then, his tongue was eloquent,  
 If unsuccessful.

ASTARTE.

Thy light laugh is vain :  
 I feel the heart returns to its first love,  
 I cannot give that love again to Irad,  
 I dare not take it from another.

AZOARA.

. Live  
 As Lillah lives with Hammon, toil and spin,



Tend children, flocks, and herds ; shut up thy soul  
 From all communion with the life beyond.  
 Apportion out thy days, allot each hour  
 To human wants, to eat, drink, sleep, and wed,  
 Till in this yoke of habitude thou diest,  
 Existence unenjoyed.

ASTARTE.

Are they not happy ?  
 And is not happiness life's end and aim ?  
 Day sees them labour, evening hallows rest.  
 They walk forth hand in hand and they are honoured  
 Among the people, and when age steals on them,  
 Their gathering sons shall prop their slow decline.  
 They die to be embalmed in memories  
 Of loving hearts. We love, are loved, by whom ?  
 Immortal beings, ties by earth, man, heaven,  
 Alike forbidden, most by our own hearts  
 That feel the truth we hide. Why doth the voice  
 Of my Oraziel in its tenderest tones  
 Sound sorrowful ?

AZOARA.

Toned by thy nature's fear :  
 Do I not glory in my seraph-love ?  
 Would I change heavenly destinies for aught  
 Cold earth could give ? What if from human eyes  
 We hide our meetings ? all too lowly they  
 To comprehend our joy. Prov'st thou it sin,  
 Our aspiration toward eternal things ?  
 To raise ourselves from human to divine ?  
 Above the jealousies and sordid cares,  
 The apathy and weariness of life ?  
 If they led us astray, their presence here



Had been forbade : they give the lights to us  
Foreshadowing our immortality.

ASTARTE.

I listen to thee while I feel the truth  
Is wanting still.

AZOARA.

And sayest thou rest from toil  
Is happiness? that feeling the full soul  
Creates from its own heavenly nature, dwelling  
On things undying, till it feels immortal  
In limitless desire. Is this a dream?  
Such faiths be mine, but they deceive us not;  
Our angels' love best proves our spirit's kin,  
Else whence their power?

ASTARTE.

To estrange me thus :  
Yet though I dwell upon Oraziel's words  
As if my life upon each accent hung,  
Though I feel time a void awaiting him,  
Till hope becomes suspense, which then is pain,  
I know our ties unblest. Our meetings are  
Perturbed, from consciousness of erring felt;  
But in his deep voice I forget my tears,  
Till I am happier listening to his sighs  
Than sharing Irad's joy.

AZOARA.

And dost thou weigh  
The mortal being with the god? the spark  
In earthly natures kindled with the flame



Lighting immortal bosoms? by my life,  
Thou art insensible as ardent once—

ASTARTE.

It is the fulness of my heart that speaks,  
Its consciousness of treasure makes it fear.  
The end of life is love, too soon to pass,  
I felt the truth with my first growth. I lived  
Among the forms of mutability;  
I saw that nature mingled with my life,  
The flowers, and clouds, and stars, those flowers of  
heaven!  
I felt that all escaped me, each fulfilled  
Their duties separate that were not mine,  
Each held its incommunicable path.  
They heard me, but they answered not; I felt  
That I was made for them, not they for me.  
I yearned for human sympathies, for hearts  
Responding to my own, and now I feel  
Like one who hath entrusted life and hope  
On an uncertain chance.

AZOARA.

Doubt'st thou Oraziel?

ASTARTE.

Unequally we are allied, such ties  
Cannot endure; hope, doubt, and fear are passions  
That waste the heart which feeds them. When we  
meet  
I sigh, remembering my mortality:  
Feeling the hour must come when we shall mourn  
The child of dust, forgotten then for ever.



AZOARA.

And in bright Israphil I see a star  
 Whose immortality I glory in,  
 And feel that I shall share : my hopes, my joys,  
 My aspirations, all are wrapt in him.  
 I dwell on earth without its sympathies :  
 Hadst thou the pride that glows through our high  
     race !

We are immortal, and we feel our nature ;  
 It is our human weakness to forget,  
 Unknown to those whose lives one present are.  
 Aspiring to be as they, we prove  
 We are allied to them and shall rejoin  
 Yon stars that are our heritage

ASTARTE.

I cling

To that fond faith, for there I shall meet Irad,  
 And he will smile with me at earthly griefs.  
 But I know not, while gazing on those orbs  
 So dim and distant, feeling in my soul  
 How all unchangeably they shine, I dare not  
 Aspire their glorious eminence ; I feel  
 My lowlier birth is here, and my heart sinks  
 With the deep feeling of its nothingness !

AZOARA.

Thou humblest thyself in thine own eyes,  
 Making our pride humility.

ASTARTE.

Alas !

What have we to be proud of ? our lives are  
 Not in our keeping, nor our loves ; our feelings



Depend not on ourselves, less on our will,  
 Changing with time and circumstance ; our joys  
 Expire in sighs, and take the tones of grief,  
 Proving the natural source from whence they sprang.

## AZOARA.

Behold ! they come who shall confirm them, see  
 The Watcher's light is trembling o'er the peak  
 Of Hermon, and the Angels even now  
 Unfold their heavenly wings. Lo ! where a trail  
 Of light parts from yon star like floating mist,  
 The glory left behind them in their flight.  
 Wilt thou join me ? or wouldst thou rather here  
 Muse on the waywardness of love ?

## ASTARTE.

My sister !

---

## SCENE III.

## MOUNT HERMON.—SUNSET.

## IRAD.

How motionless the time and scene ! earth lies  
 Basking beneath broad heaven, feeling the life  
 Existent between her and yonder sun.  
 The dews, her respirations, float above her,  
 Enfolding with a mantle, from the gaze  
 Of his too ardent eye, while in her deep  
 And entranced gladness she doth feel his rays  
 Inspiring her as with a living soul !



Watcher of Life! all-seeing fount of light,  
Thou sittest there even as a visible god  
In glory as in beauty, thou, that art  
Shadow of one reflection! sunk behind  
The hills, thou leavest rays that feelings are,  
Which entering make us the beautiful.  
Mankind shall worship thee on mountain-tops  
Even with the idolatry thou giv'st me now:  
Oh, had I never heard God walked with man,  
Nor felt his presence in the flower that speaks  
Beneath my feet, to look on thy great face  
And worship are the same. I dwell on thee  
Until I feel thine own tranquillity;  
My wounded spirit calmed by thee to rest!

---

SCENE IV.

IRAD; HAMMON.

HAMMON.

Brother! I sought thee, turnest thou away  
To commune with the airs that answer not?

IRAD.

But they chide not the grief to which I cling,  
Because 'tis vain.

HAMMON.

In sharing human ills  
The heart is eased.



IRAD.

When hope doth lighten them,  
 When in confession the heart feels relief;  
 I cease to feel the weight of life, I live  
 On memory.

HAMMON.

We knew thou lov'dst Astarte:  
 Our brethren say she hath forgot the ties  
 That thou rememberest still.

IRAD.

Weak are our words  
 To confess inward passion; we grew up  
 As one, until I thought we were the same.  
 She was my life, the fount and deep whence rose  
 The river of my thoughts to lose themselves  
 Again in her. A change stole over her,  
 A shadow, imperceptible yet felt;  
 She was estranged.

HAMMON.

Whom thinkest thou she loves?  
 She moves not as with Azoara's pride,  
 Yet as one owning not our sympathies.  
 Thou readest in her face the trusting heart,  
 Faith is the life of her fine being; her form  
 Doth seem to ask protection from the strength  
 It would repose on.

IRAD.

I have marked her eyes,  
 Or raised or downcast, show an absent spirit.  
 She answers not, or, answering, her words



Watcher of Life! all-seeing fount of light,  
Thou sittest there even as a visible god  
In glory as in beauty, thou, that art  
Shadow of one reflection! sunk behind  
The hills, thou leavest rays that feelings are,  
Which entering make us the beautiful.  
Mankind shall worship thee on mountain-tops  
Even with the idolatry thou giv'st me now:  
Oh, had I never heard God walked with man,  
Nor felt his presence in the flower that speaks  
Beneath my feet, to look on thy great face  
And worship are the same. I dwell on thee  
Until I feel thine own tranquillity;  
My wounded spirit calmed by thee to rest!

---

SCENE IV.

IRAD; HAMMON.

HAMMON.

Brother! I sought thee, turnest thou away  
To commune with the airs that answer not?

IRAD.

But they chide not the grief to which I cling,  
Because 'tis vain.

HAMMON.

In sharing human ills  
The heart is eased.



IRAD.

When hope doth lighten them,  
When in confession the heart feels relief;  
I cease to feel the weight of life, I live  
On memory.

HAMMON.

We knew thou lov'dst Astarte:  
Our brethren say she hath forgot the ties  
That thou rememberest still.

IRAD.

Weak are our words  
To confess inward passion; we grew up  
As one, until I thought we were the same.  
She was my life, the fount and deep whence rose  
The river of my thoughts to lose themselves  
Again in her. A change stole over her,  
A shadow, imperceptible yet felt;  
She was estranged.

HAMMON.

Whom thinkest thou she loves?  
She moves not as with Azoara's pride,  
Yet as one owning not our sympathies.  
Thou readest in her face the trusting heart,  
Faith is the life of her fine being; her form  
Doth seem to ask protection from the strength  
It would repose on.

IRAD.

I have marked her eyes,  
Or raised or downcast, show an absent spirit.  
She answers not, or, answering, her words



Unconsciously are spoken ; yet with a look  
From Azoara, I have seen her cheek  
Suffuse, and her soul mount into her eyes.  
These are the signs of hidden feeling.

HAMMON.

Who

Hath changed her thus ?

IRAD.

Some power hath wrought on her,  
For she was staid, as she is wayward now ;  
I left her for awhile, to feel, alas !  
We cannot flee away from memory :  
Solitude bodies substance into form,  
The wind doth seem her voice recalling me.

HAMMON.

Thus the mind magnifies the thing it loves,  
Hiding proportion due with the large wealth  
Of its own feeling.

IRAD.

I would liken her  
To something heavenly, but we cannot shape  
Imagined forms more beautiful than earth.  
She shows not the day's joyousness of change ;  
She more resembles Nature when the eve  
Folds her dim vesture round her, when the stars  
Shed rays on her half-visionary face ;  
Meeting of sobered lights, and gentlest hues,  
And twilight harmonies without a name.

HAMMON.

Thou art as visionary, o'ercome her pride  
With greater, thou dost ill to feed vain thoughts



And phantasies, which, like o'ershadowing plants,  
 Cling round and waste thy strength, arouse thy reason;  
 Rule thou the mind thou wert ordained to govern!

IRAD.

Counsel heals not the infected breast that taints  
 All things and feelings with its hues diseased.  
 Ask not if human grief be reasonable,  
 For that we vex our spirit without a cause,  
 Is evil.

HAMMON.

It is she hath wrought on her,  
 That heart of pride, her sister. With each day,  
 They ascend Hermon at the twilight hour.

IRAD.

That hour when she is still unseen.

HAMMON.

And Lillah  
 Hath marked, when shines the star, a light descend  
 As if an Angel visited the earth.

IRAD.

Mine eyes are opened, yet it cannot be;  
 Astarte dare not cherish love forbad  
 By God and nature.

HAMMON.

Spirits walk the earth;  
 If they love not, they may draw erring women  
 To their pure beauty and intelligence:  
 And in their heaven they cannot look upon  
 A lovelier being than Astarte.



IRAD.

Never,  
She is too fearful, young, and innocent;  
I know her nature.

HAMMON.

Then thou knowest such  
Are easiest moulded to their opposites.  
If Azoara owns immortal beauty,  
Doubt not the sister's influence.

IRAD.

But the sin  
Allying human nature to divine?

HAMMON.

Prov'st thou not he who loves may cease to reason?  
All in absorbing passion is forgot;  
Scruples insuperable melt away,  
Viewed by habitual eye, till hope flies o'er them,  
Heedless of all save reaching its desire.

IRAD.

Angels have walked on earth, rare visitants,  
Since every hill made stepping-stone to heaven.  
But man is changed as are the elements;  
For now storms rise, and desolate the earth,  
And sweep the dwelling-homes of men away,  
And altars reared to star-idolatry.  
Our God is worshipped by our race apart;  
Rapine and war are let loose on mankind,  
The strong engird themselves in holds of strength,  
The weak are driven to the fields and slain.



Signs manifold from high, and tongued from earth  
Foretell the wrath to come. At such a time  
Why linger Angels here? if they have read  
The anger of the Lord they have departed.

HAMMON.

Why then doth Azoara look on us  
As of inferior race? Some agency  
Unknown, hath wrought on her.

IRAD.

As on Astarte,  
Nought else had changed her.

HAMMON.

Brother! whate'er the cause,  
She loves not thee, then slight her or forget,  
The heart turns not toward repulsion, pride,  
Indignant, spurns the altar where it knelt.  
Virtue is effort wrestling with self-love,  
And earth the trial-place; our human natures  
Are made for labour and progression here:  
We call the Almighty good, not virtuous,  
The perfect is at rest and effortless.



## SCENE V.

NOAH, HAMMON, IRAD.

NOAH.

My son ! why loiterest thou, wasting here  
Our Sabbath-rest devoted to the Lord ?  
The day is spent, our offerings unpile :  
Art thou too sunk within the sensual sloth  
That dooms this generation's punishment ?

HAMMON.

My father ! I am thine, the speech of Irad  
Dwelt on the changes which each moon —

NOAH.

Ay, son

No season this for slumber ! the blind feel,  
Yea, deaf ears hear the portents given us.  
But whether that sin hardeneth men's hearts,  
And passions blind, they onward rush to ruin :  
From our high places do we not behold  
Rapine and wrong, blood shed and unavenged ?  
And shrieks rise upward, calling Him in vain ?  
He hath raised seers to testify their sin :  
Will they heed prophets who disown the One ?  
They who bow down before the hosts of heaven,  
Or mould of their own hands ?

HAMMON.

God condemns not  
As man, this wickedness hath been instilled.



Angels taught men to look with reverence,  
 Yea, fear, to the bright hosts above; they spake  
 Of marvels, till their listeners they filled  
 With a false thirst of knowledge. Evil lives  
 That tempted Eve to lose our Paradise,  
 And make Cain fratricide; still sorcerers are,  
 Adepts of night, who from the stars shape out  
 Forewritten paths of men. From these the race  
 Of God-defying giants, who fill earth  
 With war and rapine, and teach men to forge  
 The steel to slay each other. Hence the sins  
 That make them what they are, but shall not God  
 Root out the cause?

NOAH.

Thou errest, life was given,  
 Thou knowest, as do all who walk with Him  
 Before their eyes, to be a trial-place  
 Beset with danger and temptation; these  
 Angels of good and ill to prove our faith.  
 For this was Paradise given us and lost;  
 Our parents left on us their penalty.

IRAD.

Patriarch! it is as thou hast said. But man,  
 May he not, from the dust of lowliness,  
 Ask wherefore God created him, who knew  
 In his great prescience the impotence  
 Of his creation? He who is the love  
 That fills the Infinite? wherefore not accord  
 The power to rule our frailties, which make us,  
 Yielding, their sacrifice?



NOAH.

Blasphemer! peace.

God made all free, to choose sin or avoid,  
On none entailed; if He opposed freewill,  
How might we prove our disbelief or faith?  
He balances resistance with the ill,  
And marks to which the heart inclines. My son!  
I chide too hastily, thy spirit rebels.  
Thou captive art to one of Cain's fall'n race,  
I marked it nor opposed, for who should part  
Hearts nature draws together? and Astarte  
Was loved by all; men, watching her, forgot  
The curse attached to her proud line. Behold  
She shows the taint, she hath forsaken thee.  
Irad! thou feel'st what resting-place hath love:  
Turn thou to things enduring. Whether I,  
Standing upon the extreme verge of life,  
Look in futurity, or, that ripe years,  
Or prescient faith, give prophecy, I feel  
The advent of a mighty change. Irad!  
Give God thy heart, lo! what our passions are,  
Fires that consume the ashes they have made,  
Phantasies magnified by feverish blood;  
We do not turn from them, 'tis they forsake us,  
When a new morning dawns upon our souls.  
Thinkest thou sorrow given without design?  
God sent her down to bind us closer here  
In love, for who could love that has not suffered?  
Yea, One shall come from Him who shall teach us,  
"Happy are they who mourn, for they shall be  
Comforted" in the Lord. Hammon! I go  
To raise our altar, he will follow me.

NOAH *departs.*



HAMMON.

Brother ! the sacrifice will draw thy heart  
From wasting grief, lament as wild as vain.  
Action is the true element of life ;  
Happiness is pursuit, and life a circle  
Of hopes and yearnings toward a good unfound ;  
Blessings are strewed, flower-like, beneath our feet,  
Unheeded. Man is preordained to be  
A thing of wants parent of healthy deeds ;  
Repose is death to him who nought desires ;  
And he with nothing left to hope or fear,  
The worst of sufferers. From torpor rouse,  
And prove utility is happiness ;  
In making others happy, holier love  
Is given thee.

IRAD.

I shall in passive life  
Become new born, feelings that waste me now  
Will melt into the dreams of yesterday ;  
But not till memory fails, till hopelessness  
Breathes in my heart the quiet which is thine.  
Let us obey the Patriarch ; lo, Night  
Opens her veil, and shows the glittering stars  
Gemming her awful forehead. Thou sayest well,  
The sacrifice will draw me from myself.  
What holier joy have I than offering  
Passion now chastened down and sanctified  
Into religion ? feeling my soul o'erflow  
As for a spotless Angel, to be saved  
From the heaped wreck of a demolished world.



## SCENE VI.

## WOODS OF MOUNT HERMON.

ORAZIEL, ASTARTE.

ORAZIEL.

Here let me feel the life I draw from thine  
In happiness; the hours lie before us,  
Prophets of joy unproved, the coming hours!  
Thou art my life of immortality,  
I live in thee, or rather I forget  
Being in thy bright presence; what is time  
Or life, when thou art near me, but a vision  
Absorbed in thee?

ASTARTE.

If Irad come—

ORAZIEL.

Lo, how

Silently Nature answers from her throne!  
Look at yon hills, their far heads steeped in heaven;  
The insuperable woods that fold their sides,  
Rising o'er each, like cloud o'er settling cloud.  
Listen! thou hear'st no sound of living thing,  
No visible motion save the flowing streams;  
The changes of the shadow and the light,  
The march sedate of yon majestic heaven!  
Angel of this lone spot, repose beneath  
This tree that sheds o'er thee its blossomings,  
Bright as thy waving hair.



ASTARTE.

Would that I had  
In my own heart the feeling quietude  
Of outward nature !

ORAZIEL.

Whence thy restlessness ?  
Erewhile Oraziel's love absorbed thee ; now  
Thy bosom hath become receptacle  
Of untold thoughts, not hidden, for thy brow  
Reflects their shadow.

ASTARTE.

Thou art changed.

ORAZIEL.

Astarte !

ASTARTE.

O, from the hour a shade o'ercasts the brow  
Where the soul looked out open as the day,  
A chill is cast on love that hides its pang  
And thus is taught concealment. If I asked  
The secrets of thy heaven, I erred not,  
For I remembered I should rest in earth,  
Thy revelation buried there. Oraziel !  
I will adore thee still as some bright star  
Where I may never dwell.

ORAZIEL.

And deemest thou  
Oraziel hides his thought ? those fringing lids,  
That unveil not thine eyes, distrust me.



ASTARTE.

Never!

For didst thou wing even now thy flight to heaven,  
Think not Astarte's voice would call thee back;  
The hour must come of parting, all too soon.  
I will confess, Oraziel! thou art changed.  
When first we met, thine eyes turned not from mine,  
The past and future were not, we were then  
Each other's life. But, imperceptible  
To all eyes save quick love's, a change came o'er  
thee.

Thy face looked tenderness, but altered now  
As day to twilight, darkened and subdued.  
Even while thy voice stole fondest on mine ear,  
I watched thee gazing on the starry sky,  
As if thou mournedst something from it fled  
For ever! And when first I turned to thee,  
Our resting-places were amid the flowers,  
Bright as our hopes and holy as our loves.  
Now, as it were unconsciously, we seek  
Grey crags, or solemn woods, that speak to us  
Of desolation past, perchance to come!  
As if there were a kindredship between us  
Soon to be manifest; I turned from them  
To gaze on that serene yet saddened face,  
Till sorrow's self became a softened joy!  
Oraziel! I have poured forth all my heart,  
And thou look'st on me still — I ask no more.

ORAZIEL.

In vain we war on the necessity  
We make, o'erruling as immutable;  
Yea, never more could we be as we were,



A thought between us unrevealed ; be all  
Lost, save thy love, hear thou the truth untold.

This earth held mightier inhabitants ;  
The Watchers, walking the starred realms of space,  
Beheld it in its first eternal spring.  
The law of duty they forgot that makes  
Creation's unison ; they disobeyed,  
Yielding to impulses of unreined will,  
The mandate of the Highest ; still the light  
Of their forsaken heaven shone on them,  
Recalling their eclipse. Too soon, alas !  
Inherent evil became manifest ;  
Their origin from God forgot, their faith  
Grew in their self-existence ; not till then  
A change was felt ; their vision dimmed, saw not  
The gates of immortality were closed.  
The intelligible voice of God no more  
They understood ; no longer did they hear,  
Borne from the stars, the sound of distant hymns,  
The choirs of their immortal populations !  
Yet whisperings of the trees, and sighing winds,  
And twilight's hues spake eloquently well,  
Yea, echoes woke from their deep hearts' remorse,  
If such it were, in vain. They had forgot  
The solemn secret of their destiny ;  
The memory and the emanating light  
Extinct, they felt the shadow on their souls :  
They folded heavily their powerless wings,  
And looked to heaven no more.

ASTARTE.

Alas ! for them :  
My heart mourns for those fallen Angels. —



ORAZIEL.

Then,

Their latest warning given, man was made,  
 Lower creation, image of the One:  
 His spirit breathed from Him, what else the breath  
 Of life in him but God indwelling there?  
 In his immediate fall they saw how weak  
 The soul that trusted self-existent strength.  
 The mightier turned to their allegiance,  
 And they were seen no more.

ASTARTE.

Thy visage changes;

Thou hid'st some dreadful truth!

ORAZIEL.

Two Spirits stayed,

They saw and loved the daughters of the earth,  
 They lingered in the haunts they could not leave,  
 Though lost their heaven for ever.

ASTARTE.

Oh, forgive

A mortal nature yielding to its fear!  
 Leave, leave me here to suffer, die alone.  
 I feel the awakened pangs of my remorse;  
 It is the voice of God that speaks to me;  
 Thou hast forsaken heaven, to know thee there  
 Had given me my all of happiness,  
 Albeit I could not share it; but, alas!  
 My eyes are opened, yet a little while  
 I should have slept in peace nor known the truth.  
 Would I had never been, then hadst thou dwelt  
 Apart, nor known Astarte!



ORAZIEL.

Speaks thy heart?

Thou drewest me not here, but my great will.  
 Have I turned thee from Him, or taught thee creeds  
 Of disbelief? If thou behold'st me saddened,  
 It was the thought of what I was and am.  
 Yet in my human nature I have gained,  
 For it resembles thine, by thee subdued  
 Even to human lowliness, yet thou,  
 Astarte! would'st withhold thy state from him  
 Who may not raise thee to his own.

ASTARTE.

Alas.

I cannot answer thee, if I have erred,  
 My heart is guiltless, even when most elate,  
 I felt its imperfections, yet I dared not  
 Confess them; I am ever thine!

## SCENE VII.

IRAD, ORAZIEL, ASTARTE.

IRAD.

Astarte,

And resting on an angel's bosom?—

ASTARTE.

Irada!

Nay, hide me from his gaze, let us depart.



IRAD.

Astarte ! it is I will leave thee, stay;  
Thou knowest little of this heart to deem  
I could reproach thee now, its hope extinct.  
Nor passion nor resistance has despair :  
Resigned beneath calamity, it seems  
Like patience, while within—but fare thee well !

ASTARTE.

Ask thine own heart is love in our control ?  
I grew with thee as helpmate to become,  
In duty and affection equable.  
I saw a mightier being, then I felt  
Toward thee as a sister, fears nor hopes  
I felt as with the angel ; I sighed not  
For thee as I had sighed for him, time, life  
Forgot, till I beheld him, this was love ;  
I felt that if I gave myself to thee,  
My heart was absent, centering in him,  
To be remembered when I am at rest !

IRAD.

Say, can he save thee whom thou leanest on ?

ORAZIEL.

Mortal ! I blame thee not for loving her,  
Yet accuse not an angel in thy wrath.  
Astarte's will was free, her nature turned  
Toward a higher one.

IRAD.

May she be happier !

ORAZIEL.

She will.



IRAD.

Is agitation happiness?  
Hopes, restless yearnings toward a good unknown,  
Ever renewed till sunk in apathy  
By hearts unequal to endure a life  
Of excitation. Joy exhausted ends  
In sorrow, yea, despair, that wastes away  
The vital function. The heart loves to glide  
Stream-like along at its own peaceful will,  
Imaging all in heaven as on earth,  
Of quiet and of beautiful, and blending  
Itself delightedly with what it dwells on,  
Till its free course be mingled with the deep.

ORAZIEL.

Thou speakest of thy mortal life, and well.

IRAD.

I live among immortal things, hath not  
An immortality in him commenced  
Whose soul aspires toward eternal natures?

ORAZIEL.

Astarte rests her hopes on one whose being  
Is deathless, and undying she shall live  
With me; if this thou callest being saved,  
I, too, can save her.

IRAD.

Are thy prescient eyes,  
Closed up with gazing on Astarte's, blind  
To manifold shadows of impending ills?  
Read'st thou not in the elements perturbed,



Hear'st thou not from the tongueless mouths of earth,  
 Feel'st thou not stamped in thy intenser spirit,  
 A dreadful change at hand?

ASTARTE.

What meaneth Irad?

ORAZIEL.

Visions of phantasy, engenderings  
 Of watching and of fast.

SCENE VIII.

ISRAPHIL, AZOARA, ORAZIEL, ASTARTE, IRAD.

ISRAPHIL.

Oraziel!

The portent is revealed.

AZOARA.

Unfold it.

ISRAPHIL.

I  
 Gazed from the heights of Hermon into space;  
 When, on the extreme verge of angels' ken,  
 I saw the fiery plague, the star of wrath  
 Urging through worlds recoiling its fierce way,  
 To wreak itself on this.

ASTARTE.

God! may this be?

It is our conscious fear; earth is corrupt,



But was not Paradise foregone? and left  
To human frailties with nor light nor guide,  
Is it a marvel if men walk astray?  
Can He who made earth in his love, destroy?

AZOARA.

Sister! thou dost debase thyself by fears.  
Shall we shrink when they dare the loss of heaven?  
Why, fear itself conceives not that this earth,  
Its mountains, rocks, streams, hills and vales, and woods,  
Cloud-like shall melt away. If God made life,  
He made it archetype of his perfection,  
Truth and enduring strength; shall He, like man,  
Build but to overthrow?

ORAZIEL.

My Azoara!

Deem not this earth eternal; nought remains  
Unchanging, save the One immutable.  
Angels as worlds his emanations are;  
In them he multiplies his image, they  
Reflections but of Him. The days of man  
Are numbered as the stars, points of a life  
Whose circle is eternity. This earth  
Is the substantial form of life renewed,  
Shot cloud-like from yon sun, till merged again  
From whence its blazing being first was hurled.  
Whether that hour be arrived, we know not.

AZOARA.

Then welcome fate, whatever form it take!  
I mourn it not, so it be borne alone,  
Death I would cling to for thy sake.



I raise my song of joy to think I bear  
 The human destiny thou canst not share.  
 For oh, I know thy love,  
 Great Angel ! and I feel my own,  
 I know the soul in me is from above ;  
 And, though inferior to thine,  
 Is yet alike divine,  
 Lighted from one eternal shrine !  
 But thou immortally before His throne  
 Wilt live ; I must have died at last,  
 And now I shall not feel life's slow decay,  
 Changing and withering, but pass away  
 Like a brief sun-beam overcast.  
 Thou wilt remember me when I am past !  
 And if I turn on thee a tearless eye,  
 'Tis I am happy such a death to die.

ASTARTE.

My Azoara, dear !  
 Not thus our life and hope forsake :  
 For thy despair doth make  
 Evil, in shadow veiled, to us appear.  
 I dare not think such death was made for us  
 That hearts are rent asunder thus.  
 God doth accord His angels happiness ;  
 Wherefore to us awarded less ?  
 Yea, what we cling to shall be ever ours !  
 The earth, and sky, and joyous flowers ;  
 The love that made them pleads for us on high.

NOAH.

Irad ! where art thou ?



IRAD.

'Tis my father's cry.  
I hear in it the voice of prophecy!

*Enter* NOAH, HAMMON.

NOAH.

How? Angels with the daughters of the earth!  
Forsook their mansions now?  
Have ye foregone your heavenly birth?  
The glories on each brow,  
Though dimmed, your state avow:  
I deemed communion with our race forbidden.

ORAZIEL.

Patriarch! our abode is heaven.  
We our mandate disobeyed;  
Nor be our erring hidden,  
Each loved a daughter of the earth, and stayed  
Behind, and felt the sin would be forgiven.

NOAH.

Angels! it is not I, a man of sin,  
Who rise to judge, far less condemn;  
Ye know the motive your deep hearts within;  
But how shall ye save them?

ISRAPHIL.

What danger lowers?

NOAH.

Fallen are ye in this deed!  
Where be your eyes of faith that cannot read



Portents the blind with inner light behold ?  
Truths that the deaf have heard in thunders told ?  
Saw ye not signs above ? the perturbed face  
Of Nature, tempests' devastating trace,  
Reinless as man's wild passion uncontrolled ?  
I heard the people's voices, on the wind,  
Rise like the roar of waters unconfined ;  
They feel the inevitable hour :  
Their eyes are opened to the power,  
The wrath that o'er our heads doth lower.

## ISRAPHIL.

And if this be,  
This all-inexorable doom  
Of an o'er-ruling destiny ;  
This crushing life in one engulfing tomb ;  
This mingling of good and ill  
In one destruction, what shall it fulfil ?  
What may avail the merciless decree ?  
Shall not man be the unresisting slave  
To his weak vacillating will,  
Succumbing to temptation still ?  
Released but in the grave ?  
The same dull passions shall again assail ;  
The same unvaried tale  
Of guilt, shame, impotence, remorse prevail :  
Disease, time, death shall still efface  
Each track of happiness, until the race  
Amid o'erwhelming waters shall expire,  
Or in annihilating fire !

## NOAH.

Never ! — His promised seed to us is given,  
Unheard by aliens from heaven.



God walks no more with man alone  
 In Eden, yet doth watch his own.  
 Yea, One shall emanate from Him,  
 Transmuted Godhead, who shall make  
 Archangels' glories on his right hand dim.  
 He shall teach man his spirit's heavenlier lot,  
 By sin and doubt and pride forgot;  
 Until he earthlier creeds forsake  
 For truth, His word sole guide and oracle,  
 Even to the close of time:  
 Raising him, in his faith sublime,  
 O'er death and nether hell.

Approach me, Angels! — I, even I,  
 Have parted from the living God,  
 Unseen by you, who near Him trod.  
 Hear ye His words: — “Hence, if ye would be safe!  
 “Even now within their caves the waters chafe,  
 “Their chains are loosening, they shall forth and sweep  
 “O'er mountain-heights till earth become the deep.”  
 Spirits, away! your home is in the sky;  
 Ye yet yourselves may save:  
 But earth must perish in her watery grave,  
 And these shall suffer —

ISRAPHIL.

Nothing; we will soar  
 With them to an enduring star,  
 A realm of peace and love afar,  
 To dwell with us in bliss for evermore.

NOAH.

Your punishment shall be to prove your power



Against the strength ye dare oppose ;  
Defying Him from whom it grows.

AZOARA.

By your great hopes of heaven, essay it not !  
We are content to perish in this hour :  
Stay with us yet awhile to see  
How we shall meet our loathsome destiny,  
Then flee to an untroubled spot,  
Enough for us we shall not be forgot.

ASTARTE.

Oh, leave us here, we bow submiss :  
The bitterness of death is this !  
Hasten ye back to heaven's half-opened gate,  
Ere closed for ever, and too late :  
We yield to fate, for what may we oppose ? —

AZOARA.

The mind, itself an equal to all woes !  
That to the last asserts the steadfast will,  
Death may annihilate but cannot kill.

NOAH.

Behold, when erring passion leads astray,  
Angels are weak as women ; son, away,  
Ascend to Hermon with thy sire, obey !

IRAD.

Patriarch ! I hear thee, lo how I essay,  
Here do I kneel.



NOAH.

Weak child of passion, rise !  
Kneel'st thou to her who turns from thee her eyes ?  
Doth she a hope to thee, insensate, give,  
While from the dust thou prayest her to live ?

IRAD.

Forgive a weakness, sire, to thee unknown,  
Thou knowest I have loved her ; she hath flown  
From me as parts the bird from its light spray,  
When for some new thing it doth flit away !  
I turn not to her sister, for she is  
Of haughtier nature.

NOAH.

What seek'st thou in this ?

IRAD.

My father ! I but pray  
Erring Astarte to again return  
To her first love : or if she yearn  
Toward yon mightier being, bid him save  
Her life from the abyss, the opening grave  
That yawns beneath her ; she may meet above  
Her angel-lord, I read on his pale brow  
The power is gone from him to save her now !

NOAH.

Doth she upon the brink of death show love,  
Or look on thee as if her heart were moved  
By thy wild words ? And if she ever loved  
Now were it manifest, when hope and life  
Hang on each accent ; lo, how vain thy strife !



Hast thou not manhood in thee? or hast thou  
Forgot thy nature? Hath love power to bow  
Man thus to earth, to grovel in the sod  
To woman, he whose knee was made for God?

I call upon thee to forsake  
These death-doomed, or their fate partake:  
Irad! dost hear me?—art thou changed to stone?  
As motionless and lifeless thou art grown!  
I charge thee by the living God  
To follow me, or share the rod  
Of vengeance; if thou dost delay,  
I cleave thee like a withered spray  
From thy ancestral trunk away!  
Thy memory from my heart I sever;  
And God's curse light on thee for ever!

NOAH *departs.*

IRAD.

Oh that the passion swelling in this heart  
Could be embodied in one burning word  
Felt as I feel it now!—by the despair  
Crushing me to the earth whereon I kneel!  
By my love's hope once the foretaste of heaven,  
By our young days together! by thy beauty,  
By the idolatry of this aching heart,  
By that averted face—those loving eyes  
Once all my own! by thy own life—yea more,  
By thy soul's dearer immortality,  
Astarte! wilt thou—wilt thou yet be mine?—  
Lo, how in dust I bow the idol knee,  
Look how my soul is prostrated to thee!



ISRAPHIL.

All love is suffering suffered thus in vain;  
 What tortures could be dealt on him like those  
 He deals upon himself, the agony  
 The passionate despair? I pity him,  
 Feeling mortality I could not share.  
 See how his changeful visage shows the strife  
 Warring within him! fear, hope, jealousy,  
 Love ruling o'er the chaos; what a curse,  
 Even in mortal bosoms is the hell  
 Of unrequited passion!

ORAZIEL.

Answer, love,  
 Whose is thy heart?

ASTARTE.

For ever, ever thine!

AZOARA.

Now are we one, in life, in death we join.

## SCENE IX.

## SOLITUDES OF MOUNT HERMON.

*Time—Daybreak.*

IRAD.

Morn breaks on earth, not joyously as wont,  
 But seraph-like, with her fringed eyes o'ercast,  
 Their azure light seen dimly through her tears.  
 The world beneath how still! unnatural rest,



Against the strength ye dare oppose ;  
Defying Him from whom it grows.

AZOARA.

By your great hopes of heaven, essay it not !  
We are content to perish in this hour :  
Stay with us yet awhile to see  
How we shall meet our loathsome destiny,  
Then flee to an untroubled spot,  
Enough for us we shall not be forgot.

ASTARTE.

Oh, leave us here, we bow submiss :  
The bitterness of death is this !  
Hasten ye back to heaven's half-opened gate,  
Ere closed for ever, and too late :  
We yield to fate, for what may we oppose ? —

AZOARA.

The mind, itself an equal to all woes !  
That to the last asserts the steadfast will,  
Death may annihilate but cannot kill.

NOAH.

Behold, when erring passion leads astray,  
Angels are weak as women ; son, away,  
Ascend to Hermon with thy sire, obey !

IRAD.

Patriarch ! I hear thee, lo how I essay,  
Here do I kneel,



NOAH.

Weak child of passion, rise !  
Kneel'st thou to her who turns from thee her eyes ?  
Doth she a hope to thee, insensate, give,  
While from the dust thou prayest her to live ?

IRAD.

Forgive a weakness, sire, to thee unknown,  
Thou knowest I have loved her ; she hath flown  
From me as parts the bird from its light spray,  
When for some new thing it doth flit away !  
I turn not to her sister, for she is  
Of haughtier nature.

NOAH.

What seek'st thou in this ?

IRAD.

My father ! I but pray  
Erring Astarte to again return  
To her first love : or if she yearn  
Toward yon mightier being, bid him save  
Her life from the abyss, the opening grave  
That yawns beneath her ; she may meet above  
Her angel-lord, I read on his pale brow  
The power is gone from him to save her now !

NOAH.

Doth she upon the brink of death show love,  
Or look on thee as if her heart were moved  
By thy wild words ? And if she ever loved  
Now were it manifest, when hope and life  
Hang on each accent ; lo, how vain thy strife !



Hast thou not manhood in thee? or hast thou  
 Forgot thy nature? Hath love power to bow  
 Man thus to earth, to grovel in the sod  
 To woman, he whose knee was made for God?

I call upon thee to forsake  
 These death-doomed, or their fate partake:  
 Irad! dost hear me?—art thou changed to stone?  
 As motionless and lifeless thou art grown!  
 I charge thee by the living God  
 To follow me, or share the rod  
 Of vengeance; if thou dost delay,  
 I cleave thee like a withered spray  
 From thy ancestral trunk away!  
 Thy memory from my heart I sever;  
 And God's curse light on thee for ever!

NOAH *departs.*

IRAD.

Oh that the passion swelling in this heart  
 Could be embodied in one burning word  
 Felt as I feel it now!—by the despair  
 Crushing me to the earth whereon I kneel!  
 By my love's hope once the foretaste of heaven,  
 By our young days together! by thy beauty,  
 By the idolatry of this aching heart,  
 By that averted face—those loving eyes  
 Once all my own! by thy own life—yea more,  
 By thy soul's dearer immortality,  
 Astarte! wilt thou—wilt thou yet be mine?—  
 Lo, how in dust I bow the idol knee,  
 Look how my soul is prostrated to thee!



ISRAPHIL.

All love is suffering suffered thus in vain;  
 What tortures could be dealt on him like those  
 He deals upon himself, the agony  
 The passionate despair? I pity him,  
 Feeling mortality I could not share.  
 See how his changeful visage shows the strife  
 Warring within him! fear, hope, jealousy,  
 Love ruling o'er the chaos; what a curse,  
 Even in mortal bosoms is the hell  
 Of unrequited passion!

ORAZIEL.

Answer, love,  
 Whose is thy heart?

ASTARTE.

For ever, ever thine!

AZOARA.

Now are we one, in life, in death we join.

## SCENE IX.

## SOLITUDES OF MOUNT HERMON.

*Time—Daybreak.*

IRAD.

Morn breaks on earth, not joyously as wont,  
 But seraph-like, with her fringed eyes o'ercast,  
 Their azure light seen dimly through her tears.  
 The world beneath how still! unnatural rest,



Or, rather, listening fear; my voice appals me,  
 As if I were the only living thing!  
 Calmly they sleep beneath me the foredoomed,  
 Imminent retribution o'er their heads;  
 God's arm upraised to fall on them supine.  
 Lo where the leaden light gleams through yon clouds,  
 Making their lurid aspects manifest:  
 Shapes hurrying on perturbed, but silent all!  
 More awful thus than opening in tongued fires,  
 Or cleaving thunders, telling the dread ends  
 Of their tremendous ministry.

O God!

And shall it be? Ye horrid precipices!  
 Looking as everlasting as your Maker,  
 Can the deep hide your foreheads? Will you not  
 Still raise your shattered and gigantic arms  
 Up to the stars, a refuge to life's drift,  
 That cling to you for safety? Can those waves,  
 Hurl'd broken from your feet, sweep o'er your heads?  
 They can! if He who raised ye there forsakes,  
 Your base is built on nothing. Ere day ends  
 What portents shall ensue? One inward light  
 Of hope self-cherished dwells in this lone breast;  
 Astarte! thou art present with me still.  
 I feel amid the crush of elements  
 Thou shalt be saved, perchance, though late, be mine.  
 Behold! a ray shoots downward, lighting on  
 The patriarch's tents.

NOAH.

Irād! where art thou?

IRAD.

Sire!



NOAH.

Dost thou thus waste the hours when thou shouldst be  
Among thy brethren, praying for God's strength  
To meet the imminent judgment?

IRAD.

And the Ark?

NOAH.

Awaits the flood from topmost Ararat.  
A voice hath warned that, ere the work be done,  
The vengeance of the Lord shall be begun.  
Irad! ascend to them upon the hill.

IRAD.

Thou wilt save her, O God, I feel it still!

---

SCENE X.

MOUNTAINOUS SOLITUDES OF HERMON.

ISRAPHIL, AZOARA, ORAZIEL, ASTARTE.

ASTARTE.

Is this our doom decreed, to perish thus?  
To confront death, and feel the bitter stroke  
Ere dealt, hopeless in God as in ourselves;  
I heard the threat, yet deemed it was a sound;  
I felt His love and mercy infinite.

ORAZIEL.

And doth Astarte in her fears forget  
Her angel's love?



ASTARTE.

Look on me!—do I fear?  
Though yon clouds lower as if they could no more  
Control their wrath, though sounds of caverned winds  
And waters meet mine ears, doth this hand tremble?  
Oraziel! this frail bosom feels its will  
Resigned to death its weaker nature dreads;  
I shall look passively upon the sights  
That sterner natures might appal.

Farewell,  
Beautiful Earth! where I no more must dwell;  
Farewell, the dim and leafy places where  
These eyes first opened on the azure air,  
And drank the hues and glories of the day,  
Stamped in my heart that cannot pass away!  
Farewell, my once-loved flowers! that I have felt  
Were living things, that sympathies in them dwelt;  
For in bright sunshine I have seen them glad,  
As if my joy they had,  
And droop their heads beneath the sky o'ercast  
With a fine sorrow! they, too, die like me,  
But not alone; when their brief life is passed,  
They leave behind them for their memory  
Their odorous breathings, and their faded leaves,  
Frail playthings of the wind, the wind that grieves,  
Or seems to grieve above them!

I shall pass  
And die unknown, sunk, buried in the mass  
Of a crushed world; I shall not now be pressed  
In my last hour upon a human breast;  
I shall not hear the melting sympathies  
Of passionate love; silently speaking eyes  
Whose sorrow found no vent in words, but made



Their silence, holiest eloquence, pervade  
 The parting spirit; till what seemed to die  
 Was restlessness become tranquillity!  
 Feeling, upon my loved one's breast reclined,  
 I left in that lone heart my life behind.  
 Oh would that I had died and never proved  
 Life's desolating passion, never loved,  
 But passed away as violets, unseen,  
 Known only by their breath that they have been!  
 While human eyes and human hearts had found  
 My grave, and sanctified the holy ground,  
 Till I became in them a life apart,  
 Till the dead lived in memory's throbbing heart!

AZOARA.

Check this wild passion, sister dear!  
 I strive to listen, and without a tear;  
 I would teach thee endurance, and impart  
 My own unconquered spirit, but I feel  
 The voice of nature answering thee here!

ISRAPHIL.

Nay, Azoara! weep, I blame thee not;  
 The pride which thy high nature doth reveal  
 Is like my own, immortal: but those tears  
 Are human, and thy spirit more endears  
 To him who shares thy mortal lot.

AZOARA.

But where are the elect who shall be saved,  
 Who tremble at the fate that we have braved?  
 They who in caverns shrink from death,



The cowering remnant of the seed of Seth :  
 They, wanting courage and the will  
 To dare aught great in good or ill ?  
 Lo ! they have shrouded from our view,  
 Ere the great strife of life and death ensue,  
 To watch from some safe nook with placid eye  
 The wreck and ruin of a world roll by !  
 We tread in our great father's steps, and bear  
 Our destiny and die, but not despair :  
 They to the last eke out their dregs of life ;  
 Let them, too soon will end their strife  
 With wants and agonies of which 't is made.  
 Not ours to blush that we betrayed  
 Our selfish fears, abandoning our kin,  
 The great, the good, to meet the death of sin :  
 Shaming our nature as our origin.

## ISRAPHIL.

Despond not, Azoara ! they shall not  
 Triumph o'er thee ; what signs are given us  
 Of this impending ruin ? I behold  
 Clouds bodying into storm ; I see birds flee  
 To nests, and brutes to cover. If men feared,  
 The prodigy is passed ; it was the dream  
 Of Noah, but were the crushing elements  
 Resolved to chaos, we have sworn by—

## ASTARTE.

Hark !

## AZOARA.

It was not thunder—the Voice spake, I heard  
 The articulation !



ISRAPHIL.

'Twas the voice of God;  
He calls us back to heaven!—behold his angel.

AZOARA.

A mighty Spirit is descending poised  
On wings o'ershadowing earth like thunder-clouds;  
What majesty invests his presence! night  
Gathers around those brows august; I feel  
Denunciation in their glories veiled.

ISRAPHIL.

'Tis Michael, leader of the host of heaven,  
Nighest the throne of God; he brings great tidings,  
Else had he not descended here.

MICHAEL.

Angels! who erringly have trod  
Apart from the most High,  
Nought may destroy the immortality  
Whose spirit is from God.  
Upon each brow I read the untold  
Remorse that preys within,  
I come His mandate to unfold,  
To warn you of the death of sin.  
Lo! where athwart the uncrowned head  
Of yonder sun is darkness shed!  
Soon will that light be sped,  
With it your latest hope is fled.

ORAZIEL.

Sublimest Hierarch! if we erred  
In loving daughters of the earth,



Such evil was forewritten ere our birth ;  
Nor are they erring who tend heavenward.  
Have we from Him withdrawn them ? hear,  
Prostrated in her reverential fear,  
She who before thee lowly bends the knee ,  
She who attests the Godhead speaks in thee !

MICHAEL.

Thou kneeling there in veneration bowed,  
Daughter of Earth ! be thy remorse avowed.

ASTARTE.

O Thou  
Mightiest creation of the living God !  
On whose serene yet solemn brow  
I see through louring wrath  
The light of gentler feeling shine,  
As I have seen the star shed o'er its path,  
Rays through the wake of thunder clouds. Incline  
From thy dread state to hear a child of dust  
By thy great Presence awed !  
We are the punished who aside have trod,  
We bow to his decree, and own it just,  
But with his justice is large mercy blended.  
Mankind have turned from Him, but we have not ;  
Adoring heavenly things,  
Their Maker cannot be forgot.  
My spirit, could my will have plumed its wings,  
Had from this earth ascended,  
To read the works of the Most High ;  
And when embodied to my eye  
The starry form of my imaginings,



What could my earthlier nature but ally  
Its mortal life to immortality?

MICHAEL.

Daughter of Earth ! I chide not nor condemn,  
But warn, I speak the immutable decree :  
Thou feelest thou hast erred ;  
Thy heart tells thee thou hast forgot His word,  
Leaving the paths ordained marked out for thee :  
The heavier trespass lights on them  
Who forsook brighter realms above :  
Thou hast abandoned him who might have given,  
In the deep quiet of his human love,  
That happiness which most approacheth heaven :  
Love that doth bring the fulness of content.  
Thou on a reed hast leant, the trial hour  
Shall prove how impotent.  
Yet doth thy gentler nature, even in sin,  
Its own atonement win :  
Prayer, that hath ever power,  
From thy misgiving heart preferred,  
Is at the throne of mercy heard,  
And shall avert severer punishment !

ISRAPHIL.

I yield not to our destiny, nor dare ;  
Nor supplicate the One in prayer.  
I rest upon the strength of my own spirit,  
The light that from itself it doth inherit,  
I have but its behests obeyed,  
In worshipping the beautiful He made.  
I yielded to the impulses he gave ;  
I will against all evil shield her, come



Such evil was forewritten ere our birth ;  
Nor are they erring who tend heavenward.  
Have we from Him withdrawn them ? hear,  
Prostrated in her reverential fear,  
She who before thee lowly bends the knee ,  
She who attests the Godhead speaks in thee !

MICHAEL.

Thou kneeling there in veneration bowed,  
Daughter of Earth ! be thy remorse avowed.

ASTARTE.

O Thou  
Mightiest creation of the living God !  
On whose serene yet solemn brow  
I see through louring wrath  
The light of gentler feeling shine,  
As I have seen the star shed o'er its path,  
Rays through the wake of thunder clouds. Incline  
From thy dread state to hear a child of dust  
By thy great Presence awed !  
We are the punished who aside have trod,  
We bow to his decree, and own it just,  
But with his justice is large mercy blended.  
Mankind have turned from Him, but we have not ;  
Adoring heavenly things,  
Their Maker cannot be forgot.  
My spirit, could my will have plumed its wings,  
Had from this earth ascended,  
To read the works of the Most High ;  
And when embodied to my eye  
The starry form of my imaginings,



What could my earthlier nature but ally  
Its mortal life to immortality?

MICHAEL.

Daughter of Earth ! I chide not nor condemn,  
But warn, I speak the immutable decree :  
Thou feelest thou hast erred ;  
Thy heart tells thee thou hast forgot His word,  
Leaving the paths ordained marked out for thee :  
The heavier trespass lights on them  
Who forsook brighter realms above :  
Thou hast abandoned him who might have given,  
In the deep quiet of his human love,  
That happiness which most approacheth heaven :  
Love that doth bring the fulness of content.  
Thou on a reed hast leant, the trial hour  
Shall prove how impotent.  
Yet doth thy gentler nature, even in sin,  
Its own atonement win :  
Prayer, that hath ever power,  
From thy misgiving heart preferred,  
Is at the throne of mercy heard,  
And shall avert severer punishment !

ISRAPHIL.

I yield not to our destiny, nor dare ;  
Nor supplicate the One in prayer.  
I rest upon the strength of my own spirit,  
The light that from itself it doth inherit,  
I have but its behests obeyed,  
In worshipping the beautiful He made.  
I yielded to the impulses he gave ;  
I will against all evil shield her, come



In whate'er form it may !  
 I will upraise her from earth's grave,  
 Or share the annihilating doom,  
 Such is my will, let fate the worst essay.

MICHAEL.

Angels ! look up, yon ray doth clear  
 Your eyes from earthly film, look ye abroad !  
 Blazing athwart yon swarthy sky,  
 Beholding the handwriting of God !

ISRAPHIL.

We see the lightning scroll !

MICHAEL.

Read ye, nor fear,  
 Great mercy's last award.  
 Behold the veiling sun !  
 I flee the coming wrath, my work is done !

ASTARTE.

Read the dread sentence :—

ISRAPHIL.

“ Angels, hear !  
 You have wandered from your sphere.  
 Earth is doomed : if you be found  
 Treading its devoted ground,  
 The bond that binds to heaven shall sever,  
 And you shall be —”  
 Eternal ! never  
 Can we obey —



AZOARA.

I know it now,  
The doom is on thy livid brow :  
The dreadful truth is graven there  
In traces furrowed by despair !  
Ye hide it with a vain endeavour,  
Our death-sentence — “ Condemned for ever ! ”  
Sister ! kneel with me ; oh, by  
The God who calls on you from high,  
By our earthly love, by all  
The terrors round us that appal ;  
By your immortality,  
Leave, oh, leave us here to die !  
Let the Almighty Being see  
We yielded to our destiny.

ASTARTE.

Say when we all weakly erred  
From his paths, forgot his word,  
Ordinance and rule of life,  
Great was our remorse and strife ;  
That we deemed His mercy still  
Would o'erlook our human ill.

AZOARA.

Lo ! how beneath us reels the ground ;  
Hark — that mysterious and thrilling sound !

ISRAPHIL.

The fountains of the great deep are unbound ;  
Behold the hills upheave like broken waves,  
Rent through their cloven sides ; from them are hurled  
Vapour, and flame, and smoke, and fiery cloud,



Swirling around their ruins ; from the caves  
Bound forth the maddened brutes, the cleft earth gapes  
Opening to her foundations, the great world  
Revealed of unimaginable shapes ;  
A chaos-wilderness of life and death  
Blasted by fires above, or crushed beneath,  
Heaved upward tossing in their misty shroud !  
The wreck of life's innumerable things,  
The winds with their annihilating wings,  
The answering waters, buried in the sound  
Of thunders rending the red firmament,  
Mingling in one wild uproar upward sent ;  
While lighting fitfully the gloom profound,  
Sky-cleaving lightnings show the opened eye  
Of the Avenger visible !

ORAZIEL.

Hence—fly  
Upward to Hermon's loftiest crest.

ASTARTE.

Aid me, I sink !—

ORAZIEL.

Repose thou on this breast.

ISRAPHIL.

Away ! — from yonder cloud-capped peak we soar ;  
Thence will we flee with you, or sink for evermore !

---



## SCENE XI.

## HEIGHTS OF MOUNT HERMON.

ISRAPHIL, AZOARA, ORAZIEL, ASTARTE, ANAK.

ISRAPHIL.

Our power is gone from us, to tempt it more  
 Were but to perish : here we wait our doom,  
 The justice or the mercy of the Lord.

AZOARA.

Farewell my hope which was not hope ; I felt  
 A consciousness that we were bound to earth,  
 And could not leave it. Here must we remain  
 The mark of the remorseless elements,  
 Until insensible to suffering.

ASTARTE.

My sister, never ! suffering cannot quench  
 Our faith, that like a holy fire but tries  
 The love it proves, that on endurance grows.  
 Oh, could I ever look into thine eyes  
 My seraph-lord ! nor draw from them support ?  
 Or couldst thou turn from thy Astarte, now  
 Verging on our eternal parting ?—No :  
 Our spirits join in one, mine dwelleth here.

O Earth, that I now feel how much I love,  
 Beautiful earth ! thou art no more for me.  
 I look round, all is hidden, and above,



In vain, my human agony I could brook,  
I feel great Angel, but for thee!  
For with thy gift of immortality,  
How lonely wilt thou be!  
Yet Thou, O God! that wrenchest us apart,  
In its last pang wilt heal the broken heart;  
Let him be saved, and I am blest!  
Let him in me not suffer, for he is  
Immortal, let him turn to happiness,  
Nor vainly mourn for her who is at rest,

AZOARA.

What will ye do? say, whither will you hie,  
We do forget you in our agony.

ISRAPHIL.

Here we remain and with ye die,  
Or share the deathless life that is our own.

AZOARA.

If the last accents thou shalt hear  
Of her whose love was once so dear,  
Have yet a charm for thee, if not a power,  
Then, by the God we have offended—fly!  
And, at the foot of the Almighty throne  
Thy human sin atone!  
Oh, leave us! even in this hour,  
Hope, seraph-like, her wing above us spreads,  
Lightening the storm; one faith unquenchable  
Is ours, let the surge roll above our heads,  
In your immortal breasts we dwell,  
And cannot be forgot.  
Leave us to death, we are resigned!



## ORAZIEL.

Never!—to share the human lot  
Of those beneath who strive in their despair.  
Hark, how their wild cries pierce the air,  
Borne on the rushing wind.  
Lo, where they crowd beneath the hill  
To yon rock's ribs in vain,  
Whirled off before the sweeping main,  
Or transfixed writhing there  
In agony clinging still!

## ISRAPHIL.

Behold yon giant form that rives  
The waters cloven in his course,  
As if in him an innate force  
Guarded the life for which he strives :  
His shagged hair heaves round his head  
Like branches by the whirlwind spread,  
Fixed as the rock or skyey oak  
That mocks the fire or thunder-stroke!  
He gains the mountain, hurling back  
The waters rushing on his track,  
As if he spurned the ignoble strife  
That awhile vindicated life.

## ANAK.

Blind waters! ye are baffled—here  
Your course is stayed, yet do I fear  
Your wrath, ye ministers accursed  
Of God—wreak on me here your worst.  
I live, I would not yield to fate,  
Till I had breathed upon this rock,  
To pour the passion forth, the hate



That these weak elements doth mock;  
To curse the day that saw my birth,  
And kindred with the sons of earth;  
To howl out to the wild deaf air  
My wrath, defiance, and despair.  
Onward ye Waters roll!  
Blind slaves to the control  
O'er which ye have no power—such am not I.  
One boon I ask of thee, thou One  
Who dost my presence shun;  
Show thyself, thou invisible Agency  
With the dread arms that thou dost wield

    Behind thy lightning shield!  
If that thou art whom I have still disowned,  
'Tis where convulsion whirls around thee throned,  
Thyself the central calm! Stand forth apart  
From cloud and darkness hiding thee!  
Come forth, whate'er thou art;  
Had I beheld thee, an embodied form,  
An Energy none living might withstand,  
Thine eye the lightnings, in thy hand  
The cleaving thunders, thy wild breath the storm,  
    Then had I died  
    With the heroic pride  
Of him who with undaunted eye  
Doth falling look upon his enemy!

Ye Elements! I give ye back your dust:  
Take this worn clay, and in your bowels hide!  
The free-will that your rage defied,  
Defies you still; that will, my earliest trust,  
And latest, in its hate and scorn  
Proves that from you it's spirit is unborn!  
And thou, destroyer! wheresoe'er



Thou art, that hid'st from my despair,  
Look on me throned above thy anarchy  
Conquering or Thee, or the necessity,  
Thy Lord and mine, by daring first to die !

## AZOARA.

See, tranquilly he strides to the abyss  
As to a bed of happiness ;  
Like the based rock whereon he stood  
He sinks in the wild flood ;  
So may our will of death a mockery make.

## ORAZIEL.

Yea, when thy nature thou dost thus forsake,  
And his blind ignorance partake.

## PATRIARCH.

Cursed be the wisdom that doth not accord  
With human feeling, blessed be the Lord !  
The act is His, decreed ere time began,  
Wrought to regenerate the race of man ;  
They saw Him in his works on earth, above :  
They felt within their souls impressed,  
The presence of the God confessed.  
Warned not the Sire with a paternal love ?  
Yea, speaking tokens hath he sent  
From the tongued earth and firmament,  
They dared deny, and Him defied  
In their idolatry and blinder pride.  
Lo where on the wild waters they are rolled,  
Their restless thoughts for ever now controlled !  
I raise my Voice against them, and declare  
The justice of the doom I share,



Amidst the wrecks of life and death  
I look up, holding my unshaken faith  
In Him who bade me live, who sees me die.

I raise my voice, last moment though it be,  
Even while I suffer the great penalty  
I too have merited, but do not fear.  
Wherefore? these waves may crush me, can they kill  
The immortal soul that lives within me still?  
Never—I calmly kneel and perish here!  
The life Thou gav'st, I humbly yield to thee;  
Dust am I, nought in thy infinity,  
Yet in thy mercy, Lord, remember me!

ISRAPHIL.

See where the waters hurl him like the dust  
Before the whirlwind, even so die the just!  
Yet hath that man approached the Angels' height,  
Strong in his faith as in a rock of might.

ORAZIEL.

Behold the Ark  
On the waste waters floating, round it clung  
The sea-birds borne off by the surge concealing  
Awhile that solitary bark;  
Through the black clouds o'erhung  
Flashed forth a lightning ray,  
Its cloven path revealing,  
That halos round, and will not pass away.  
Portent that He who watcheth them,  
And leaves us in the gloom  
Of a wrecked world, doth thus condemn,  
And shadow forth our doom.



ASTARTE.

They come, they come! —

AZOARA.

But not to save.

Oh, little know'st thou, sister dear!  
How stern the Patriarch's virtue, and austere;  
He sees, but he will leave us here  
To perish in the wave,  
And they will float above our grave.  
Let them!—it is in vain to strive;  
But we shall not survive,  
Standing aloof to watch the good, and great,  
And beautiful, succumb to fate.  
Let them to dull existence cling,  
And weary heaven with worshipping.  
What gain they when this wreck shall cease?  
A few brief years to the cold past;  
Clinging to life's ties to the last,  
When we shall sleep in peace!

IRAD.

I call on thee, Astarte, hear!

AZOARA.

She heeds thee not, insensate in her fear.

IRAD.

Astarte! it is not too late,  
I call thee with the voice of fate;  
Death or life hang on each word;  
Come, I call thee in the Lord!



ORAZIEL.

Hence, pale son of Noah ! she  
Hears thee not, but turns to me  
As her refuge ; life or death  
Hangs not on a mortal's breath,  
I will bear her from this earth,  
And renew her heavenly birth.

IRAD.

Canst thou save her ? If thy power  
Rules the inevitable hour,  
Why delayest thou to fly ?  
Wherefore, lingering, should she die ?

AZOARA.

Ask the Eternal One on high :  
Why, if just he be, alike  
Good and evil He doth strike ?  
Hence ! we will not bear the stain  
Of self-reproach and infamy.

ASTARTE.

Irada ! hear me, for thou hast loved in vain ;  
I would have loved thee, but I felt  
Subjected to a higher will.  
Remorse in me hath dwelt  
For duties I could not fulfil ;  
That I, who shrunk from giving pain,  
Wrought grief, alas, to thee.  
O yet remember me !  
And when the waters o'er the world are cast,  
And our last agony is past,



Think then on all I might have been,  
Had not such love been sin  
To an immortal being.  
Pray for me, thou, to the All-seeing!  
And while thou dost remember, give thy sigh,  
Thy blessing to my memory!  
Thy prayer that she, too early doomed to die,  
May her atonement make to the Most High.

AZOARA.

Pale seed of Seth!  
Depart, and leave us to our death;  
Enough thou canst survive  
A buried world, that thou, without remorse,  
Above our graves canst walk alive:  
Be thy insensibility thy curse!  
Or, if a greater may remain behind,  
Be it in our forgiveness of the slave  
To grovelling life resigned.

Yet would we have thee own one strong emotion,  
Like ours, ere swallowed in our grave;  
That thou shouldst know then, when the hateful ocean  
Rolls o'er us, when life struggles with the will,  
The strangling waters sweeping o'er,  
We held ourselves the same inflexible:  
And felt amid the elemental roar,  
The joy, the triumph, the ennobling pride  
That we united, gloriously died!  
Tread on the common earth  
That tombed and gave us birth,  
Your few brief years, and in dull duty give  
Thanksgiving due ye were allowed to live.



Then yield to the control  
Of the same stern necessity.  
The human pang we feel, the sole  
Humiliation, that we were allied;  
That our remembrance with you must remain,

NOAH.

Away, and leave them ! See the sky  
Changes, the lurid gloom o'erspreads;  
Tempt we no more the destiny  
That lours above our heads.

IRAD.

Yet hear me ! —

NOAH.

By our God, I swear  
Thou meritest their doom to share.

IRAD.

Here cast me forth ! — that death I dare ;  
I will not leave her.

NOAH.

Sons ! come forth :  
Your fraternal strength essay,  
And drag this child of sin away,  
Ere he waken God to wrath !  
Close our brazen doors, that he  
Nought without may hear or see,  
Till silence doth the world's doom tell.



IRAD.

Astarte, hear —

HAMMON.

Thou call'st in vain.

IRAD.

Farewell!

AZOARA.

All hope is over.

ISRAPHIL.

Be the last,  
The mightiest proved.

ORAZIEL.

Astarte! wake.

ASTARTE.

The bitterness of death is past :  
I only tremble for thy sake.

ISRAPHIL.

Hear ! for we essay the word,  
The utterance that calls the Lord,  
Spirit-breathed, unspoke, unheard,  
By the inmost thought avowed :  
Lightning-like, from voiceless cloud,  
Its power awakened will unfold  
Wings that on the whirlwind bear  
Him who hath expressed it, where  
Present God he shall behold!—



Ye shall feel the spell, and fly  
 From dead earth. Ye shall not die,  
 Ere before the gates of heaven  
 Ye stand to be received within  
 By Mercy, and your souls forgiven;  
 We, the atonement for your sin.

AZOARA.

O glorious trial of exceeding love!  
 What equal hath it in your realm above?  
 Seraph! thou dost o'erpower the heart  
 That dared to deem itself as strong:  
 Yet never shall our love —

ASTARTE.

Depart!

Behold yon sky, I have watched it long;  
 It is not fear; above the storm,  
 I see, I see a giant Form!  
 Where his vast shadow blackens through,  
 And gives the clouds a darker hue:  
 He stretcheth forth his hand, the sun  
 Burying in night, its course is done:  
 No light sheds o'er the lurid gloom,  
 Save faintly where from far  
 Glows the red furnace of the star  
 That lights earth to her tomb.

AZOARA.

Fly, fly! —

ASTARTE.

Remember me —



AZOARA.

No more delay !

See where the waters howl and hiss  
Over yon cloven peaks above the abyss  
That mark where was the world ;  
Gathering they rise, one moment more,  
O'er our devoted heads they roar  
Like weeds before them hurled !

ISRAPHIL.

Know first the Sign, its power thou shalt essay.

ORAZIEL.

Hark ! our last summons.

ISRAPHIL.

The great hand  
Of heaven is on me where I stand !  
My Azoara — I am borne away,  
Farewell !

AZOARA.

For ever ? — yet look back and say.

ISRAPHIL.

For ever !

ASTARTE.

Thou, Oraziel ?



AZOARA.

They are fled,  
Buried in lightnings ! clasp me, the great deep  
Engulphs us—

ASTARTE.

Mercy, Father !

AZOARA.

Death or sleep



## NOTES TO THE DELUGE.

---

Page 284, line 14.

*"Else whence their power?"*

"Reuchline\* affirmeth that Adam had an angel for his instructor, and when he was exceedingly dejected with remorse for his sinne, God sent the angel Oraziel to tell him that there should be one of his progenie which should have the foure letters of Jehovah in his name, and should expiate originall sinne."

Page 287, line 7.

*"The Watcher's light is trembling o'er the peak  
Of Hermon."*

"The like offices of other angels they mention to other patriarchs, and tell that every three months are set new watches of these watchmen; yea, every three houres, yea, and every houre, is some change of them. And therefore we have more favour of them in one houre than another; for they follow the disposition of the starres; so said the angel Samiel (which wrestled with him) unto Jacob: 'Let me goe, for the day breaketh;' for his power was in the night." — PURCHAS.

Page 288, line 1.

*"Watcher of Life — all-seeing Fount of light."*

"The earliest Chaldeans conceived the earth to bee hollow like a boat. — Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, out of a book entitled *De Agriculturâ Ægyptiorum*, attributed like things unto them; that they believed the starres were gods, and that the sunne was the

\* Reuchline, *de Arte Cabal.* l. i. — quoted by Purchas.



chiefe god, and next to him, the moon : that the sunne ruleth the superior and inferior world. . . . They sacrificed to the sunne and moone, and earth, to the fire, and waters, and windes." — PURCHAS.

Page 294, line 17.

*"From our high places do we not behold  
Rapine and wrong, blood shed and unavenged?"*

"The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence; and God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." — *Genesis*.

Page 294, line 22.

*"They who adore the hosts of heaven."*

"Tertullian, out of the booke of Enoch, before mentioned, is of opinion that idolatry was before the flood. Thus to continue the memorie of mortall men, and in admiration of the immortal heavenly lights, together with the tyrannie of princes, and policies of the priests, began this worshipping of the creature, with contempt of the Creator; which now they increased by the mysteries of their philosophers, the fabling of their poets, the ambition of potentates, the superstition of the vulgar, the gainfull collusion of their priests, the cunning of artificers, and, above all, the making of the diuels, worshipped in those idols, there giving answers and oracles, and receiving sacrifices; the histories of all nations are ample witnesses." — PURCHAS.

Page 321, line 11.

*"Tis Michaël, leader of the host of heaven."*

"Ricius reckoneth ten orders of angells: — Haias, Hakadesch, Offaurim, Erelim, Hasmalim, Seraphim, Malachim, Elohim, bene Elohim, Cherubim. Some diuines count them thus, out of Dionysius: — Seraphim, Cherubim, Throni, Dominationes, Virtutes, Potestates, Principatus, Arch-Angeli, Angeli." \* — PURCHAS.

\* From hence Milton's majestic line: —

*"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers!"*



Page 329, line 12.

*"Behold yon giant form that rives  
The waters cloven in his course."*

"There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown." — *Genesis*.

Page 332, line 2.

*"holding my unshaken faith  
In Him who bade me live, who sees me die."*

"The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." — *Job*.

HEBREW POEMS.







## ABRAHAM IN THE DESERT.

## HEBREW POEMS.

Had there no columns stood:  
Beneath their shadows on the ground  
A woman's solitary form is laid.  
Around that trunk the boughs expand  
Like giant arms about her spread  
As in protection of that sacred head.  
What does she in the wilderness,  
Where lonely like a light is thrown  
Around her by the desert's gloom?  
She does not sit alone:  
Even in that desolate place  
A sleeping child lies near  
His little arms around her feet, his face  
Pallid and worn, is turned from her, the same  
Of years on it is death's inscription there.  
He in that torrid desert lies,  
Sheds not the wind that sighs through his dark hair.



HEBREW FORMS.



## HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

## I.

A WILDERNESS of shade,  
The untrodden desert of the orient land,  
Where palms a canopy have made ;  
The Sun that scorches life around  
Has there no entrance found ;  
Beneath their shadows on the ground  
A woman's solitary form is laid.  
Around their trunks the boughs expand  
Like giant arms above her, spread  
As in protection of that sacred head.  
What does she in the wilderness,  
Whose beauty like a light is thrown  
Around her in her loneliness ?  
She does not sit alone  
Even in that desolate place.  
A sleeping child has cast  
His little arms around her feet, his face,  
Pallid and worn, is turned from her ; the trace  
Of tears on it is dried ; unconscious there  
He in that torpor buried fast,  
Heeds not the wind that sighs through his dark hair.



## II.

But she sleeps not, that outcast one ;  
Her head reclines against a trunk,  
Her eyes are settled on the sky,  
Her arms beside her sunk,  
Her parted lips are parched and shrunk.  
She rests as one with toil foredone,  
Or tranced in wordless agony.  
No voice has she to tell  
The mighty sufferings that in her dwell :  
Her throat is gasping for the breath,  
Of life, she doth but feel the prayer  
To ONE who, 'mid the throes of life and death,  
Watches her there.  
The trees droop motionless above, the leaf  
Falls near, inaudible as is her grief ;  
The cruse beside the infant stands,  
But it is dry :  
In vain a drop of water would she gain  
To his awakened cry :  
The fragments show where bread has lain,  
Ere snatched by hunger's hands  
To feed her other life too hastily :  
That food a wilder want has nursed :  
In the last agony of thirst,  
He yet must die.

## III.

For there are none to help her, or to hear,  
When but a drop of water given  
Had been foretaste of heaven.  
Her child lies gasping near ;



A moment yet he stirred,  
His latest sigh is heard,  
With a faint effort he essayed  
To rise and on the mother's breast be laid ;  
And she must, stone-like, sit with tearless eye,  
Watching her Ishmael ere he die !  
She hears his parting gasp ! that sound has  
given  
Strength, and the bonds of weakness riven ;  
Her lips are gathered into prayer :  
“Hear me, O God, my trust is still in Thee !  
Let me not perish thus in my despair :  
Let me but place him where I may not see :  
Let me of this last parting be beguiled ;  
Let me not look upon my dying child !”

## IV.

She ceased ; One standeth by her side,  
Or with the eyes of faith does she  
Look on that vision glorified,  
Dimly through tears descried ?  
She bowed her head, and turned her gaze  
From that form bright within his centring rays.  
“Hagar ! the strength is thine which thou hast sought ;  
Nor in thy mortal agony  
Is thy great faith forgot ;  
Heard is thine Ishmael's cry :  
Raise him, thou lead'st a nation in thine hand ;  
He lives by the command  
Of Him the One still present with the oppressed :  
Nor felt, nor visible, save to the eye  
Of love, its strength in Him confessed.



## II.

But she sleeps not, that outcast one ;  
Her head reclines against a trunk,  
Her eyes are settled on the sky,  
Her arms beside her sunk,  
Her parted lips are parched and shrunk.  
She rests as one with toil foredone,  
Or tranced in wordless agony.

No voice has she to tell  
The mighty sufferings that in her dwell :  
Her throat is gasping for the breath,  
Of life, she doth but feel the prayer  
To ONE who, 'mid the throes of life and death,  
Watches her there.

The trees droop motionless above, the leaf  
Falls near, inaudible as is her grief ;  
The cruse beside the infant stands,  
But it is dry :  
In vain a drop of water would she gain  
To his awakened cry :  
The fragments show where bread has lain,  
Ere snatched by hunger's hands  
To feed her other life too hastily :  
That food a wilder want has nursed :  
In the last agony of thirst,  
He yet must die.

## III.

For there are none to help her, or to hear,  
When but a drop of water given  
Had been foretaste of heaven.  
Her child lies gasping near ;



A moment yet he stirred,  
His latest sigh is heard,  
With a faint effort he essayed  
To rise and on the mother's breast be laid ;  
And she must, stone-like, sit with tearless eye,  
Watching her Ishmael ere he die !  
She hears his parting gasp ! that sound has  
given  
Strength, and the bonds of weakness riven ;  
Her lips are gathered into prayer :  
"Hear me, O God, my trust is still in Thee !  
Let me not perish thus in my despair :  
Let me but place him where I may not see :  
Let me of this last parting be beguiled ;  
Let me not look upon my dying child !"

## IV.

She ceased ; One standeth by her side,  
Or with the eyes of faith does she  
Look on that vision glorified,  
Dimly through tears descried ?  
She bowed her head, and turned her gaze  
From that form bright within his centring rays.  
"Hagar ! the strength is thine which thou hast sought ;  
Nor in thy mortal agony  
Is thy great faith forgot ;  
Heard is thine Ishmael's cry :  
Raise him, thou lead'st a nation in thine hand ;  
He lives by the command  
Of Him the One still present with the oppressed :  
Nor felt, nor visible, save to the eye  
Of love, its strength in Him confessed.



Raise thou thine eyes, thou shalt behold how faith  
 Created is, and emanates from death ;  
 Even as ye drink from yonder gushing spring,  
 That in its course the freshening grass doth lave,  
 So ever hope shall to the hopeless cling ;  
 So shall faith rise triumphant o'er the grave."



## THE PRAYER OF MOSES.

## I.

MIGHTIEST BEING! from my youth  
Thou hast set me forth apart  
To teach Israel thy truth:  
And the pride of Pharaoh's heart  
To control, while I withdrew  
Israel from the enslaving land:  
When their bonds in sunder flew,  
Rent like flax beneath thine hand.

## II.

When Thou gavest me the rod  
To divide the roaring sea,  
I stood above the hosts a god  
In thy power transferred to me;  
Then the Red Sea's depths were seen  
Rolled in heaps, the sands laid bare:  
Israel marched the waves between,  
For thine eye, thy hand, were there.

## III.

I again mine arm uplifted;  
The wild waters stayed no more,



Rolled o'er Egypt's warriors drifted  
Like heaped sea-weed on the shore;  
Thou the fiery cloud by day,  
And the watch-flame in the night,  
Led'st on the ordained way,  
Guide and beacon of our flight.

## IV.

When in the waste wilderness  
Israel felt the parching thirst,  
Thou the barren rock didst bless :  
At my voice the waters burst :  
And when hunger on them preyed,  
Still my prayer thy favour found ;  
Bread by Thee in manna laid  
Thick as hoar-frost strewed the ground.

## V.

While the earth-shaking thunders rolled  
Around Sinai's awful throne,  
While Israel prostrate fell, controlled  
By thy Presence seen, alone  
I, to Thee ascended ; I,  
Clay-made, stood to hear thy will,  
Scathed not by the lightning eye,  
For Thy love upheld me still.

## VI.

When thy finger scorched the Law  
On the blazing tablet-stone,  
I the living record saw,  
The handwriting of thine own :



Then didst thou thyself avow,  
Mad'st thy glory on me shine,  
Israel feared my sunlike brow,  
For my face reflected thine!

## VII.

God — if thus hath been my grace,  
Dare I breathe my last request,  
But to look upon thy face;  
But to see thyself confessed?  
On thy glory let me gaze,  
Once but on thine opening eye,  
Though consumed amid the blaze,  
Though I worship Thee and die!

## VIII.

In the cave the prophet bowed  
To earth, while the air became  
As a presence in a shroud,  
Hiding One who passed in flame;  
Lightnings clove the clouds asunder,  
Scroll-like fleeing from his look;  
Whirlwinds mingled with the thunder;  
Earth to her foundations shook:

## IX.

But, while midnight grew from light,  
While on fire the fervid air,  
They but heralded the might  
Of the God who was not there;  
Darkness felt weighed lead-like o'er him,  
Awe and dread upon him fell;



And the hand of One before him  
Passed, to veil the Ineffable.

## X.

Gasped his breath in strife with death,  
Heaved his heart's convulsive throes,  
Glared his eyes in terror set,  
And his hair erect arose;  
In the silence that was felt  
Each life-pulse beat audibly,  
Horror thrilled him as he knelt,  
Moses knew the LORD pass by!



## JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

## I.

God of Abraham ! hear me now,  
 Thou hast raised me up to be  
 Israel's chief ; record my vow !  
 Give me this day victory ;  
 Aid me but to triumph o'er  
 The Philistine as of yore,  
 And I swear, I swear to thee,  
 Here, adoring on my knee,  
 By this sword I raise on high,  
 By this buckler with which I  
 Will return, or on it lie ;  
 On whate'er I set my eyes,  
 From the victory returning,  
 That upon the altar burning  
 Shall be thy first sacrifice,  
 To thee, God of battles given,  
 Who didst strengthen me from heaven !

## II.

The shouts of victory rose, the timbrels sounded,  
 Grey men came forth with wreaths of laurel green,  
 And in the dance glad Israel's maidens bounded  
 Circling their mistress with triumphant mien,



For Jephthah's honoured daughter they surrounded,  
Handmaids of beauty waiting round their queen.

She stood among them yet alone,  
Peerless and pure as is the moon  
Among the lesser planets shown.  
Her locks unbraided now were strewn  
In masses o'er her shoulder, bright  
In glistening threads of amber light:  
But where they parted o'er her brow,  
And left her temples bared, was traced  
The violet vein that stained their snow;  
And where those tresses interlaced  
With their entangled braid descended,  
Veiling that swan-like neck of pride,  
And with her heaving bosom blended,  
Shadowing the forms they could not hide,  
They looked as they had caught the rays  
Of sunset in their golden maze.

### III.

Triumph upon her forehead sate,  
Attempered with an air sedate.  
Not in herself but sire elate;  
For on that open brow was read  
The spirit she inherited.  
And thus with arms across her breast  
Folded, with gentlest gesture bending,  
And motion where each grace confessed  
Was with her step of music blending;  
With downcast eyes all innocent,  
That fixed each warrior's glance of fire,



In conscious joy the maiden went  
To welcome home her warrior sire.  
And Jephthah through the dense array  
Of serried squadrons bursts his way,  
Then, terror-struck, recoils aghast,  
His eyes are on his daughter cast !

## IV.

“ My daughter, oh ! my daughter—why  
Art thou the first to meet mine eye ?  
And feel'st thou not that thou must die ?  
And know'st thou not the oath that I  
To our God have sworn ? that oath  
Which hath sacrificed us both :  
That the first I met returning  
From the battle-field, should be  
Slain upon yon altar burning,  
Offering of victory !  
Thou, devoted one, art come,  
Sealing thus thy fated doom.  
Frantic sire !—what hast thou done ?  
I, my child ! even I will be  
Sacrifice in death for thee ;  
I will be the atoning one,  
For my oath I dare not break,  
Not for thee, my daughter's sake ! ”

## V.

“ Look upon me, O my sire !  
Read'st thou fear upon this brow ?  
Doth the pulse of joy expire  
In my heart exulting now ?  
Thou hast conquered ! God hath heard,







## HEBREW POEMS.



HEBREW FORMS.



## HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

### I.

A WILDERNESS of shade,  
 The untrodden desert of the orient land,  
 Where palms a canopy have made ;  
     The Sun that scorches life around  
     Has there no entrance found ;  
 Beneath their shadows on the ground  
     A woman's solitary form is laid.  
 Around their trunks the boughs expand  
     Like giant arms above her, spread  
     As in protection of that sacred head.  
 What does she in the wilderness,  
 Whose beauty like a light is thrown  
     Around her in her loneliness ?  
     She does not sit alone  
     Even in that desolate place.  
     A sleeping child has cast  
     His little arms around her feet, his face,  
 Pallid and worn, is turned from her ; the trace  
 Of tears on it is dried ; unconscious there  
 He in that torpor buried fast,  
 Heeds not the wind that sighs through his dark hair.



## II.

But she sleeps not, that outcast one ;  
Her head reclines against a trunk,  
Her eyes are settled on the sky,  
Her arms beside her sunk,  
Her parted lips are parched and shrunk.  
She rests as one with toil foredone,  
Or tranced in wordless agony.  
No voice has she to tell  
The mighty sufferings that in her dwell :  
Her throat is gasping for the breath,  
Of life, she doth but feel the prayer  
To ONE who, 'mid the throes of life and death,  
Watches her there.  
The trees droop motionless above, the leaf  
Falls near, inaudible as is her grief ;  
The cruse beside the infant stands,  
But it is dry :  
In vain a drop of water would she gain  
To his awakened cry :  
The fragments show where bread has lain,  
Ere snatched by hunger's hands  
To feed her other life too hastily :  
That food a wilder want has nursed :  
In the last agony of thirst,  
He yet must die.

## III.

For there are none to help her, or to hear,  
When but a drop of water given  
Had been foretaste of heaven.  
Her child lies gasping near ;



A moment yet he stirred,  
His latest sigh is heard,  
With a faint effort he essayed  
To rise and on the mother's breast be laid;  
And she must, stone-like, sit with tearless eye,  
Watching her Ishmael ere he die!  
She hears his parting gasp! that sound has  
given  
Strength, and the bonds of weakness riven;  
Her lips are gathered into prayer:  
"Hear me, O God, my trust is still in Thee!  
Let me not perish thus in my despair:  
Let me but place him where I may not see:  
Let me of this last parting be beguiled;  
Let me not look upon my dying child!"

## IV.

She ceased; One standeth by her side,  
Or with the eyes of faith does she  
Look on that vision glorified,  
Dimly through tears descried?  
She bowed her head, and turned her gaze  
From that form bright within his centring rays.  
"Hagar! the strength is thine which thou hast sought;  
Nor in thy mortal agony  
Is thy great faith forgot;  
Heard is thine Ishmael's cry:  
Raise him, thou lead'st a nation in thine hand;  
He lives by the command  
Of Him the One still present with the oppressed:  
Nor felt, nor visible, save to the eye  
Of love, its strength in Him confessed.



Raise thou thine eyes, thou shalt behold how faith  
 Created is, and emanates from death ;  
 Even as ye drink from yonder gushing spring,  
 That in its course the freshening grass doth lave,  
 So ever hope shall to the hopeless cling ;  
 So shall faith rise triumphant o'er the grave."



## THE PRAYER OF MOSES.

## I.

MIGHTIEST BEING! from my youth  
Thou hast set me forth apart  
To teach Israel thy truth:  
And the pride of Pharaoh's heart  
To control, while I withdrew  
Israel from the enslaving land:  
When their bonds in sunder flew,  
Rent like flax beneath thine hand.

## II.

When Thou gavest me the rod  
To divide the roaring sea,  
I stood above the hosts a god  
In thy power transferred to me;  
Then the Red Sea's depths were seen  
Rolled in heaps, the sands laid bare:  
Israel marched the waves between,  
For thine eye, thy hand, were there.

## III.

I again mine arm uplifted;  
The wild waters stayed no more,



Rolled o'er Egypt's warriors drifted  
Like heaped sea-weed on the shore;  
Thou the fiery cloud by day,  
And the watch-flame in the night,  
Led'st on the ordained way,  
Guide and beacon of our flight.

## IV.

When in the waste wilderness  
Israel felt the parching thirst,  
Thou the barren rock didst bless :  
At my voice the waters burst :  
And when hunger on them preyed,  
Still my prayer thy favour found ;  
Bread by Thee in manna laid  
Thick as hoar-frost strewed the ground.

## V.

While the earth-shaking thunders rolled  
Around Sinai's awful throne,  
While Israel prostrate fell, controlled  
By thy Presence seen, alone  
I, to Thee ascended ; I,  
Clay-made, stood to hear thy will,  
Scathed not by the lightning eye,  
For Thy love upheld me still.

## VI.

When thy finger scorched the Law  
On the blazing tablet-stone,  
I the living record saw,  
The handwriting of thine own :



Then didst thou thyself avow,  
Mad'st thy glory on me shine,  
Israel feared my sunlike brow,  
For my face reflected thine!

## VII.

God — if thus hath been my grace,  
Dare I breathe my last request,  
But to look upon thy face;  
But to see thyself confessed?  
On thy glory let me gaze,  
Once but on thine opening eye,  
Though consumed amid the blaze,  
Though I worship Thee and die!

## VIII.

In the cave the prophet bowed  
To earth, while the air became  
As a presence in a shroud,  
Hiding One who passed in flame;  
Lightnings clove the clouds asunder,  
Scroll-like fleeing from his look;  
Whirlwinds mingled with the thunder;  
Earth to her foundations shook:

## IX.

But, while midnight grew from light,  
While on fire the fervid air,  
They but heralded the might  
Of the God who was not there;  
Darkness felt weighed lead-like o'er him,  
Awe and dread upon him fell;



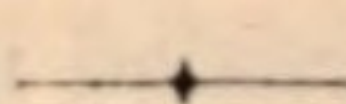
And the hand of One before him  
Passed, to veil the Ineffable.

## X.

Gasped his breath in strife with death,  
Heaved his heart's convulsive throes,  
Glared his eyes in terror set,  
And his hair erect arose;  
In the silence that was felt  
Each life-pulse beat audibly,  
Horror thrilled him as he knelt,  
Moses knew the LORD pass by!



## JEPHTHAH'S VOW.



## I.

God of Abraham ! hear me now,  
 Thou hast raised me up to be  
 Israel's chief ; record my vow !  
 Give me this day victory ;  
 Aid me but to triumph o'er  
 The Philistine as of yore,  
 And I swear, I swear to thee,  
 Here, adoring on my knee,  
 By this sword I raise on high,  
 By this buckler with which I  
 Will return, or on it lie ;  
 On whate'er I set my eyes,  
 From the victory returning,  
 That upon the altar burning  
 Shall be thy first sacrifice,  
 To thee, God of battles given,  
 Who didst strengthen me from heaven !

## II.

The shouts of victory rose, the timbrels sounded,  
 Grey men came forth with wreaths of laurel green,  
 And in the dance glad Israel's maidens bounded  
 Circling their mistress with triumphant mien,



For Jephthah's honoured daughter they surrounded,  
Handmaids of beauty waiting round their queen.

She stood among them yet alone,  
Peerless and pure as is the moon  
Among the lesser planets shown.  
Her locks unbraided now were strewn  
In masses o'er her shoulder, bright  
In glistening threads of amber light:  
But where they parted o'er her brow,  
And left her temples bared, was traced  
The violet vein that stained their snow;  
And where those tresses interlaced  
With their entangled braid descended,  
Veiling that swan-like neck of pride,  
And with her heaving bosom blended,  
Shadowing the forms they could not hide,  
They looked as they had caught the rays  
Of sunset in their golden maze.

### III.

Triumph upon her forehead sate,  
Attempered with an air sedate.  
Not in herself but sire elate;  
For on that open brow was read  
The spirit she inherited.  
And thus with arms across her breast  
Folded, with gentlest gesture bending,  
And motion where each grace confessed  
Was with her step of music blending;  
With downcast eyes all innocent,  
That fixed each warrior's glance of fire,



In conscious joy the maiden went  
To welcome home her warrior sire.  
And Jephthah through the dense array  
Of serried squadrons bursts his way,  
Then, terror-struck, recoils aghast,  
His eyes are on his daughter cast !

## IV.

“ My daughter, oh ! my daughter—why  
Art thou the first to meet mine eye ?  
And feel'st thou not that thou must die ?  
And know'st thou not the oath that I  
To our God have sworn ? that oath  
Which hath sacrificed us both :  
That the first I met returning  
From the battle-field, should be  
Slain upon yon altar burning,  
Offering of victory !  
Thou, devoted one, art come,  
Sealing thus thy fated doom.  
Frantic sire !—what hast thou done ?  
I, my child ! even I will be  
Sacrifice in death for thee ;  
I will be the atoning one,  
For my oath I dare not break,  
Not for thee, my daughter's sake ! ”

## V.

“ Look upon me, O my sire !  
Read'st thou fear upon this brow ?  
Doth the pulse of joy expire  
In my heart exulting now ?  
Thou hast conquered ! God hath heard,



Was not then his sacrifice,  
And the oath by thee preferred,  
Sanctioned in the Almighty's eyes?  
If thou durst, O father! break  
Thus thy plighted faith to Him,  
Strike for thy own daughter's sake!  
If mine eyes in death be dim,  
If a groan shall tell of pain,  
If I shrink beneath thy blow,  
Do not thou thy hand refrain,  
Thou alone that pang wilt know.

## VI.

“Blessed, yea, thrice blest am I!  
Chosen pledge of gratitude  
For my country's victory:  
Strike—nor start at thine own blood.  
It is thine, my father! thine,  
Strike, while I confront thine eye,  
On thy breast while I recline,  
Thus my father! let me die,  
While thy brow is laurel-crowned,  
Thy hand red with foemen's gore,  
While glad Israel hails thee round,  
Conqueror now, as Judge before;  
Prove to them that thou, too, art  
Like the patriarch of old,  
That when God demands thy heart  
Nature's pulse can be controlled!  
Israel's daughters still shall keep  
Deathlessly our names allied,  
And say exulting while they weep,  
'Think how Jephthah's daughter died!'"



## SAUL, AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

WITCH.

Ho, Stranger! wherefore to my gate  
Com'st thou at this hour so late?  
Who art thou that watch dost keep  
Even when the watchful sleep?

SAUL.

In this dead and midnight hour  
We have sought to prove thy power;  
Power men say thou dost inherit,  
Gift of thy familiar spirit:  
We would raise one from the dead.

WITCH.

Know'st thou not what Saul hath said?  
How the wizards he hath sent  
Unto death or banishment?  
Wherefore dost thou tempt me? why  
Lay'st thou snares for me to die?

SAUL.

By the eternal Lord of all!  
Nought of ill shall thee befall,



But all good and length of days :  
Gold, poured forth at thy own price,  
To glut the heart of avarice,  
Shall be thine.

WITCH.

Approach me, thou  
Of the muffled face and brow,  
Enter—whom would ye I raise?

SAUL.

On the mighty I would gaze ;  
Call up him, the buried Seer,  
Even let Samuel's form appear !  
He, the holy one of God,  
Who sleepeth beneath Ramah's sod.

WITCH.

Wherefore dost thou tempt me still ?  
Shall I brave the Almighty will ?  
God would blast me where I stand,  
Dared I with unholy wand  
Aught beneath my charm compel  
Save the leagued Powers of Hell.

SAUL.

I command thee, *I*—obey !  
Did not Saul God's prophets slay  
When they dared oppose his path ?  
Dost thou, worm-like, cross his wrath,  
And chafe the lion in despair ?  
Look thou on this brow, I bear  
The brand of Cain engraven there ;



I stand here by God accursed,  
As thou, and I would know the worst.  
I will raise him up, though I,  
Looking on the vision, die.

WITCH.

Ha!—dost thou thyself avow?  
King of men! I know thee now;  
Hide no more thy crowned brow:  
By that helm that towers o'er all,  
I know the warrior crest of Saul!

SAUL.

Raise him!

WITCH.

Spirits! that had birth  
When the giants walked the earth;  
Prophets! ye who erewhile trod  
In the holy ways of God,  
Rise, appear above the flame!  
King, I dare not breathe his name.  
O'er the abyss my wand I raise:  
Through the ascending clouds I gaze.

SAUL.

What forms see'st thou through the haze?

WITCH.

Godlike shapes of old, I see,  
Rising in veiled majesty:



Kings encrowned, and patriarchs grey ;  
Heroes, seers, long passed away,  
But he hears not —

SAUL.

Samuel, hear !  
Prophet of the ONE, appear !  
By the name of Him who took thee,  
By thy chosen, who forsook thee,  
Whom thou still didst love, lamenting,  
Him the lost and unrepenting :  
Suppliant on my knees I fall,  
Hear the contrite voice of Saul !  
Burst the cerements of the grave,  
The living and the lost to save.

WITCH.

It is he—he riseth there !  
By the Eternal One I swear  
He had been to me denied ;  
I called him not, he had not heard  
Vows by such as me preferred.  
The dead has wakened from his sleep !  
From the realm where worms abide,  
Where the dead their vigils keep,  
The immortal spirit riseth here ;  
Lo ! I kneel, and God revere.

SAUL.

I dare not gaze on him, I hide  
My brow within my mantle's fold.  
Tell me what thou dost behold.  
How doth he my summons brook ?  
Calm or frowning is his look ?



## WITCH.

'Tis an Old Man in his shroud,  
Wrapped as in a wintry cloud.  
Solemn and severe is he,  
With his dead eyes fixed on thee;  
Eyes that shed reflected light,  
Such as rests on Pisgah's height,  
When the reddened setting sun  
Tells the stormy day is done.  
Nought of human passion now  
Rests upon that livid brow,  
But a record on it dwells  
That to thee thy fate foretells.  
There is warning and despair,  
And death's sentence graven there.  
List! — with effort he doth speak,  
But his voice is faint and weak,  
Like the breeze of night when sighing  
O'er the leaves of autumn dying.

## SAMUEL.

Why am I disquieted?  
Wherefore wakened from the dead?  
Wild ambition, man unblest!  
Couldst thou not thy moment rest?  
But another fleeting day,  
And thou too hadst passed away!  
Thou, God-chosen, child of sin,  
Wayward have thy footsteps been;  
Headstrong in thy tyrant will,  
Thou dost thy own doom fulfil:  
Retribution stern, but just.



SAUL.

I am humbled to the dust !  
The Philistine hosts surround me,  
Evil with a spell hath bound me :  
I have striven but in vain,  
Loathing its abhorred chain,  
But none aided me ; I felt  
A mastering fiend within me dwelt,  
That still mocked me while it wound  
Its clankless links my spirit round.  
God forsakes, nor deigns to hear,  
Or by vision or by seer ;  
Therefore dared I call thee, thou  
Once didst love me—hear me now !

SAMUEL.

Wherefore dost thou turn to me,  
Seeing God thine enemy ?  
He hath done but what He said :  
Thou hast heaped upon thy head  
Thy own punishment, thou art  
The sole hardener of thy heart.  
When the tyrant thou didst spare  
But his sordid spoil to share.  
Daring God to disobey,  
He left thee to passion's sway,  
Of thy kingdom then bereft ;  
Then, as I in sorrow left,  
Thou didst grasp my mantle's fold,  
Rent in thy despairing hold,  
Severed then wast thou from me,  
As is Israel rent from thee !



Hast thou not God's prophets slain ?  
Could they, raised from earth again,  
Aught on thy unhallowed head  
Save denunciation shed ?

Hear the Judge's fixed award ;  
The death-sentence of the Lord !  
Even now thou art as dead ;  
Ere to-morrow's sun be sped,  
Israel's armies shall be driven  
Like chaff before the winds of heaven !  
And thy kingdom shall be shaken,  
And thy crown from thee be taken.  
On the field of battle lying  
They shall mock thee, King ! while dying,  
And thy severed head in scorn  
On Philistine spears be borne ;  
But thyself and sons shall be  
In the realm of death with me.



SAUL.

I am humbled to the dust !  
The Philistine hosts surround me,  
Evil with a spell hath bound me :  
I have striven but in vain,  
Loathing its abhorred chain,  
But none aided me ; I felt  
A mastering fiend within me dwelt,  
That still mocked me while it wound  
Its clankless links my spirit round.  
God forsakes, nor deigns to hear,  
Or by vision or by seer ;  
Therefore dared I call thee, thou  
Once didst love me—hear me now !

SAMUEL.

Wherefore dost thou turn to me,  
Seeing God thine enemy ?  
He hath done but what He said :  
Thou hast heaped upon thy head  
Thy own punishment, thou art  
The sole hardener of thy heart.  
When the tyrant thou didst spare  
But his sordid spoil to share.  
Daring God to disobey,  
He left thee to passion's sway,  
Of thy kingdom then bereft ;  
Then, as I in sorrow left,  
Thou didst grasp my mantle's fold,  
Rent in thy despairing hold,  
Severed then wast thou from me,  
As is Israel rent from thee !



Hast thou not God's prophets slain ?  
Could they, raised from earth again,  
Aught on thy unhallowed head  
Save denunciation shed ?

Hear the Judge's fixed award ;  
The death-sentence of the Lord !  
Even now thou art as dead ;  
Ere to-morrow's sun be sped,  
Israel's armies shall be driven  
Like chaff before the winds of heaven !  
And thy kingdom shall be shaken,  
And thy crown from thee be taken.  
On the field of battle lying  
They shall mock thee, King ! while dying,  
And thy severed head in scorn  
On Philistine spears be borne ;  
But thyself and sons shall be  
In the realm of death with me.



## SAUL IN THE BATTLE.

ARMOUR-BEARER ! stand, nor fear,  
 Not a footstep further fly ;  
 Nothing now is left us here  
 But a soldier's death to die !  
 Thou hast seen my deeds this day ;  
 Thou to Israel shalt tell  
 How, the last, I fought my way  
 Through yon ranks, and fighting fell.

I have done a soldier's part,  
 I have seen my sons expire,  
 Each with a devoted heart  
 Shielding with his life his sire :  
 Who can battle with his fate,  
 Who may war against the Lord ?  
 On my sword-arm hung a weight ;  
 In mine ears the awful word  
 Of the prophet rang, heard o'er  
 Shouting squadrons as they closed ;  
 Vain they fled mine arm before ;  
 God my onward path opposed.

I have fought against despair !  
 In the thickest slaughter I



Felt that He had placed me there  
But a sacrifice to die.  
All is over, see from far  
Israel to the foe doth yield !  
God's decrees unshaken are,  
Mightiest on the battle field.

I am wounded to the death,  
Yet, while 'leaning on my spear,'  
Ere ebbs forth my latest breath,  
Do thou Saul's confessions hear !  
When o'er Israel I was throned  
King and Judge ordained to be,  
In my pride I God disowned,  
As He now disowneth me.

Vain were Samuel's warnings given,  
Vainly frowned the prophet's brow ;  
I forgot the One in heaven  
As I am forgotten now.  
Lo ! they come, those shouting bands !  
Let me not be dragged away,  
Let not their unhallowed hands  
Make a mockery of my clay !

From my body cleave my head,  
That they know me not when slain ;  
Pride survives, though I am dead,  
King though I have been in vain.  
They are on us—cleave me down ;  
Just, O God ! is thy decree ;  
Let my sons, my kingdom, crown,  
And my blood atone to Thee !



## J A E L   A N D   S I S E R A.

### I.

H E is sleeping ; on the ground  
 Prostrate that mailed form is laid,  
 Stretched in death-like trance profound.  
 His red lance is by his side,  
 With his crested helm of pride ;  
 Near his grasp his falchion riven,  
 Bloodstained, shows its dinted blade.  
 The drained goblet is lying  
 Tossed upon his golden shield,  
 Milk whose draught by Jael given  
 Quenched the fiery thirst when flying  
 From the abandoned battle-field.  
 Thrown aside his arms, for he  
 Hath trusted hospitality,  
 In the sympathies that rest  
 In their home of woman's breast.

He is sleeping, yet ye hear  
 Not a pulse of his drawn breath :  
 Like a corpse upon its bier  
 Lies that imaged form of death.  
 The lamp's ray doth settling rest  
 Steadfastly on his mailed breast,  
 Flashing back its steely gleam  
 Like moonlight on the unruffled stream.



## II.

On that high and haughty brow  
Passion, lion-like, sleeps now ;  
There is stamped the imperious will,  
And command inflexible,  
The defiance that would make  
Danger for the daring's sake.  
On his forehead sunk, the veins  
Are enlarged and lax'd, the stains  
Of dust, blood, and sweat are blended ;  
The red nostril is distended ;  
And the sinewy throat is swelled  
Like one in death's grapple held.  
His arms, gathered o'er his head,  
Show their shrunken tendons ; blood  
That so wildly through them sped  
Now hath left them, as the flood  
Leaves the sands of ocean bare :  
Tides of throbbing life apart  
Ebb'd to gather round his heart,  
All of life concentr'd there.  
Each wild passion in repose  
Sleeps, the shouts, the battle's close,  
The clang of arms, the trampling crowd  
Of rushing men, the whirlwind cloud  
Of dust, the rally and the roar  
Of earthquake victory heard no more !

## III.

Hark—a sound without the tent !  
Is 't the night-wind murmuring by ?  
The stilled curtains are unbent,  
The swung lamp burns steadfastly :



But a presence felt is near,  
A danger that doth not appear.  
Lo, the fold is slowly raised !  
A dark face within hath gazed,  
'Mid shadows shrouding hastily.  
Why hath Jael left her rest  
To watch o'er her slumbering guest ?  
Pale her forehead as the ray,  
Through the cloudy winter's day,  
Looks on earth by light forsaken ;  
Staid was her severer look,  
As one in her thought unshaken,  
That a feller purpose took,  
As she watched the lifeless thing  
Stretched beneath her slumbering.

## IV.

Close o'er him she stood, as stands  
The priestess o'er the victim chained,  
But steel gleams not in her hands :  
Has great Nature's self restrained  
Her fell impulse ? the lamp's light  
On her rigid face gleams bright,  
Cold, and pale, as if it were  
Moulded into marble there.  
Slowly o'er him she is bending,  
Listening if life's pulse ascending  
From his heart she yet may hear ;  
If he from that sleep could wake,  
If nature from that trance could break :  
It were mockery to fear !  
Stilled and breathless he doth lie  
Wrapped in slumber's apathy.



Then from her dilated eye  
Flashed a preternatural glance ;  
Flushed her heated countenance  
From the lamp turned, as it were  
An eye living fixed on her !  
She raised not his weapons near,  
Nor the sword nor broken spear :  
These were warrior arms that gave  
The death ennobling still the brave !  
Fitter implements may find  
Scorn, to show how weak a thing  
Is a hero slumbering.  
Even the curtain bolts that bind  
The frail tent, suffice to show  
The power of woman o'er her foe ;  
Deadlier the nail than brand  
Grasped by hate's inventive hand.

## v.

He moves—as one that had essayed  
To break the trance upon him laid ;  
Whence that effort wild yet deep  
To burst the lethargy of sleep ?  
His soul wakened, but enchained  
By the fate that o'er him reigned\*,  
He saw her above him stand  
The murderess with uplifted hand.  
Shot the blood into her face  
And brow, with that convulsive start !

\* 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' — *Judges* v. 20.



A moment, and that human trace  
Of feeling vanished, her nerved heart  
Beat evenly, and left her brow  
Severer, fiercer, deadlier now.  
Slowly o'er him she is kneeling,  
By the lamp whose ray is stealing  
O'er his prostrate forehead, she  
There the bolt points fixedly.

## VI.

Her arm is raised — one crushing stroke  
Thrillingly the silence broke,  
As the ponderous mallet rang  
On that bolt with iron clang !  
Flashed the agonising pang,  
Burst forth the spasmodic groan ;  
Wildly round his limbs are thrown  
As the serpent crushed while lying  
Writhing in its tortures dying !  
And she over him doth stand,  
The steel gleaming in her hand,  
With the half-curved lip, and eye  
Of contempt, as steadfastly  
She marked the convulsive strain  
Of his arm to strike in vain.

Thou thy fellest work hast done !  
His last agony is sped :  
In that long-drawn hollow groan  
Has the indignant spirit flown !  
Thou thy aim of hate hast won ;  
For he knew thee while he bled ;



He had proved and felt the worst,  
 As from sleep's last trance he burst ;  
 That a sterner will assailed,  
 And a woman's hand prevailed :  
 And he felt how vainly he  
 Israel had oppressed in thee ;  
 While his eye of death defied  
 The false hand by which he died !



## ON THE SHORE AT TERRACINA.

### I.

Thou blue Mediterranean ! before thee  
 I stand, while fades the twilight's floating glow ;  
 O thou glad rolling and rejoicing Sea !  
 The passion and the love that fill me now  
 While gazing on thy face, I would avow :  
 The sunlight lives within thy flashing eye,  
 The watching heaven is mirrored on thy brow ;  
 The heavings of thy breast are heard on high  
 Sounding in thunder pulses everlastingly.

### II.

What teach the solemn voices of thy surge ?  
 What read we in their flashing scrolls ? the flow  
 And ebb of an all-dateless time, the dirge  
 Of our quick being that doth come and go ;  
 But on thy glorious forehead lives the glow  
 Of an eternal youth ; earth's grey decay,  
 Ashes, and dust, and death, thou dost not know,  
 The majesty of ruin and decay,  
 Thou that roll'st on the same for ever as to-day.



## III.

Thou saw'st alone the secrets, mighty deep !  
Of the Almighty when the world was made,  
His passing form was imaged on thy sleep :  
The shadow of his presence when were stayed  
Thy waves' wild course ; thou heard'st the Voice that  
said,

Let there be light ! when on thy brow was shed  
The flashing sun-rays, when quick life obeyed  
The word, and was ; when from thy grave-like bed  
Great earth arose like one awakened from the dead.

## IV.

O thou idolatry of elder time !  
Throned among gods the highest, on thy shore  
Knelt god-like shapes ; through every age and clime  
Altars to thee have risen, states that wore  
Fame's crown upon their foreheads are no more ;  
Yet thou the same art ever fresh and free  
As if thy life a deathless being bore :  
As if while men were gazing upon thee  
Thou could'st infuse in them thy immortality.

## V.

Creator and destroyer ! the grey hills  
Rock-ribbed, like prisoning walls that round thee close,  
Crumble before thy breath, their ruin fills  
And girds thy bed of rest ; the Titans rose  
From thee and shall return when overthrows  
Thy strength their loftiest crests, when earth foredone,  
Sinks wearied in thy bosom for repose ;  
While thou, unchanging as ere time begun,  
Cleavest through darkling space without or star or sun !



## ON THE SHORE AT TERRACINA.

### I.

Thou blue Mediterranean ! before thee  
 I stand, while fades the twilight's floating glow ;  
 O thou glad rolling and rejoicing Sea !  
 The passion and the love that fill me now  
 While gazing on thy face, I would avow :  
 The sunlight lives within thy flashing eye,  
 The watching heaven is mirrored on thy brow ;  
 The heavings of thy breast are heard on high  
 Sounding in thunder pulses everlastingly.

### II.

What teach the solemn voices of thy surge ?  
 What read we in their flashing scrolls ? the flow  
 And ebb of an all-dateless time, the dirge  
 Of our quick being that doth come and go ;  
 But on thy glorious forehead lives the glow  
 Of an eternal youth ; earth's grey decay,  
 Ashes, and dust, and death, thou dost not know,  
 The majesty of ruin and decay,  
 Thou that roll'st on the same for ever as to-day.



## III.

Thou saw'st alone the secrets, mighty deep !  
Of the Almighty when the world was made,  
His passing form was imaged on thy sleep :  
The shadow of his presence when were stayed  
Thy waves' wild course ; thou heard'st the Voice that  
said,  
Let there be light ! when on thy brow was shed  
The flashing sun-rays, when quick life obeyed  
The word, and was ; when from thy grave-like bed  
Great earth arose like one awakened from the dead.

## IV.

O thou idolatry of elder time !  
Throned among gods the highest, on thy shore  
Knelt god-like shapes ; through every age and clime  
Altars to thee have risen, states that wore  
Fame's crown upon their foreheads are no more ;  
Yet thou the same art ever fresh and free  
As if thy life a deathless being bore :  
As if while men were gazing upon thee  
Thou could'st infuse in them thy immortality.

## V.

Creator and destroyer ! the grey hills  
Rock-ribbed, like prisoning walls that round thee close,  
Crumble before thy breath, their ruin fills  
And girds thy bed of rest ; the Titans rose  
From thee and shall return when overthrows  
Thy strength their loftiest crests, when earth foredone,  
Sinks wearied in thy bosom for repose ;  
While thou, unchanging as ere time begun,  
Cleavest through darkling space without or star or sun !



## KING BOABDIL'S LAMENT.



DOWNWARD swept the Moorish squadrons filing from  
Granada's walls;  
Moslems' reign at length is ended, silent are Alhambra's  
halls,  
Spain's proud standard floats above her towers, and  
mosques, and gardens fair,  
Warrior's song and lute of lover never more shall waken  
there!

On they marched with banners trailing in the dust be-  
fore the foe:  
Nought is there but woman's wailing, frantic gestures,  
speechless woe:  
Then Boabdil\*, backward turning, saw the Red Cross  
planted high;  
Grief and rage his bosom burning, choked his throat and  
dimmed his eye.

But when pealed their trumpets' clangour, and their  
shouts above him broke,  
When he saw the Crescent standard cloven by the heads-  
man's stroke,

\* Aboul-abd-Allah, the son of Zoaraya, surnamed "Zaquir."



And the Red Cross o'er it streaming forward like a  
meteor flung,  
Tears, but tears of shame and anger, burst from his  
indignant tongue.

"O thou land of love and glory! must we see thee then  
no more?

Who shall tell our fatal story, when on Afric's burning  
shore?

Who shall leave with soul unshaken tombs where sleep  
our fathers dead?

Holy Prophet! they will waken, they will hear our part-  
ing tread.

"Flower of cities! must we lose thee, we who made thee  
what thou art?

Joy of every eye that views thee, pride of every Moslem's  
heart!

On thy stately towers while dwelling, on thy spires in  
heaven that shine,

Who but feels his bosom swelling with a grandeur  
caught from thine?

"Who shall match thy lovely fountains, groves whose  
fragrance loads the air,

Myrtled vales, and vine-wreathed mountains, music's  
echoes lingering there;

Who, thy glorious self possessing, would not in thy love  
be blest?

Where existence is a blessing dreamed away upon thy  
breast.

"Must we leave these haunts for ever, for a hot and  
burning sky,

Where the herbage gladdens never, where life opens but  
to die?



On the sandy deserts marching, streams and fields like  
thine shall rise :

Streams that mock our palates parching, fields that cheat  
our aching eyes.

“O my kingdom ! must we sever ? how shall I my pas-  
sion tell ?

Land of beauty lost for ever, land of glory,—fare thee  
well !

Who shall soothe us on the morrow, exiles on the track-  
less sea ?

Life has nothing left but sorrow : all is lost in leaving  
thee ! ”

Out spake then his haughty mother—she had stood and  
watched him nigh :

Pride and scorn she could not smother, darkening in her  
Moorish eye :

“Son !—if son I still must call thee—cease thy grief’s  
bemoaning tone ;

If what thou hast done appals thee, still thy dagger is  
thine own !

“Liv’st thou not ?—can degradation sink thee lower  
than thou art ?

Can the leprosy of meanness deeper taint thy spotted  
heart ?

Dar’st thou outlive thy dishonour ?—dar’st thou brave  
thy mother’s scorn ?

Would the grave had closed upon her on the hour when  
thou wast born !

“Can a slave like thee inherit the fire kindled in our  
veins ?

Where is fled the hero’s spirit that prefers not death to  
chains ?



When, if ever Moor retreated, outlived he his stricken  
pride?  
Never were our kings defeated, on the field they won  
or died:

“Better far that thou hadst perished, fighting on yon  
leagured wall,  
Better far that thou hadst cherished base life in a  
dungeon's thrall;  
Better I had slain thee, start not!—slain thee with this  
woman's hand;  
So thou with thy shame depart not exiled on a homeless  
land.

“See thy work, accursed of Allah! kingdoms yielded by  
thy fears:  
By thy sires won, by our valour upheld for a thousand  
years:  
Hadst thou but thy falchion wielded like thy mighty  
fathers dead!  
Thou without a stroke hast yielded, thou without an  
effort fled:

“Yet thou stand'st thy fate arraigning! the base life  
thou sought'st is thine:  
Live, in coward words complaining, while to die of shame  
be mine:  
On! but join not the procession, let not men thy weak-  
ness view;  
Make them not, by thy confession, hate thee, and despise  
thee too;

“Yield the prize up to the stronger, they have won  
their great reward:  
Glorious prize! which thou no longer hadst the heart  
or hand to guard.



See the infidels triumphant, hear their shouts as we  
depart!

Feel the wound thou hast inflicted, till its gangrene eat  
thy heart:

“Look at yon all-glorious city, with her golden girdle  
spread;

Look at the Alhambra towering o'er her inmates who  
have fled:

And the Fountain of the Lions, who that stately name  
shall hear

Deeming they who slept beside them quailed from fight  
like stricken deer?

“Yet again behold Granada! feel thy recreant doom is  
just;

See their Cross triumphant waving hurled the Crescent  
in the dust!

Onward then, while execration dogs thee to thy exiled  
clime,

Where the curses of thy nation wait thee to the end of  
time.”



## THE FAMILY LEGEND.

### I.

MERRILY flashed the sun-rays on  
 The castle of Morpeth bright ;  
 Grey tower, and keep, and donjon shone  
 In morning's purple light ;  
 Merrier within the court, the din  
 Of arming warriors rose,  
 For Sir Reginald Ræd on his mailed steed  
 To the Border-foray goes.

### II.

“Fling open the gate, it waxeth late,”  
 Cried the Knight—then backward bore  
 His rein for a swarthy woman sate,  
 With a lowering brow and eye of hate,  
 On the coping-stone of the door.  
 “In the fiend's name say, why stopp'st thou our  
 way  
 On the ground with thy lighted stare ?  
 Squat like a toad by the bridle-road,  
 I had nigh tramped over thee there.”



## III.

“Sir Reginald Ræd, I warn thee heed :  
Thy menials thrust me forth ;  
But I watched day break that thou should'st make  
Thy peace with me on earth.”  
Wrath lit the chieftain's eye of flame :  
“Dost beg in our threshold still,  
And covert threat to our beards proclaim ?  
Get to the buttery, in God's name,  
There feast thee at thy will.

## IV.

“From thy swart glance shoots ill askance  
I love not, woman ! hence :  
An my will were free, from the gallows tree  
Thine age were no defence.”  
She laid her hand upon the selle ;  
Upreared the steed on high,  
Scathed as by fire-flakes cast from hell :  
To earth that dark grey woman fell,  
But the Knight gazed on her eye !

## V.

“Thou shalt hear me, Knight ! while I do thee right  
For the guerdon thou givest me :  
Thou hast years threescore and more, the night  
Of this day shalt thou never see :  
The birthday feast in thy hall even now  
Is spread for thee in vain :  
The Judgment trump shall sound ere thou  
Shalt enter there again !



## VI.

“Proud thou art of thy Saxon name,  
Unblenched by the Norman stain !  
Thy race shall be known when not a stone  
Of these grey towers remain :  
But not a man of them shall see,  
Or warrior, bard, or sage,  
Years threescore-ten accorded thee.”  
Forth burst the Chieftain’s rage :—

## VII.

“Avaunt thee, Witch !—if ill befall  
Or me or mine to-day,  
I’ll have thee hung on the Castle wall,  
To scare the crows away.  
And wert thou man didst beard me so,  
The stoutest, in my wrath,  
My axe had felled thee at a blow ;  
Hence, ere I spurn thee as I go,  
Thou reptile on my path !”

## VIII.

Forth the warrior sprang, his armour rang,  
His falcon-pennon spread,  
Waved to the wind, his spearman lined  
Marched on with measured tread.  
The foray won, ere day was done  
Pealed forth the wailing horn !  
Pierced by a spear, the chief on a bier  
Of shields was homeward borne.



## IX.

They passed the floor of the drawbridge door,  
Where the woman-weird so late  
Through the livelong night in wrath had paced,  
Whose words had knelled his fate.  
She passed like a shade the warder's gate,  
But a scroll on the bar was traced,  
A Cross, and beneath the moral rede:  
"The dead their warnings give;  
Spurn not the beggar in her need;  
All have an equal right to live."

This ballad is founded on a family tradition. The ancient family of Ræd, the name attesting their Saxon ancestry, were originally from Morpeth, in Northumberland, where they gained honourable note during the Border wars. We find the name mentioned in Froissart. In the Harleian Manuscript in the Museum, folio 104. 1545, the head of the family is traced the seventeenth in direct descent from King Edward III. Sir Robert Ræd was constituted king's sergeant, 1494, to Henry VII., and from that monarch's estimation, ordained one of his executors. He was also created chief justice of Common Pleas, 1507, in which station we recognise him in 2 Henry VIII. The baronetcy was accorded by Charles II. for good service rendered and unshaken loyalty, in the year 1660, to the descendant of Sir Robert Reade, who, after the battle of Worcester, held out his house of Barton Court, near Abingdon, until burnt over his head by a detachment of Parliamentarians.



## VISION OF THE ANCIENT KINGS.

The Vision came upon my sleep  
From the phantom-land of dream;  
And with its prophetic glance,  
Song was sent me wild and deep.

## VISION OF THE ANCIENT KINGS.

That escaped on my mind each form  
But the words which should unfold  
Are offered from memory:  
And when I look back from my eye,  
Things as memory presents appear  
Fragments of some marvellous story  
With grey wood and moss and grove,  
When the tale they told is gone,  
I will painfully essay  
To trace them through their dream,  
For, for ever, they pass away.

I came up from the honey bee,  
Like Pigeon from a far country,  
The path wound through an ancient wood,  
A silent solemn solitude.



## VISION OF THE ANCIENT RINGS.

The legend is based on a story which is told in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. It is a story of a vision which was seen by a man named *Mac Dubh* in the year 1000. The vision was of a man who was sitting on a throne and was surrounded by a number of rings. The man was wearing a crown and was holding a scepter. The rings were of different colors and were arranged in a circle around the man. The man was looking at the rings and was saying to himself, "What are these rings?" The rings were of different colors and were arranged in a circle around the man. The man was looking at the rings and was saying to himself, "What are these rings?"



## VISION OF THE ANCIENT KINGS.

### I.

THE VISION came upon my sleep  
 From the phantom-land of dreams ;  
 And with its prophetic gleams,  
 Song was sent me wild and deep,  
 To tell all I did behold.  
 The ethereal fire is warm  
 That stamped on my mind each form ;  
 But the words which should unfold  
 Are effaced from memory :  
 And those forms fade from my eye,  
 Faint as records graven upon  
 Fragments of some mouldering stone,  
 With grey weed and moss o'ergrown,  
 When the tale they told is gone.  
 I will painfully essay  
 To trace them through their decay,  
 Ere, for aye, they pass away.

### II.

I came up from the hoary Sea,  
 Like Pilgrim from a far countree :  
 The path wound through an ancient wood,  
 A silent solemn solitude ;



I felt my human foot the first  
That ever had its stillness burst.  
A sense of awe, and doubt, and fear,  
The expectancy of evil near,  
The shadow not to be put by,  
Of following necessity,  
Crept o'er me as the jagged trees,  
Muttering above their mysteries,  
Impended o'er their fringed boughs  
Arched over me like hollow brows,  
Instinct with eyes that on me dwelt,  
That looking in my soul I felt.  
I felt as I beneath them passed,  
Their breath of life upon me shed;  
A greeting chill as from the dead,  
To one expected, come at last.

## III.

I gazed on the disturbing scene  
As on a place where I had been,  
Remembered from anterior birth,  
Ere darkened by the life of earth.  
Rent crags on the wild ground were strewed,  
Ruins of that grey solitude:  
Records were on their foreheads traced,  
By time and tempest half effaced:  
Strange mystic figures graved thereon  
By hands whose very dust was gone:  
Thoughts of old Seers, their birth and breath  
Lost in the infinite of death.  
And amidst them scattered wide,  
Broken columns lay, the pride



Once of palace, or of fane,  
Mouldered to their earth again !  
The anatomy laid bare  
To the winds and stormy air,  
Of the skeleton that towered  
In its giant form on high,  
Ere destruction o'er it lowered ;  
Till looked in the open sky,  
While the grass a mantle spread  
Above the city of the dead.

## IV.

But while I paced along, a change  
Stole o'er that scene so wild and strange :  
The shapes of nature round grew rife  
With meaning and mysterious life.  
My soul was opened, and I saw,  
With a sense of fear and awe,  
How the forms of earth apart  
Lived, pulsed by one inspiring heart ;  
The jagged trunks grotesque and bare,  
Leafless, and hoary, and moss-dried,  
Threw out abrupt into the air  
Their limbs and sinews petrified.  
The blind crags, the earth's giant-born,  
Raised, with a wild air and forlorn,  
Their bald and furrowed foreheads riven  
With earthquake and the fire from heaven :  
Like Statues of that Titan brood  
Who filled the world with war and blood,  
Until in wrath the God unknown  
Looked down, and stared them into stone !



## V.

A pale and livid halo spread  
Its flood above the hoar hill's head :  
As slowly from behind them rose  
The large blank Moon in grey repose,  
Faint gleaming like the spectral skull  
Of buried day, her frontlet dull,  
Black shadows trenched where lights had been,  
Like eyes their sockets sunk within ;  
A formless visage faintly traced,  
With shade and glimmer half effaced.  
The ancient rocks caught fitfully  
The tremulous light of her wan eye.  
As beneath her filmy veil,  
She showed her brow so high, so pale ;  
While with a cold and glittering gaze  
Their bald brows met her pallid rays !  
The dark deep woods from forth the gloom  
Emerged as from a yawning tomb,  
And showed their locks with dew besprent ;  
And raised their arms by lightnings rent :  
While where was open space, a ray  
Stole in at times through that drear way  
Where fancy laboured to behold  
Shapes that fear hath not seen or told !

## VI.

I stood before an ancient Church,  
A solemn-browed star-pointing pile ;  
The carved and quaintly-sculptured porch  
Was open, I paced through the aisle,



With breath withheld and noiseless tread :  
Like one who feels in reverent mood,  
Staid life should silently intrude  
Into the precincts of the dead !  
I looked around ; each mouldering tomb,  
In livid light amid the gloom  
Paled forth, the roof and pillars high  
Wrought with antique imagery.  
Figures strange that had no birth  
Upon our familiar earth ;  
Shapes distorted, vague, as we  
In the realm of cloudland see,  
Ere dislimbed each giant form  
Rides upon the gathering storm.  
Graven on the grey walls were  
Scrolls in unknown character ;  
Records only to be read  
By those in Christ who slumbered.

## VII.

Was it the organ-pipe profound,  
Or thunder in the distance drowned,  
That swelled the deep Voice I heard say,—  
‘ See how the mighty pass away ! ’  
Then I prayed and lowly knelt,  
Where their dust unconscious dwelt  
In darkness with the worm beneath :  
With hushed breath and still as death,  
I rested on the chancel-stone ;  
I prayed for the forgot, the unknown,  
The dead in peace reposing there :  
Their souls in heaven, their fame in air !



## VIII.

An echo answered to my sigh !  
I gazed upward : throned on high  
In a niche of the grey wall,  
Folded round with regal pall,  
A crowned Monarch met my eye.  
Mailed from head to heel ; alone  
Seated on his stony throne.  
In his hand a sceptre bearing,  
On his brow defiance wearing ;  
And despair and mingled pride  
Graven stone nor death could hide.  
I gazed upon the wall opposed,  
Which another KING disclosed :  
His helmed head bent forward frowning,  
Regal signs his helmet crowning,  
East and west were forms alike :  
Each half rising as to strike.

## IX.

I felt they were of dateless time,  
Of primeval age and clime ;  
Their armour was of mould foregone :  
With strange lights their helmets shone.  
On their shields the hosts of heaven  
Were inwrought : a scroll was given  
On each pedestal to tell  
How they triumphed, how they fell :  
But those records mocked the eye,  
The language of a world gone by.  
  
They were Kings pre-Adamite ;  
Of that giant race of might,



Titans of the earlier earth ;  
Who from heaven traced their birth,  
Till they in their ancestral pride,  
Time, and death, and God defied.  
They were mortal foes, and made  
Man against man stand arrayed :  
From earth's iron womb they drew  
The steel with which her sons they slew,  
And filled the world with slaughtering bands :  
Then fell beneath each other's hands.

## X.

But the AVENGER stayed their breath,  
And withheld their life in death ;  
Fate reserved for none beside.  
They died not, their souls were bound  
In the Statues of their pride,  
And were fixed that altar round :  
To see and feel how blest are those  
On whom God's peace and love o'erflows.  
Such the fiat stamped sublime  
Of the Holy One, the Just,  
Steadfast to the end of time :  
To subdue the pride of dust.  
I gazed upon those haughty forms,  
Which through time and ages' storms  
Had remained, decreed to be  
Seated there eternally.

## XI.

Lo, a change wrought and a wonder !  
A tongue of utterance in thunder



Rang that vaulted dome along,  
Deep and loud as that which told  
Vengeance was reserved for wrong ;  
That man's sins should be repaid,  
By the scales of justice weighed,  
When o'er earth the deluge rolled.  
With eyes upraised and breath withheld,  
And heart by awe and marvel swelled,  
In expectancy I leant,  
Against a brazen monument.  
I felt the dead beneath me stirred ;  
I knew their dust that warning heard,  
From hollow caverns echoing under :  
That the bonds of sleep or death  
Were in that voice heard beneath,  
By God, rock-like, rent asunder !

## XII.

From his everlasting tomb  
Slowly rose each Shape of stone !  
Their souls burst at once the spell :  
Each King did his life assume,  
And descended from his throne.  
From their hands their sceptres fell ;  
While with solemn steps they trod,  
Toward the altar-place of God.  
I heard the paved and brazen floor  
Clang, as their massive heels tramped o'er ;  
Pale lightnings round their helmets blazed :  
I saw their brows and eyeballs glazed,  
As slowly each his visor raised !



## XIII.

From each side they met, and joined  
Their mailed hands o'er the altar's fire :  
Then each King his head declined,  
And knelt before that holy pyre.  
Memory was waked and thought :  
Their tongues loosened, yet broke not  
The stillness held for dateless years ;  
As if stayed by human fears,  
Their changed natures dared not trust  
The vouchsafed pardon of the JUST :  
Silence was on them a power  
Felt like judgment in that hour ;  
But faith strengthening hope awoke,  
They essayed the power and spoke ;  
Their dark speech was in a tongue  
That I knew not ; but peace hung  
On their accents, words of prayer  
And fraternal love were there.

## XIV.

On the Altar in a row  
The golden cups made glorious show !  
Each King with his glaived hand  
Took the red wine from its stand,  
Each his right arm raised on high,  
Pointed toward the eastern sky :  
Then lowly on their knees they sank,  
Their helmed heads bowing ere they drank.  
With clasped hands they seemed to wait  
The award of God and fate,  
That His will he should reveal.  
One dread moment—the appeal



Was by answering thunder heard :  
Then from hand to hand each brother  
Took the cup and blessed each other.  
Breathless I nor spake nor stirred :  
But I said in my deep heart,  
“ Oh, that this might not depart !  
For this type sublime doth show,  
That though Kings may yield below  
Rein to their wild passions, they  
With their life must pass away :  
Revenge dies with the parting breath !  
All must then be joined in peace ;  
In the awful realm of Death  
All hate and envy cease ;  
If we would rise to starry Heaven,  
We must be as pure and bright ;  
And those erring from the right,  
Forgive, to be forgiven ;  
The spirit of love that reigns above  
Hath sworn it shall be so :  
The dead that keep their tranced sleep  
Have felt the oath below ! ”

## XV.

I looked where late the Altar shone,  
But the warrior-Kings were gone.  
Each Shape had resumed his throne :  
Heavenward the life was flown  
Forth from each impassive stone.  
I rose and stole forth from the church,  
And passed through that ancient porch  
Thoughtful, wrapt, and silently :  
Like one who turns with restless eye



From some disturbing mystery.  
I paced toward the hoary Sea;  
Beneath the stars the sheeted waves  
Heaved opening like yawning graves:  
I saw their blackening shrouds unrolled,  
The white surge edged each sable fold:  
I heard them break upon the shore,  
Their dirge was in the solemn roar.  
My soul, filled with their deep sound  
As of prophetic voices drowned  
In thunder, sank in trance profound!

## XVI.

I walked within the waves' chill breath  
Enfolded as with veils of death,  
The bearded mists that deepening grew,  
As foam-flakes on their eddies flew.  
Before me the Moon's sinking face  
Glowed like a fireless altar-place.  
White vapours ghost-like flitted by,  
Hurriedly catching the ray cast  
Sicklily from her livid eye.  
I dared not look behind; I felt  
The ground was hallowed where I trod:  
That I the limits had o'er-passed  
Of life, yea, entered on the sod  
Where Kings pre-Adamite had dwelt.  
Their eyes had watched, as over one  
Who had deeds unholy done;  
I felt hurried on, from fear  
Of a thing unknown, but near;  
Sightless but of substance still,  
In its shape impalpable:



With a power of good or ill  
Restless o'er me to fulfil !  
I felt Darkness crowned with cloud,  
Strode after me in his waste shroud,  
Like foe who doth not speak aloud,  
His shadow on the ground avowed.  
With stealthful pace and head depressed,  
As one who would relieve his breast  
From sense confused between the things  
Wrought of the brain's imaginings,  
Between the real and the seeming ;  
The living Vision and the dreaming,  
I left the land with shadows rife,  
And woke upon the shore of Life.



Memnon

# MEMNON:

A Drama.

The scene of the Drama is laid between Memphis and the Pyramids.  
The Time of Action, Three Days.



With a power of good or ill  
Restless o'er me to fulfil !  
I felt Darkness crowned with cloud,  
Strode after me in his waste shroud,  
Like foe who doth not speak aloud,  
His shadow on the ground avowed.  
With stealthful pace and head depressed,  
As one who would relieve his breast  
From sense confused between the things  
Wrought of the brain's imaginings,  
Between the real and the seeming ;  
The living Vision and the dreaming,  
I left the land with shadows rife,  
And woke upon the shore of Life.



# MEMNON:

A Drama.



*Dramatis Personæ.*

---

*Men.*

AMASIS, KING OF EGYPT.  
MEMNON.  
MENES.

SEGED.  
HIEROPHANT.

*Woman.*

LILIS, DAUGHTER OF AMASIS.

The Scene of the Drama is laid between Memphis and the Pyramids.

The Time of Action, Three Days.



THE design of this Drama is to embody the character of the hero and Patriot which has arisen in every age, and regenerated every nation: to illustrate in him a life of action and suffering ; one offering himself up a martyr to the natural religion of humanity, Freedom; who, conscious of eventual triumph, illustrates to his fellow-man that resistance of mind and body, against moral and physical oppression, attained by severest discipline. Nor might a theatre more appropriate for such action be found than amid Monuments that deepen in interest with each succeeding age, that further removes us from the state of despotism and slavery in which they were reared.







## ISIS.

O THOU antique divinity that liest  
In the deep heart of Egypt centering still,  
ISIS ! that from behind thy veils repliest  
To the truth-searching spirit, from thy throne  
Where Dendera, with her o'erarching zone,  
In the starred zodiac types the Ineffable ;  
Or where at Philæ sleep the mighty dead  
Or where the pyramid, thy altar place,  
Rises like thee in solitude sublime ;  
The mighty creed of a departed time,  
Religion that to God its source could trace,  
Buried with dust of ages round its base.  
Thee I invoke ! and with a faith whose feeling  
Is revelation of thy presence ; shed  
Thy inspiration on the song revealing  
Action and thought that was ; do thou sustain  
The quickening fire, that, ere the spark be fled  
Kindled by thee, as quenchless may remain !







## MEMNON.



### SCENE I.

THE CAVE OF MEMNON, OPENING ON A VIEW OF MEMPHIS  
AND THE PYRAMIDS.

*A Statue placed in a Recess of the Cavern.*

MEMNON.

Lo!—the work done, the embodying of my will,  
Semblance and substance of the clay-made man,  
His inner heart as cold. O, could I draw  
From earth her secret of vitality,  
Or particle from yonder fiery ray,  
I would create a living thing to answer  
The thought that moulded it. I would shape forth  
A Man I find not among men, to join  
In the great work I meditate; to kindle  
The flame of freedom in humanity,  
And make men feel their birthright.

Priest of Nature,

Beside her altar I have stood and drawn  
Spiritual meanings from her outward life.  
I felt her strength was based on unity:



The stars in their bright steadfastness revealed  
 A purpose fixed, attainable by man.  
 Let my thought feed no more on shapes of air,  
 But speak in action ; let me be myself  
 A living will, my ministry heard and felt  
 Embodied in mankind.

Beautiful Egypt !

What eye could gaze upon, nor bless thee ? see  
 Where Memphis sleeps beneath the rising sun  
 That magnifies her glories, dome and tower  
 Softened in distance ; Moëris' flashing lake  
 Catches the ray, while round meandering Nile  
 Veins with her azurest tint the golden waste.  
 And, all is blessed there, save human life,  
 Clustered, ant-like, around the Pyramids ;  
 Those tombs of kings, records of tyranny  
 Heaped up from nature's bones by men, brute-like  
 In all save form. O, could I forge my will  
 Into a power embodied like the gods,  
 Hence would I hurl its thunders, crushing them  
 Beneath their monuments ! A human form  
 Enters the pathway to my cave.

MENES.

My brother !

MEMNON.

Hold !

MENES.

Knowest thou me ?

MEMNON.

To spurn, wert thou less kin,

To slay.



MENES.

Has solitude thus on thee wrought,  
To disclaim thy humanity?

MEMNON.

Say, rather,  
To rend such ties. Slave! durst thou look on me,  
Once wast thou kin when thou swor'st fealty  
To liberty, then honour's front was thine.  
Then were we one in spirit as in form;  
Thy face hath changed its character, and looks  
The lie it daily tells. All thy king's wealth  
Compensates not thy chain, and all his power  
Avenges not his own self-injuries.  
Hence, ere this hand doth cleave thee, fallen branch,  
From thy ancestral trunk!

MENES.

Thy solitude  
Has made thee savage as thy life, and cave.

MEMNON.

Compare our states, his royalties with mine;  
His narrow halls with this great throne of nature:  
This palace visited by sun and moon,  
And messenger-winds, strength bringing on their wings;  
Whose dome is heaven, whose statues are the rocks,  
Whose pillars are the living trees, whose floor  
The everlasting earth; I am the King!  
He, on his nether seat, shut out from nature,  
And human hearts, the slave. Thou feel'st the truth;  
That he, the lord of his own thought and freedom,  
Who looks on brother man with reverent eyes,  
Himself a portion of the life he loves,  
He is the king. Who sent thee here?



MENES.

Amasis.

MEMNON.

Lo, how thy conscious self-accusing blood  
 Rises but at the name ! Tyrants are raised,  
 Yea, based upon the dust of man's prostration.  
 If greatness doth accord with man, 'tis won  
 By aiding brethren in thoughts and deeds.  
 Did he raise Memphis from the water's bed,  
 And teach the Nile to pay her homage, made  
 Her bulwark and her safety ? did he raise  
 The deep foundations of that lake, allaying  
 Drought, when parched Nile doth fail ? even Moëris,  
       stamped  
 Immortally with its creator's name ?  
 These are the acts that magnify the man,  
 Proving his right of rule from gods and nature,  
 Therefore men own in him divinity.

MENES.

Memphis loves him, she feels her liberty  
 The soldiers own him open to their claims.

MEMNON.

Accurst that government which rests its strength  
 Upon the sword ! whose pillars should be reared  
 On justice, mercy, popular reverence.  
 Tyranny moulds the soldier to its will,  
 The sharpened tool to cleave away supports  
 Protecting law had raised.

Is silence freedom ?

The chainless spirit felt in the bowed form,



The lowering eye, the hidden hate that waits  
 The deadlier spring? Morn rises o'er yon city  
 Loathed and unhailed; and when the fiery sun  
 Scorches all life, I see those human shoals  
 Driven on with lash and steel, life ebbing round  
 The Pyramid, and still the ranks renewed.

MENES.

Immortal works claim mortal sacrifice;  
 They shall record our fame throughout all time.  
 Ameliorate man's lot, thou dost create  
 The jealous freeman from the thoughtless slave.  
 Is not brow-sweat man's offering to health,  
 Holier than blood?

MEMNON.

War makes men beasts of prey,  
 Peace, which should yield them quiet, beasts of burden.  
 These a state's fruit, by fraud or force upheld;  
 The people are enslaved, the soldiers bribed  
 To guard corruption, citizens proscribed,  
 To hold them passive. Faintly dost thou plead  
 For tyranny, its chain weighs on thy soul.  
 Forgettest thou Amasis has usurped  
 The crown and throne of that great line of kings,  
 Descended from the patriarchal race,  
 Who sate beneath the open sky, while Egypt  
 Gathered around those delegates of heaven?  
 Doth the great shade of Mœris never haunt thee?

MENES.

We are watched!

MEMNON.

Forbear!



MENES.

Behold! in yonder niche  
A human form doth point to me, with brows  
Severe and solemn, such as Moeris bears  
In the porch of Memphis.

MEMNON.

Work of my own hands;  
The image of a Man to show what men  
Were, and may be, and an embodying  
Of further purpose, told to thee in vain.

MENES.

Accursed these trappings I have worn! from the hour  
A freeman takes a gift, his manhood's fled.  
Stern image of my sire! lo, here I kneel  
One with my brother joined; and when he saith,  
'Do this!' be my quick sword the lightning, making  
The purpose done when told.

Hear the king's dream;  
An eagle swooping o'er him, seized his crown,  
And bore it to the western hill, even here.

MEMNON.

O never let us mock the shows of dreams!  
The gods talk not with man, but when he sleeps,  
The sentinel eyes closed o'er this prison cell,  
They commune with his slumber; from the past  
Shadowing the things to come; they point their wills  
While purposing our own. I am the Seer,  
The interpreter of his dream; my spirit swells  
With the great deed whereon hangs Egypt's life.



MENES.

The uncertain issue doth engender fear :

MEMNON.

That is distrust of purpose ; thus I crush  
The phantom, here !

MENES.

Where bearest thou thine Image ?

MEMNON.

Prove thou thy faith and kindred — follow me !

---

SCENE II.

THE PYRAMIDS : MEMPHIS IN THE DISTANCE.

*In the front, groups of Egyptians, Nubians, &c. are gathered.*

SEGED.

Great day is slowly dying, the red sun  
Sloping his rays from off the eastern side,  
Leaves shadow ; let us breathe its gratefulness.

MEMPHIAN.

To spend our breath in curses —

SEGED.

That avail not,  
Relief of spleen that vents itself in sound ;  
Sour discontent, and impotence of will,  
The mind's disease infecting healthy thought.



Hear the rough truth, dare listen to your souls !  
 The gods aid only the self-helping man ;  
 Have ye not heard, ' To him, the persevering,  
 The immortal powers come swiftly ' ?

EGYPTIAN.

Alas ! how

Shall we be free ?

SEGED.

Watch opportunity,  
 Seize upon sleeping fortune, she is yours,  
 Meanwhile to circumstance yield ; necessity  
 Owned by submission's seeming is disarmed.  
 We are slaves all, our passions are our lords ;  
 Were life a curse, it would not be endured,  
 If happy, deeper felt its loss ; grieve not,  
 Nor threat, both idle, while you ask for death,  
 Hope tells you life is something more than shadow.

NUBIAN.

Counsel medicinal inflames the wound  
 It heals not, passions of the soul confessed,  
 Ease the o'ercharged brain.

SEGED.

The scales of Justice  
 Are balanced here ; the high and low alike  
 Are levelled to pass through the gates of life  
 Even as they entered, lowered in their death  
 To nature's prostrating equality.  
 They lived in fear, and we in hope, they felt not  
 The vigorous flow of uncorrupted blood,



We sank not under clogged satiety.  
Own ye not thus the gods' full measure dealt?

MEMPHIAN.

We welcome toil so tempered with repose,  
We would be happier.

SEGED.

Happiness is hope,  
Whose grave and cradle is the heart; we are driven  
Toward it by the necessity we make,  
A chace we follow till we die.

NUBIAN.

Our race  
Is here, our boundary of life unpassed,  
These mountain walls shut out the light from us,  
Burying their secrets in their inmost caves,  
That none to upper life return to tell.

MEMPHIAN.

Think'st thou yon Pyramid hides mysteries  
Beyond interment?

NUBIAN.

By the northern gate,  
My post, I have watched myriad slaves pass through,  
But none returned.

EGYPTIAN.

Perchance their work unfinished?

SEGED.

Enough the stamp of priesthood is set on them,  
Who else shall penetrate their mysteries?



Dungeons, it may be, sunken there where life  
 Tortured, still groans itself away unheard ;  
 Caves of concealment or of treasure veiled,  
 Even as in their temples. Is 't not known  
 Their hollow Idols by themselves are tongued,  
 Until they fleece the wealthy to our bareness ?  
 Think'st thou they dare free those who wrought their  
     net,  
 Meshes that trap the unwary ? deemest thou  
 Wealth, gold, and gems, glittering through porphyry  
     halls  
 That never see the light, are heaped for none ?  
 Is the feast spread before satiety ?  
 The wine-cup filled and pledged, nor crowning woman  
 The ministering Isis ? Is 't not seen  
 How the dark-eyed, the beautiful of Memphis,  
 The ripest forms, full-limbed, deep-bosomed women,  
 Offering their vows to priesthood, still return  
 Restlessly from the temple, with pale cheeks,  
 And eyes that languish o'er past memories,  
 Till entering they return no more ?

O were

Those sanctuaries revealed, those lighted walls  
 Picturing excitement to palled appetite,  
 Orgies of unreined licence, men, yea gods  
 Should turn away from human imagings !

MEMPHIAN.

Hist, Seged ! lest they hear —

SEGED.

Friend ! hadst thou fallen  
 As I in the world, thy heart to one hope clung,



Till the reed utterly failed, light were thy care  
 What slip or trifle shook thee out of life.

NUBIAN.

Seged ! thou art wise, and reverend thy hairs ;  
 Thine eyes are wet, old man ! what ties were thine ?  
 Tell all that thou hast suffered.

MEMPHIAN.

Peace, the guard !

SCENE III.

PREFECT OF THE GUARD WITH SOLDIERS, MEMNON AND MENES  
 IN THE DISTANCE.

PREFECT.

What ! slaves, ye rest in shadow while ye leave  
 To us your labour, stretched there doing nought ?  
 Forth in the sun ! or by Amasis' life,  
 I swear the loiterer dies.

MEMNON.

Gods ! may the man  
 Be thus debased ?

MENES.

My heart doth sicken :

MEMNON.

Brother !

It is the gods' just will that they who ape



Their attributes here are blind ; hemmed round by  
 tools,  
 Dull ministers and echoes of their will,  
 They hear not murmuring nations, hence the pride  
 Hardening in apathy to life wherein  
 They own no sympathies ; they waken not  
 From torpor till the kingly leveller, death,  
 Calls them to realms where all are brethren.

MENES.

These men have lost their manhood :

MEMNON.

All save one ;

Mark him above the rest pre-eminent  
 In stature as in bearing, with nerves braced  
 Like the strained cords of a storm-beaten bark :  
 His stern form fixed as is the gnarled oak,  
 Unstooping in its wintry barrenness.  
 Haughty submission looks out from each gesture,  
 As if his conscious spirit felt the abasement  
 His body yielded.

MENES.

The guard looks on him  
 As the cur eyes the lion ; he doth feel  
 The pride that brow reveals.

GUARD.

Thou art heedless, slave !  
 Gazing on strangers, 'tis thy last offence.

MEMNON.

Forward ! and stop the profanation.



MENES.

Hold!

Die in thy malice.

*[The PREFECT falls, the multitudes gather round.]*

MEMNON.

Back, and hear me all!  
 Egyptians, countrymen, if but in name,  
 Stand! whither do you fly, save from yourselves?  
 One foe has fallen, myriads of your lives  
 Are daily sacrificed; you look amazed  
 As if a heavier doom could fall on you  
 Than you have made. Where is the virtue fled,  
 The life that throbbed in your great fathers' hearts?  
 Behold the Monuments of your slavery!  
 Altars of immolation, the red lash  
 Scourging you forward until you became  
 Insensible from suffering. You knelt  
 To the Usurper, you held forth your necks  
 As stepping-stones beneath his heel; you are  
 The self-degraded. Come not from yourselves  
 Wealth, power, and blind obedience, that form  
 The triple pillars of his throne? You hailed  
 Your golden serpent, gave it maddening stings,  
 Then marvelled at its poison in your hearts.  
 You can be overcome but by yourselves;  
 The invincible in-dwelling is in man,  
 When arming for his birthright! I invoke you,  
 By memory of your wrongs and children's rights,  
 Strike, while the power is poised in your right hands.  
 I read your victory in your eyes—behold  
 The Image of the hero-king your sires  
 Knelt to, wrought by these hands, great Moëris' son!



## THE PEOPLE.

Leader and liberator! on to Memphis.

## MENES.

Arrest the guard—

## MEMNON.

But slay not! let no stain  
Sully the holy wreath that you have won.  
Let our thanksgiving-sacrifice arise  
Without a sigh from Egypt's answering heart.  
We have o'ercome; the triumph of the hour,  
The victory of force is nothing, peace  
Is of a holy and substantial growth,  
Whose roots spring from the heart, and the deep  
sense  
Of justice planted there.

## THE PEOPLE.

King, live for ever!  
Yoke we ourselves to his triumphal car.

## MEMNON.

You said you were free, and freemen do you look;  
Do freemen imitate brute offices?  
Your fellow-labourer I, one with yourselves,  
The creature of one great equality,  
I point you forth the paths you had forgot;  
As brethren alike, march on to Memphis.

## MENES.

Brother! and hop'st thou with these unarmed crowds,  
Howe'er in resolution panoplied,



To break the strength of armies disciplined?  
 To wake trust in the popular eye and heart  
 O'erawed by power? who read in innovation  
 Danger, though holy peace beside her walked,  
 And victory stood laurelled by her side?  
 O, rather arm! and, confident in the cause,  
 Let valour point the spear.

MEMNON.

Thus would I act,  
 Read I not with profounder faith the heart;  
 The rule of right and duty, and the sense  
 Of an inviolate freedom throbbing there!  
 One human voice may waken it to life,  
 Listen the thunder of yon multitudes!  
 They shall have answer from great Egypt's soul,  
 Echoed throughout all time, all space, all life,  
 Yea, through convulsions that shall topple thrones  
 Into the dust.

THE PEOPLE.

We are conquerors—

MEMNON.

In thought,  
 Which is foreshadowed victory of will:  
 Onward to Memphis.

THE PEOPLE.

Liberty or death!



## SCENE IV.

MEMPHIS : PALACE OF THE KING.

*AMASIS throned ; Chief Hierophant, Courtiers, Guards, &c.*

HIEROPHANT.

The King is changed, his visage is o'ercast.

CHIEF GUARD.

It is his wont, since spake the oracle ;  
 He may raise Pyramids to touch the stars  
 Ere plucked the eagle's wing.

AMASIS.

Who whispers ?

HIEROPHANT.

Of Egypt, live for ever ! thy slave, Menes,  
 Is absent still. King

AMASIS.

Let his head answer ; seek  
 His brother's haunt, the full-grown serpent, bring him  
 Before us chained, this prophet of the hills,  
 Medicinal healer, and interpreter  
 Of signs in heaven and earth. Let him unfold  
 Our dream or die ; on your lives see it done.  
 Our eyes are veiled by passions we indulge,  
 The film withdrawn when we are self-betrayed,



Our impotence derided while revealed,  
 The penalty dealt out on reinless will.  
 I spared these scions now grown into strength,  
 And casting me in shade.

*Enter* PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

King, live for ever !  
 The enemy is at thy gates, alarm  
 Is spread through Memphis.

AMASIS.

From whence broke rebellion ?

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

The Pyramids.

AMASIS.

The oracle is solved ;  
 Triple the guard, and close the palace gates !  
 Yet hold ! let them be open as the winds,  
 Silent defences are the mightiest.  
 Habit and memories of reverence,  
 The bulwarks are of sovereignty that grow  
 Within the heart ; man must bow down the knee  
 Or to his gods, or kings : grey saws have weight,  
 Traditional potencies that fence his power,  
 Awing aggression when it dare intrude  
 Behind the veils that shelter majesty !

*Enter* MEMNON, MENES, CITIZENS, SOLDIERS.

PEOPLE.

Death to the tyrant—slay him on his throne !



AMASIS.

Egyptians, subjects ! is the reverence due  
To kings forgotten ? wherefore these wild cries ?  
I deemed the Assyrian in Memphis, know ye  
The majesty of Egypt ? I sit here  
Fountain of justice, power, and ward of law ;  
There is divinity guarding his throne  
Beyond the aggressions of mortality.

MEMNON.

O well thou point'st the olden ritual,  
The time-worn channel of dull habitude,  
That, Nile-like, has its overflow. Dar'st thou  
Preach law to us, or human or divine ?  
Justice and mercy shall award thy doom,  
To show thee, fallen as we are, we have not  
Forgotten our humanity.

AMASIS.

Who art thou,  
In lowliest garb, unarmed, who standest there,  
Looking as thou wert king, and I thy slave ?

MEMNON.

Thou art, mine eye doth prove the ascendant mind ;  
Thou feel'st in me the minister of the will  
Of the high gods, embodied into form :  
In my hands freedom, at my feet oppression,  
Crushed, even in thee ! I enter, fate-like, here,  
To tell thee thy brief reign is o'er, thou see'st  
Memnon, great Mœris' son, resign thy throne !



MENES.

He moves not, by the Sun! this javelin —

MEMNON.

Hold!

Revenge but apes the Justice she is not,  
When grasped her holy scales with blood-stained hands,  
Offended are her reverent attributes  
Usurped by passion. Descend from thy throne!

AMASIS.

Never! the majesty aggressed of kings  
Swells in me. Slaves! the wealth of Egypt yours  
In following me, fear not their serried ranks;  
A triple tower of strength the monarch's name!  
I lead you, courage may defend a crown,  
Infamy never.

PEOPLE.

Slay the tyrant! ———

## SCENE V.

*Enter from the inner Apartments,*

LILIS.

Save,

Oh, save my father! if you are men, and bear  
Hearts that own nature's ties, if woman's voice  
E'er moved you by your wives and daughters, hear!  
My father, speak! what claim these iron men?  
Thy crown? resign it, so thy life be spared.



MEMNON.

Woman! thy words save not Amasis' life  
 Shielded by mine; if he forgot he ruled  
 Men like himself, these forget not themselves.

LILIS.

Who is this stately man, alone, unarmed,  
 Mailed men around him threatening death? he looks  
 As doth Osiris.

MEMNON.

I am Mœris' son.

LILIS.

My father, thou art lost!

MEMNON.

Say, rather, saved;

If in that breast throb virtue, and a love  
 For hearts all human as thine own, thy brow  
 Answers me, then thou wilt shed tears of joy  
 To know these men have won their liberty;  
 And, as great Egypt's daughter, wilt rejoice  
 They spared a tyrant in thy sire.

LILIS.

Alas!

Speaks this bold man the truth? closed in these walls  
 None I have known save thee; can that calm front  
 Ruffle with passion? can the voice I love  
 Doom slavery and death? it cannot; Egypt  
 Takes not the life my own, so are we bound.  
 King! for thou art, have mercy, greater man.  
 Have feeling!



MEMNON.

Citizens ! you see by this  
None are all evil, though they may appear.  
There doth not live on the wide earth a thing,  
However foul its nature, that has not  
Something of godlike in it, some faint stamp  
Of Him who made ; and that would not be mourned  
By some lone thing to which it was endeared !  
Behold this man, to human suffering dead,  
Claims one who loves, yea, clings to him, and bound  
By memories of affection ; he owns thus  
Great nature's sympathies ; though closed to us,  
Let justice bear record. Daughter ! thy sire  
Is king no more ; as man he shall be safe.  
My brother, lead her to a refuge-place :  
Guard her as thine own child, whate'er betide.  
Amasis ! droop not, though discrowned ; retain  
The semblance of a man, lest men despise thee,  
Descend thou from thy throne and follow me.

AMASIS.

Whither ?

MEMNON.

Where freedom wakened from the grave  
Where thou hadst buried her, the Pyramid :  
There hear the voice of justice and of Egypt.

PEOPLE.

The voice of nations is the voice of justice.

MEMNON.

The voice of justice is the will of heaven !



## SCENE VI.

THE PYRAMIDS — EGYPT GATHERED ROUND THEM.

NUBIAN.

Behold the mightiest spectacle that gods  
Or man may contemplate ; what think'st thou, Seged ?

SEGED.

I see my vision realised.

NUBIAN.

Memphis  
Rose, giant-like, from sleep to break her yoke ;  
Her citizens fulfilled a duty more  
Than claimed a birthright won.

SEGED.

They felt freed men,  
Hence came their purpose and deliberate valour ;  
Slaves, or by will or nature, they had seized  
Occasion, in brute licence wallowing.

EGYPTIAN.

Behold the priest of Freedom by her shrine !

NUBIAN.

Yea, great is Moeris' son ; methinks we share  
His inspirations thus in us instilled,  
He is a god.



SEGED.

! Say, rather, god-like image,  
 Recognised in us of the great and good.  
 We reverence ourselves in choosing him ;  
 We feel of the same order, that we are  
 Of the one family of man allied.

MEMPHIAN.

Behold the fluctuating hosts, rolled on  
 Ocean-like from the rock-walled Pyramid !  
 Far as our ken may reach, trees, towers, and domes  
 Eyed with quick life.

SEGED.

A solemn spectacle !  
 Infinite bosoms throbbing with one heart.  
 Shouts swell from them in audible thunders, dying  
 In distance like the voices of the gods  
 Heard through far heaven.

EGYPTIAN.

The king ascends the shrine  
 Clad in white robes of the Hierophant :  
 He stretches forth his hands to them and speaks.

SEGED.

A solitary Voice ! but not a breath  
 That shall fall echoless on the soul of life,  
 Pulsing throughout all time, when this great day,  
 Even Egypt's self shall, like a shadow, sink  
 Into oblivion's dusty nothingness !



## MEMNON.

Egyptians, fellow men, and brethren, hear !  
I see a spectacle the gods behold  
Applauding from their thrones ; a people moved  
By one vast purpose ratified by heaven.  
Justice and virtue fled with liberty ;  
Industry died, law knelt to power, and fear  
To priesthood bowed. An inward impulse moved,  
As it doth ever from a nation's heart,  
When want and liberty no more are sounds ;  
When tyranny is felt a palpable weight,  
And action is necessity. You rose  
Ocean-like, rending chains that were of sand !  
Behold the man, I call on you to say  
If yet Amasis reigns ; if one arise  
To swear why he should yet be king, we hear him.  
The usurper's hand shall be held pure as virtue's,  
The crown wrenched by him from a feeble grasp,  
To prove his right of rule. Such men elect  
Are chosen by the gods to guide a state ;  
Of these am I. Lo, Egypt, answerless ! —  
But in that silence is a power that speaks  
A nation's will ; thou hearest in it thy doom :  
The priest of freedom, I, before the gods  
And Egypt's will, discrown thee ! See within  
My hands the diadem.

## PEOPLE.

Place it on thy head,  
Great liberator ! be thyself our king.

## MENES.

Brother, obey august a nation's voice !  
See'st thou convulsion rising ?



MEMNON.

Egypt, hear !

If I sought crowns to gratify ambition,  
 I had not thus convoked you ; I had throned  
 Myself, my footstool on Amasis' neck.  
 I aspired loftier fame, it shall be said,  
 That I brought down the fire of liberty  
 Not to remould, but recreate the man,  
 The deed its own reward.

EGYPTIAN.

Reject the crown !

Yea, by yon sun ! hearest thou, Seged, this?  
 Art thou of hearing as of sense bereft ?

NUBIAN.

Hark ! their wild shouts.

SEGED.

He stands above the uproar,  
 Calm, and impassive, and immovable,  
 A granite mountain amid clouds and wind ;  
 The war of waves and clang of choughs below  
 Its sunlit heights inaudible !

MEMPHIAN.

See, where

The sages gather round him, he doth speak.

MEMNON.

Elders of Egypt ! grey and reverend men ;  
 You are the venerable time-proved pillars  
 That make the stately pile of government  
 Immovable, and give it symmetry,



And grace, and strength and beauty ; and your eyes  
 The windows are that let in light on flaws,  
 Or time's decay, which sage experience heals.  
 You are the watchers spread throughout the land,  
 The Nile-like arms of justice, where the weak  
 And strong alike resort ; in your staid hands  
 The keys are of religion and the laws.  
 I call your wisdom to a state o'erthrown ;  
 Corruption born of measureless abuse,  
 Tyranny's progeny has infected it :  
 Restore its pristine strength, infuse therein  
 Purpose and order, ruling in yourselves.  
 You will not shrink to know the truths you see ;  
 The ills you crush, hidden from eyes of kings,  
 Unheard by ears of apathy. This crown  
 I here devote in solemn sacrifice  
 To the immortal gods, whom I invoke  
 To ratify the offering.

## MEMPHIAN

Lo ! they kneel  
 As if he were a god descended there.

## SEGED.

Whenever have men stood irreverent  
 Before the godlike by their deeds revealed ?  
 In worshipping the gods man bows before  
 Himself, what other image could he shape ?  
 Its greatest type in patriots revealed.

## MEMNON

Brethren, hear !  
 This great day's deed is yours, the fame of men



Who dared proclaim to tyranny the laws  
 Immutable of freedom. In what dwells  
 The worth, and strength, and glory of a state?  
 O not in statutes, nor in ordinance,  
 These the restraints of necessary rule,  
 It rests on public opinion based,  
 On duties owned; on self-respect that spurns  
 At place and at corruption, on pure faith,  
 And patriot love that is idolatrous:  
 On the staid purpose parenting the deed;  
 On mutual kindred answered from the heart.  
 Freedom lives in us, born from our self-will;  
 The base man clings to chains struck from his hands:  
 The one would feel a slave in freedom's arms,  
 The other free, chain-bound. Look to the sun  
 That shines for all, to common nourishing earth,  
 To stars that shed one influence, Nature tells us  
 Equal association is the bond  
 Of freedom; you are brethren, from your hearts  
 Branch forth reliance, strength, and self-respect,  
 That make aggression mockery. Unite  
 Even as one human family, and rear  
 One altar to the gods, and liberty!

## PEOPLE.

Unfold our duties as our liberties:  
 The cause of evil—

## MEMNON.

Rests within yourselves.  
 From self-indulgence is disorder born;  
 Passion and self-love petrify the heart,  
 Till deadened to its pangs, desire of power  
 Engender tyranny on the hearth or throne.



Tax, tribute, want, abasement, slavery,  
 The hopelessness of right, and the despair  
 That eats into the heart, these are the stings,  
 That goaded nations into madness rouse,  
 Whose springing from that torpor is revenge,  
 Brute-like and merciless. In reforming wrong,  
 Remember you are human ! be the law  
 Of natural right inviolate, the bounds  
 Of property ratified ; Justice hallowed them,  
 And be her landmarks sacred ! if transgressed,  
 Man is again the savage, might is right.  
 Fount of all virtue, justice, each accords  
 His own, by wisdom or by valour won.  
 Fear first taught gathered men to arbitrate ;  
 Brute strength was felled by the nerved arm of law,  
 Her staid hands paved the road along which states  
 To triumph march, wealth, peace, and liberty,  
 Companions of her way.

PEOPLE.

We ask to enjoy  
 Life's blessings with our brethren ; we seek ills  
 To crush them—

MEMNON.

When they are revealed and felt.  
 Be healthful discipline of passion taught  
 Till exercise is love. So shall you prove  
 Self reverence, which, due atonement weighing  
 'Gainst wrong, and virtue with its own reward,  
 Blends human discords with its harmonies.

PEOPLE.

We claim to live free men, and to enjoy.



## MEMNON.

But in your liberty be merciful !  
 Respect humanity whose lowest chord  
 Yields unison. Let law protect the slave,  
 Let the worn artisan claim needful rest ;  
 The tillers of the earth its produce share.  
 Be mutual interchange of gain revered,  
 First, holiest commerce, whereon blessings hang.  
 Let man relax from toil, he is not brute,  
 But human ; let him generate sympathies,  
 Whose freshest flowers from rudest soils arise.  
 Let his affections grow from his repose ;  
 In social concord, let the general voice  
 Speak for the common weal, thus vice shall be  
 Debased, and golden virtue circular.  
 Let each give suffrage for his rulers, right  
 Highest to be aspired ; the law so strong,  
 The authorities of state, the public faith,  
 Religion's saws, yea, virtue's majesty,  
 Rest on opinion.

## PEOPLE.

We claim liberty  
 To test their virtue, and assert our own.

## MEMNON.

Answer, ye gods ! a nation's voice calls on ye  
 To ratify an oath not echoless  
 In your immortal mansions. This great day  
 Has made us brethren, Amasis ! this  
 Embrace, thy safeguard be, depart a man,  
 One of ourselves. Men are not what thou deem'st ;  
 There comes a time for nations when they feel  
 Their self prostration, what they might have been,



Had they essayed. May'st thou, Amasis ! hear  
 Those inward voices of the wiser mind.  
 The work is ended : and the man unkinged,  
 The solitary slave among the free !  
 Swear here an oath, invoking the high gods,  
 That he whose foot hath trodden on your necks,  
 Whose iron seared your hearts, who hath shed blood,  
 Water-like, round these altars, shall pass on  
 Unharm'd, yea, guarded ; swear it, brethren ! by  
 Your father's hallowed bones !—by your great love  
 For Egypt, here regenerate !—by your hopes  
 Of life, hereafter !—by that oath profound,  
 Holiest, heard o'er us, echoed from beneath,  
 Thrice binding, thrice attesting, and revered  
 By him\* who sleeps in Philæ !

PEOPLE.

We swear here !

MEMNON.

Behold, the crownless man treads through yon hosts,  
 That, wave-like, part from him, through myriads  
 He walks his solitary way ! One bond  
 Of feeling joins our life in harmony ;  
 You have not stained your freedom-wreath with blood,  
 Yet your great work is done, content is full.  
 Peacefully to our hearth-stones we depart,  
 To feed upon the past and reverence  
 Ourselves in silence.

PEOPLE.

Yoke for him a car,  
 Bear him to Memphis—

\* Osiris.



MEMNON.

Forget not your oaths!  
 O let not freedom fail her decencies,  
 Even in triumph! lead on to the Nile;  
 There take the blessing I invoke for you,  
 Ere I return to solitude.

NUBIAN.

He goes  
 With step as self-possessed as if the world  
 Were dust beneath him, men and kings the toys  
 Of his capricious will.

MEMPHIAN.

He must descend  
 To suffrage like the rest, his own decree;  
 Mine were his death or banishment!

NUBIAN.

And mine.

SEGED.

Why would you banish him?

NUBIAN.

And who art thou  
 Who look'st—

SEGED.

As one who reads your inmost souls:  
 I waited for the old leaven manifest,  
 Ingratitude, our nature's food, the cloud  
 Dimming the transient ray, the viper's trail  
 Fouling the track of virtue; I ask you,  
 Why would you banish him?



EGYPTIANS.

He is too great ;  
He makes us feel inferior, thus we hate him.

SEGED.

Just, ever thus, man works with imperfection :  
Who comprehends the perfect ? virtue still  
Must stand alone, her crown a mockery,  
Envy, mistrust, and hate, her ministers.  
Your natures you fulfil, lighter than motes  
That flit within his sunlike fortune, let  
A mist obscure it, he, the meanest of you,  
Is stronger ; plot I leave you to your parts.

MEMPHIAN.

'Tis the grey Seged, soured by time, and change,  
And disappointment, heed not, let him pass.

EGYPTIANS.

Life to Amasis and the holy priesthood !

---

 SCENE VII.

'CAVE OF MEMNON.—SUNRISE.

MEMNON.

Lo ! the great purpose done, yon Memphis gains  
A fresher glory with her liberty,  
And is in harmony with nature round ;  
It is the moral beauty she has won  
Invests her thus. I hear the busy hum  
Rising of multitudinous life ; I see  
Humanity above the city throned,



A Cloud-like form, her eyes the azure, opened  
 In stillest prayer, her crown of rays yon sun,  
 Her chainless hands unfolded from her sleep.  
 Freedom! the work is thine, no phantasy  
 But substance in man's heart who feels thee most  
 When chained; all aspiration then is dead,  
 All purpose buried; nought his torpor breaks,  
 The iron forged and buried in his heart,  
 Till slavery is nature.

See! — my brother  
 Ascends the pathway, hastily looking back;  
 His raiment torn, his sword reeking with blood?

MENES.

Brother! all's lost, fly thou from Egypt.

MEMNON.

How?

MENES.

The priests have crowned Amasis, and the troops  
 Are from the people won, the slaves are steeped  
 In brute forgetfulness; the citizens  
 Proscribed are marked out by the king and slain;  
 Thou o'er them all art sought, they come to take thee;  
 I fought through the thick crowd, and I am here.

MEMNON.

Gods! be revenge your own, as they have spurned  
 The gift ye gave, so let their tyrants spurn them  
 In their embruted natures. Let them pile  
 The altars of their slavery to the clouds,  
 Until your lightnings scathe them 'mid their ruins!  
 Vain is't and weak to mourn ingratitude,



It is man's heart. I came too soon on earth,  
 Ere he had drank enough of slavery's cup  
 To feel prostration; my great part is played.  
 I shall be registered in after time  
 As the first man who rising dared confront  
 The giant tyranny; who proved to men  
 The hollowness of their idolatry.  
 I have awoke the spark that dieth not  
 Even in the grave, life-like transfused from sire  
 To son for ever.

MENES.

They are here !

MEMNON.

This cave

Shall still be unprofaned, the gods are here ;  
 Await me, slaves ! now, to Amasis lead.

#### SCENE VIII.

TEMPLE OF OSIRIS.

*Amasis throned; Hierophants, Courtiers, Guards.*

AMASIS.

The gods look down and sanctify my right.  
 Egypt, to her allegiance returned,  
 Shall reek like one vast altar-place: the slaves  
 Are soothed, the soldiers mine, the citizens  
 Proscribe each other: but the triumph-wreath  
 Is yet withheld from me.



PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

King — live for ever !  
Memnon, without, in chains, awaits his doom.

HIEROPHANT.

See ! favourite of the gods, thy wish fulfilled ;  
Wherefore not slay the rebel ere his tongue  
Profane thine ears ?

AMASIS.

He comes, with brow sedate  
As when descending from my throne, I owned  
The inferior mind, his spirit masters mine.  
He doth appear more kingly in those chains,  
Subjected to his will : he may love life,  
The face is as a mask by cowards moulded  
As by the brave. I would o'ercome his spirit,  
Chains, tortures, death, are but oblations, feeding  
The pride they overcome not.

Behold, slave !

Thou standest there a monument to mark  
How vain the rebel's hope ; but yesterday  
Thou didst dare brave me, now thy power is gone :  
The gods, the rightful king enthroned, have made  
Thy neck his footstool.

MEMNON.

Thy tongue feels the falsehood  
Thy heart doth know, thine eye succumbs to mine  
Thou feel'st in me the ascendant, thou dost own.  
Thou sittest there the slave, I stand the king,  
These chains subjected to my will unmoved  
As are the gods.



AMASIS.

Wherefore have they betrayed thee?

MEMNON.

Who dares to fathom their high wills? why strike  
 The lightnings their own altars? why doth Nile,  
 Gorged daily with new offerings, waste the land  
 Of his adorers? why tread'st thou on Egypt?  
 I answer thee, storms purify the air:  
 The ebbing waters leave earth rich with spoils:  
 And thou, thy memory in thy tomb, shalt be  
 A mark to warn Egypt against her kings.  
 And sayest thou, tyrant! I am in thy power?  
 Canst thou subdue my spirit by chains or death?  
 They give me wings to flee a form I hate,  
 For it resembles thine.

HIEROPHANT.

Mark, king of kings!  
 The unawed rebel seated.

MEMNON.

I assert  
 My sovereignty in my ancestral hall!

HIEROPHANT.

King! wilt thou hear his blasphemies?

MEMNON.

He will:  
 Priest! knew'st thou human nature as divine,  
 Then would'st thou know, who dares to speak the truth,  
 Is heard, be his words adder's stings, for they  
 Excitement wake in the palled hearts of kings!  
 I humbled thee, and Egypt bound to oaths



She has forsworn, yet life is not extinct,  
 My words, flame-like 'mid ashes, shall burn on.  
 The gods withheld the gift she merited not;  
 Leaving thee king, her scourge, and taking me  
 From paths unfollowed. Heap thy pyramids  
 Heavenward, thou art ordained necessity's tool,  
 Conjoined with death, to sweep —

AMASIS.

Hear first thy doom :  
 Thou prid'st thyself on fame, that after-life  
 Of memory which, dead, avails man nothing.  
 The records of thy ancestry shall be  
 Erased, till nought recall they ever were :  
 Thyself with morning's light shall be impaled,  
 Thy body burned, thy ashes cast on winds,  
 To be forgotten as thy actions.

MEMNON.

Never !  
 My limbs may wither in the air — my dust  
 Be scattered to the winds of heaven — my fathers  
 May be forgotten in their ashes — but  
 My name shall last till time shall be no more !  
 Think'st thou the soul of freedom dead, the sun  
 Lighting the world, its ray extinguished here ?  
 I am an atom of that deathless life  
 Existing through all earth, and time, and space,  
 Of that flame burning in the heart of man,  
 Unquenchable in its ashes !

HIEROPHANT.

Gag the slave  
 Who dares arraign anointed majesty !



MEMNON.

Away — and lead me to my doom ! I waste  
 My passion on the stones, and am profaned  
 In breathing this attainted air ! I pant  
 For the great martyrdom that I have sought :  
 I have left deeds and words that shall be felt  
 With an earthquake revulsion through the world !  
 The solitary voice may be forgot ;  
 But states o'erthrown by tyranny, and wasted  
 By its fell progeny, war, famine, plague,  
 Shall teach a truth made visible to all :  
 Nature's eternal laws of right and freedom  
 Shall not be trampled on in vain !

I fall

Like the oak riven by the thunder-stroke,  
 Its trunk unstooping still ! I stand erect  
 And welcome as a friend pale-faced despair !  
 I bare my naked heart to her embrace,  
 While she doth lead me to the death I love,  
 Making death lovely by abhorring life,  
 Even as I ! Wreak your worst malice on  
 This cell which holds the imperishable spirit,  
 That in its citadel doth laugh to scorn  
 Assaults that cannot move it !

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

By the gods !

Had he held victory, he had been great :  
 Lo ! his pale face, a lightning-lighted desert :  
 His breast upheaves, convulsed with mighty passion  
 Too vast for utterance ! it will destroy  
 His body ere the hand of vengeance strike.

HIEROPHANT.

The king doth change, he rises from his throne.



AMASIS.

Thou hast used well the slave's prerogative :  
 The majesty of Egypt answers thee  
 With silence ; bear him to his punishment.

MEMNON.

Thou impotent in foresight ! see'st thou not  
 How public punishment, the slow escape  
 Of life from forth its tortured citadel,  
 Proclaims the fears of tyranny, and is felt  
 Even as a scourge upon the popular heart,  
 Which hoarded vengeance shall repay ?

AMASIS.

Deem'st thou  
 Rebellion e'er shall rally ?

MEMNON.

Ask the storm  
 Where the rent blossom lighted ; never yet  
 Was seen where rooted the first seeds of freedom ;  
 They are as nature's silent operations,  
 Unseen, inaudible. Who marks the acorn  
 Cast carelessly on earth by the light wind ?  
 Who blesses not its growth, a rising trunk  
 Of shelter from the whirlwind ?

AMASIS.

What should fear  
 Amasis from behind his marble walls  
 And gates of brass ? —

MEMNON.

Opinion enters them !  
 The world's sole ruler that bows not to kings,



They are its earliest slaves ; they may defy,  
 But dread and feel its power ; it is the award  
 Of justice raised not upon saws, nor stamped  
 On brass or marble, but in human hearts ;  
 That of itself states constitutes, and guards,  
 That with each day grows in vitality ;  
 That makes obedience law, whose character,  
 Moved by a straw, or shaken by a breath,  
 But overturned not by a giant's strength,  
 Is based upon Opinion !

AMASIS.

Take him hence :

Chain him, and triple the guard's strength ; lead him  
 Throughout the city to the Pyramids,  
 That all may know Amasis king of kings.

MEMNON.

I go to death as sleep, life's passion o'er,  
 Thou liv'st thy moment, then to be forgot,  
 But that hereafter men shall judge between us,  
 Even as the immortal gods.

AMASIS.

Hold !

HIEROPHANT.

The great king

Is moved ; he changes colour.

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

Shall we slay him ?

AMASIS.

No ! in the dungeon let him rest till morn



## SCENE IX.

## DUNGEON OF THE PALACE.

MEMNON.

My last night passes on ; my spirit feels  
 The coming change, shadow-like, stealing by,  
 And now, life's end fulfilled, I contemplate  
 The strife where victory was but defeat,  
 Where tyranny crushed down, unconquered rose.  
 But I lived not in vain, for I have left  
 Behind me impulses that shall not die,  
 Become as one with my own human kind.  
 I bared my heart towards my brother man,  
 I raised him prostrated in dust and mire,  
 Trampled upon by giant tyranny :  
 I breathed in him the life of liberty.  
 A little span of agony remains,  
 The malice of weak hate to torture life  
 It overcomes not ; outward pangs, whose shows  
 Affect men more than deeds, who sympathise  
 With suffering more, or want, than with the thoughts  
 That are unborn in them.

But they shall hear me ;  
 My unburdened spirit must pour forth itself,  
 Though to the echoless desert.

Hark ! — a chain  
 Withdrawn, the day is come.

LILIS.

Memnon ! awake.



MEMNON.

Amasis' daughter ! what hath led thee here ?

LILIS.

Thy words.

MEMNON.

Said they I feared to die ?

LILIS.

They taught me  
The undying lives in man ; I would avert  
The mortal hour.

MEMNON.

Lilis ! if I am he,  
The patriot who would have saved his country,  
Unmoved by the ambition that allured,  
Or thunders of the shouting multitudes,  
The answering feeling of the king within me,  
Holding the ancestral crown within my grasp :  
Shall I the prize forego ? and for brief years  
Snatched from quick time, blast all that I have done ?  
Spotting my name with infamy, and leaving  
A truth that slaves nor tyrants would forget ;  
That he who lived and talked of liberty,  
Feared, when the trial came, to die for her !

LILIS.

Alas ! I stand but as a woman here :  
I would not thou shouldst blacken in the sun,  
Gasping with thirst death only slakes, while hate  
Holds thee the draught that maddens agony.  
Could I feel thus and slumber ? when morn dawns,  
The fame shall spread that gods have ta'en thee.



MEMNON.

Lilis!

I look beyond priest-creeds, debasing men  
Beneath the brutes and monsters they adore.  
I would not flee from my mortality,  
Or palm a lie on Egypt; let my fame  
Grow from my actions cherished by mankind.  
Lilis! had I shared with thee Moëris' throne,  
Turn not away! such should have been our life,  
I would not change impalement for that crown.  
The sun of Fame shines only on the tomb,  
And he who plants the laurel never yet  
Reposed beneath its shadow; others reap  
The harvest, but the sower is forgot.  
This their reward who labour for mankind,  
In persecution, want, or agony  
They perish, but their deeds survive, enshrined  
In human memories. They are as kings,  
Ruling us from their tombs by deeds or thoughts,  
That make us what we are; they leave their words  
Behind, which are remembrances, behests  
Of fate, by men as heedfully obeyed.  
Then all for which they bled is sanctified,  
The sufferings they bore for brother men  
Remembered, who rank them among the gods.  
Of these am I; no longer breathing here,  
I shall not see nor hear the shouting crowds:  
Our human ties are broken: they have proved  
Their virtue, let them witness mine.

LILIS.

Forgive

That I have owned a weaker nature, yet  
Mourn not the frailty; we meet no more.



MEMNON.

Amasis' daughter! what hath led thee here?

LILIS.

Thy words.

MEMNON.

Said they I feared to die?

LILIS.

They taught me  
The undying lives in man; I would avert  
The mortal hour.

MEMNON.

Lilis! if I am he,  
The patriot who would have saved his country,  
Unmoved by the ambition that allured,  
Or thunders of the shouting multitudes,  
The answering feeling of the king within me,  
Holding the ancestral crown within my grasp:  
Shall I the prize forego? and for brief years  
Snatched from quick time, blast all that I have done?  
Spotting my name with infamy, and leaving  
A truth that slaves nor tyrants would forget;  
That he who lived and talked of liberty,  
Feared, when the trial came, to die for her!

LILIS.

Alas! I stand but as a woman here:  
I would not thou shouldst blacken in the sun,  
Gasping with thirst death only slakes, while hate  
Holds thee the draught that maddens agony.  
Could I feel thus and slumber? when morn dawns,  
The fame shall spread that gods have ta'en thee.



MEMNON.

Lilis!

I look beyond priest-creeds, debasing men  
Beneath the brutes and monsters they adore.  
I would not flee from my mortality,  
Or palm a lie on Egypt; let my fame  
Grow from my actions cherished by mankind.  
Lilis! had I shared with thee Moëris' throne,  
Turn not away! such should have been our life,  
I would not change impalement for that crown.  
The sun of Fame shines only on the tomb,  
And he who plants the laurel never yet  
Reposed beneath its shadow; others reap  
The harvest, but the sower is forgot.  
This their reward who labour for mankind,  
In persecution, want, or agony  
They perish, but their deeds survive, enshrined  
In human memories. They are as kings,  
Ruling us from their tombs by deeds or thoughts,  
That make us what we are; they leave their words  
Behind, which are remembrances, behests  
Of fate, by men as heedfully obeyed.  
Then all for which they bled is sanctified,  
The sufferings they bore for brother men  
Remembered, who rank them among the gods.  
Of these am I; no longer breathing here,  
I shall not see nor hear the shouting crowds:  
Our human ties are broken: they have proved  
Their virtue, let them witness mine.

LILIS.

Forgive

That I have owned a weaker nature, yet  
Mourn not the frailty; we meet no more.



Thou join'st the spirits of thy sires, I dwell  
 On thy remembrance ; in the realms of death  
 Forget not Lilis ! when thou meet'st me there,  
 Remember how I revered thee on earth,  
 And look thy welcome on me.

MEMNON.

Beautiful being !

Thou of the raven hair and starlight eyes,  
 What sharest thou with me, thou frailest flower ?  
 My isolation from humanity  
 Has wrought on thee, a passing impulse, nay,  
 Turn not thus from me ! time shall teach the truths  
 I press, nought roots itself in the young heart ;  
 My shadow falls awhile on thy clear breast,  
 That shall again reflect the forms of joy.

LILIS.

Thou wilt judge of me worthier hereafter.

MEMNON.

Lilis ! chide not this brow's austerity ;  
 The shadow cast from it is the repose,  
 The feeling of a staid and solemn joy.  
 I stand even now before the gates of death :  
 Melt not a heart that needeth all its strength,  
 Nor aid thy sire to conquer. Tempt me not  
 To cling to life I should despise, yea, thee,  
 Lilis ! even thee, for thus debasing me.  
 I am but man, and feel how the strong will  
 Melts in the breath of woman.

There are men

Upon whose foreheads destiny sets her seal,  
 Raising them o'er mortality ; she bids them



Stifle all passion, yea, without a pang !  
 She bares their heads to meet the storm of war,  
 Or persecution : if they quail, she points  
 Where o'er the clouds Fame's star reveals her crown  
 Of immortality. When I am gone,  
 Think of me as of one who had been thine,  
 And trod love's paths ; but snatched from them in  
     youth  
 By freedom in the desert reared, he grew  
 Like her, inflexible, and made himself  
 The sacrifice on her deserted altar.

LILIS.

Thy blessing yet :

MEMNON.

Be thou for ever blest !  
 These arms that circle thee, thou drooping flower,  
 Shall cherish thee hereafter.

LILIS.

Say thou dost  
 Approve me ; from the hour thou spar'dst my sire,  
 I felt our hearts were one, my spirit thine.

MEMNON.

My Lilis ! we shall meet again ; who reads not  
 Stamped on thy brow thy immortality ?  
 Nor feels its light in those deep eyes revealed  
 As in the stars, that glow when day is dead ?  
 The beautiful fades but to renew itself  
 In purer forms, could it be less with hearts ?  
 Could the eternal gods be thus unjust ?



If I craved base life, and thou couldst desire,  
It were too late ; nor fear, nor art, can shun  
The inevitable, wouldst thou thus degrade me ?

LILIS.

I shrink from death, the unknown evil—

MEMNON.

Feared,

Because unknown, death is no evil felt ;  
It is the shadow stealing over us  
From sunny life passed on ! We sleep in it,  
The sleep that none may waken ; all is then  
Unfelt privation, loss of good unknown,  
Of ills unproved, our being is absorbed  
In an august tranquillity, or commune  
With the great spirits that walk beyond the grave.  
All passions, all that lowers or agitates  
Our mortal frames are blights, or chills, or storms  
That bow toward ere levelling us to earth ;  
So is our life a living death.

LILIS.

Farewell !

MEMNON.

My Lilis, be thou blest ! she hears me not ;  
Hark ! the guard comes, gain yet the secret gate,  
Awaken yet, my own !

LILIS.

Farewell for ever !



## SCENE X.

THE PYRAMIDS.—EGYPT GATHERED ROUND THEM.

EGYPTIAN.

Ascend this rising ground above the crowd.

NUBIAN.

Look round—doth Memphis hive these myriads?

MEMPHIAN.

They gather from the country, tribes remote;  
Thou seest their various habits.

NUBIAN.

There is more  
Than curiosity hath drawn them here.

EGYPTIAN.

What meanest thou?

NUBIAN.

Look round thee! Egypt's hosts  
Are marshalled as for a world-winning battle;  
And these to guard one man?

EGYPTIAN.

Amasis' fears—



## MEMPHIAN.

Wiser if veiled before the crowds that prove  
Great Memnon lives among them: mark the herald!

## HERALD.

If any raise their voices to support  
Or to condemn the rebel, they shall be  
Slain on the spot; Amasis thus decrees.

## MEMPHIAN.

Thou hear'st the proclamation that forbids  
The free use of our tongues; more politic  
Had been more merciful. Let kings remember  
They most resemble gods in showing mercy.  
He is the people's servant, if gainsaid  
This truth, he has no calling.

## EGYPTIAN.

Hark! the thunder  
Of yonder shouting multitudes.

## MEMPHIAN.

He passes  
The porch of Mœris; doth Amasis watch?

## EGYPTIAN.

The king sits with heaped ashes on his head,  
The daughter of his line is dead.

## NUBIAN.

Thus fortune  
Comes not full-handed.



EGYPTIAN.

Behold Memnon guarded !

His brow is sad, but stern : he will depart  
As he has lived.

NUBIAN.

They pass the Pyramid ;  
He waves his hand, they stop and gather round.

MEMPHIAN.

Say, rather, they could not advance ; the sun  
Would set ere hewn those masses through.

EGYPTIAN.

Ho—Seged !

He doth not hear ; behold the grey man clad  
In armour that hath o'er his hearthstone hung  
Full fifty summers, why is it resumed ?  
Look where he cleaves a passage through the crowd !  
Resolve sits on his brow.

NUBIAN.

Peace—Memnon speaks !

MEMNON.

Pause here for moments only.

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

Thou shalt not

Address the multitude.

MEMNON.

I sought it not :  
I read their natures in their monuments.



I talk to Egypt and eternity  
That shall exist together.

O, farewell,  
Beautiful land mine own, and thou, loved Nile!  
That I have bless'd even as a living thing.  
O Earth, all-venerable mother! take  
Into thy womb this body which is thine.  
If I am formed but of thy elements,  
My aspirations for undying life  
Based but on phantasy, my dust a portion  
Of thy all-infinite vitalities,  
May their united atoms form a man  
Greater, with end more fortunate than mine!  
Prescient death gathers from futurity  
Prophetic lights; I see the coming hour  
When foes shall unresisted sweep this land:  
Her shrines and idols broken, she shall be  
Ravaged by merciless hordes, driven o'er the earth,  
A scorn, a by-word, and a mockery.  
The Nile shall roll o'er Memphis, and become  
Her sepulchre, till none shall know where stood  
The once immortal city: desert sands,  
Ocean-like closing over her, shall leave  
No trace where life was, fane or column sunk  
Shapeless, a riddle and a guess. Her sons  
Homeless shall be the vagabonds of earth;  
Then when her punishment is full, when bowed  
Her head in ashes, dragged to other climes,  
Exiled for life, let her remember me!

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

Thou dost forget —



MEMNON.

One moment more, my heart  
Will be relieved in breathing its last sigh,  
To mingle with the beautiful I see,  
In earth or heaven, or with the air or rock,  
Mountain or sea ; or oh, thou glorious Orb !  
Rising, as if thou knew'st thy worshipper,  
Whose spirit poured forth unto thee a love  
Chaldean never knew ! I would be in  
Thy life absorbed, one with the majesty  
Men idolize while watching.

Nature's self

Shall own me as her son ; hereafter, when  
Freemen shall raise my statue from the sands  
To stand, rock-like, on wastes where Egypt was,  
The thrilling airs, or sun-rays, vibrating through  
Its hollow breast, shall sigh forth MEMNON's name !

I am ready ; lives there one of myriads round me  
Who dares seek out my brother, bearing him  
This signet-ring of Mœris ?

SEGED.

I—to death !

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

Ha ! rebel ! take it—

MEMNON.

Constant to the last.

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

Slaves ! wreak the sentence here, even on this spot,  
Where first he broached his machinations, how ?



Behold you not the multitudes press on us?  
The soldiers will be buried, crushed in one  
Vast massacre, strike!—for they approach us —

MEMNON.

Strike!

Let me not, dead or living, be profaned  
By their unhallowed hands! They have betrayed me,  
Those shouts I loathe, the slaves, who sacrificed  
The heart that trusted them! Despatch your office,  
They come—strike!

SOLDIERS.

He is dead—we conquered him!

PREFECT OF THE GUARD.

Fools! look around—he triumphed ere he died.



## NOTES TO MEMNON.

---

Page 406, line 10.

*"Dome and tower  
Softened in distance."*

Pliny speaks of Memphis as a wooded country, with such vast trees that three men could not embrace the trunk. "There are about Memphis," says Diodorus, "delightful fields, and lakes filled with aromatic reeds; and it is in this place the Egyptians, for the most part, bury their dead."

Page 406, line 16.

*"Those tombs of kings."*

Neither is there any universal consent, among ancient authors, for what use the Pyramids were designed. Pliny asserts they were built for ostentation, and to keep the people in employment; others, and far more probable, that they were reared to be the sepulchres of Egyptian kings.\*

Page 408, line 13.

*"Even Mæris, stamped  
Immortally with its creator's name."*

"The king Miris, or Mæris (he built, in Memphis, the porch which is on the north side, a work surpassing all others), when he caused the said lake to be made, left in the midst of it a high place where he built his sepulchre, and erected there two pyramids, fifty and two fathoms high; one for himself, and the other for his wife; and on them he caused two statues of stone to be placed, seated on

\* Strabo, Geogr. I. xvii. p. 461. Diod. Siculus, Lib. I. i. p. 40.



a throne; thinking by such works to render the memory of his virtuous deeds immortal."

Herodotus says, "This wonderful lake, stretching from north to south, is, in its depth, two hundred cubits: it is wholly the produce of human industry; which, indeed, the work itself testifies; for in its centre may be seen two pyramids, one of which is two hundred cubits above, and as many beneath, the water; on the summit of each is a colossal statue of marble in a sitting attitude."

Page 412, line 3.

*"To him the persevering," &c.*

The saying of Zoroaster.

Page 434, line 15.

*"By him who sleeps in Philæ."*

"This was the most holy spot in the dominions of Egypt, where their mythological legends placed the tomb of Osiris: and when they desired to give peculiar emphasis and solemnity to an oath, they swore by him who slept in Philæ." — *Egypt and Mohammed Ali.*

Page 447, line 4.

*"Beneath the brutes and monsters they adore."*

Herodotus speaks warily, as if fearful of offending the priesthood. "But if I should take on me to give the reasons of these opinions, I must enter into a long discourse of divine things, which I avoid with all possible care."

"The Egyptians," says Diodorus, "are not ashamed to confess the reverence they entertain for these creatures, but rather glory in it, considering themselves, thereby, as being more acceptable to the gods. I myself saw a woman cut to pieces for killing a rat."

Page 449, line 23.

*"We shall meet again."*

The Egyptians are the first of mankind who asserted the immortality of the soul. They believe that, on the dissolution of



the body, the soul immediately enters into another animal; and that, after using, as vehicles, every species of terrestrial, winged, and aquatic animals, it finally enters a second time into the human body. They affirm that it undergoes all these changes in the space of three thousand years.—HEROD. *Euterpe*, i. 362.

Page 454, line 8.

*“My aspirations for undying life.”*

The Egyptians worshipped the Supreme Deity: and Athor, their Venus, or the material principle, was an object of worship. According to Herodotus, on a temple dedicated to Neitha, at Sais, situated in Lower Egypt, was the sublime inscription:—

“I am whatever is—or has been—or will be—and no mortal  
Has drawn aside my veil:—my offspring is the Sun.”

Page 454, line 20.

*“The Nile again shall roll o’er Memphis.”*

Herodotus says that the river ran formerly along the side of the sandy hills of Lybia; but that this old channel was dried up by bending off the river with a rampart. “This bending of the hill, where the river is forced to flow, is kept up and repaired every year with strong ramparts by the Persians; for if it was suffered to be broken down, all Memphis would be in danger of being swallowed by the stream.”

Page 455, line 9.

*“I would be in  
Thy life absorbed, one with the majesty,” &c.*

The Egyptians originally worshipped fire, as symbolical of the Ineffable Being. The obelisks and pyramids, as Porphyry observes, (apud Euseb. *Præp. Evang.*) represent, by their shape, the pyramidal motion of flame, and they were dedicated to the sun. Let it be also noted that, among the ruins of Persepolis—the origin of which is lost in antiquity—are still to be seen figures adoring fire, surrounded by the various emblems of the winged globe, lotus leaves, &c., engraved in Egyptian architecture.



Page 455, line 17.

*" Shall sigh forth Memnon's name ! "*

A multitude of ancient Greek inscriptions, identifying the statue of Memnon, which Strabo witnessed. Manetho represents Memnon as the eighth king of the eighteenth dynasty, who may be called Amenophis the Second. Besides different statues of the Memnonium, we find monuments of the same personage in many parts of Egypt, most frequently at Thebes and its neighbourhood.

The building named as the tomb of Osymandyas bears also the name of Memnon: and it is remarked by Strabo, that Memnon and Ismendes may have been the same person.—YOUNG'S *Egyptian Researches*.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



LONDON

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.  
NEW-STREET SQUARE

19











**THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S  
WORKS AND OF LORD MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.**

Now complete, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth,

**THE  
REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS,**

Including his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.  
People's Edition, uniform with the People's Edition of  
Lord Macaulay's Essays.

To be had also in Seven Parts, price One Shilling each.

**T**HIS collection, which is a reprint of the Fourth (*Library*) Edition in three volumes octavo, comprises the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH'S articles originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his miscellaneous writings, namely, Peter Plymley's Letters; various Sermons and Speeches; Letter on the Catholic Question; Three Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; Pamphlet on the Ballot; Letters on American Debts and on Locking-in on Railways; and Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church. It is now complete in Seven Parts, which may be had separately, price One Shilling each; forming Two Volumes, uniform with the People's Edition of Lord MACAULAY'S *Critical and Historical Essays*.

**"A** CHEAP edition of Sydney Smith's works was very much wanted. The present exactly resembles the People's Edition of Lord Macaulay's Essays, as well in size and type, as in the number of parts and volumes. No one need now be without a copy of the works of this shrewd thinker and true wit. Sydney Smith's sympathies are so ready and generous, his insight so vivid as far as it extends, his tone of thought so healthy, and his style so vigorous and racy, that the study of his writings cannot fail to be beneficial, morally and intellectually. We might almost add *physically*; for it is difficult to find a page without

a sentence which does not do more than give us intellectual pleasure, — which does not excite, at least, the inward sensations of laughter which physicians tell us are so salutary to the bodily system. As where, in replying to the objections urged against female education, namely, that the true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber, he observes:—'We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night; and what are they to do in the interval?' Or where, in noticing Hannah More's *Catechism in Search of a Wife*, he gravely commences:—'We shall probably give great offence by such indiscretion, but still we must be excused for treating it as a book merely human—an uninspired production—the result of mortality left to itself, and depending on its own limited resources.' Or where, in reviewing a book of travels in England by a M. Fiévée, after noticing a number of absurd charges against English people, he says:—'Another charge which M. Fiévée brings against our countrymen is, that they take a pleasure in the spectacle of persons deprived of their reason; an assertion for which the remarkable hospitality experienced by M. Fiévée during his stay in this country affords some foundation.' We have no doubt that this edition for the people will be as widely circulated and as much read as the people's edition of Lord Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*."

ECONOMIST.

*Uniform with the above, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth;*

To be had also in SEVEN PARTS, price ONE SHILLING each,

**PEOPLE'S EDITION OF LORD MACAULAY'S  
CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS**

CONTRIBUTED TO THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW*:—

Milton.  
Machiavelli.  
Hallam's Constitutional History.  
Southey's Colloquies.  
R. Montgomery's *Poems*.  
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.  
Civil Disabilities of the Jews.  
Moore's Life of Byron.  
Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

Nugent's Memorials of Hamp-  
Burleigh and his Times. [den.  
War of the Succession in Spain.  
Horace Walpole.  
William Pitt.  
Mackintosh's History of the  
Revolution.  
Lord Bacon.  
Sir William Temple.  
Gladstone on Church and State.

Lord Clive.  
Ranke's History of the Popes.  
Comic Dramatists of the Resto-  
ration.  
Lord Holland.  
Warren Hastings.  
Frederick the Great.  
Madame D'Arblay.  
Life and Writings of Addison.  
The Earl of Chatham.

IAN, GREEN, and CO. Paternoster Row.







THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S  
WORKS AND OF LORD MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.

Now complete, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth,

THE  
REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS,

Including his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.  
People's Edition, uniform with the People's Edition of  
Lord Macaulay's Essays.

To be had also in Seven Parts, price One Shilling each.

THIS collection, which is a reprint of the Fourth (*Library*) Edition in three volumes octavo, comprises the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH'S articles originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his miscellaneous writings, namely, Peter Plymley's Letters; various Sermons and Speeches; Letter on the Catholic Question; Three Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; Pamphlet on the Ballot; Letters on American Debts and on Locking-in on Railways; and Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church. It is now complete in Seven Parts, which may be had separately, price One Shilling each; forming Two Volumes, uniform with the People's Edition of Lord MACAULAY'S *Critical and Historical Essays*.

"A CHEAP edition of Sydney Smith's works was very much wanted. The present exactly resembles the People's Edition of Lord Macaulay's Essays, as well in size and type, as in the number of parts and volumes. No one need now be without a copy of the works of this shrewd thinker and true wit. Sydney Smith's sympathies are so ready and generous, his insight so vivid as far as it extends, his tone of thought so healthy, and his style so vigorous and racy, that the study of his writings cannot fail to be beneficial, morally and intellectually. We might almost add *physically*; for it is difficult to find a page without

a sentence which does not do more than give us intellectual pleasure, — which does not excite, at least, the inward sensations of laughter which physicians tell us are so salutary to the bodily system. As where, in replying to the objections urged against female education, namely, that the true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber, he observes:—'We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night; and what are they to do in the interval?' Or where, in noticing Hannah More's *Catechism in Search of a Wife*, he gravely commences:—'We shall probably give great offence by such indiscretion, but still we must be excused for treating it as a book merely human—an uninspired production—the result of mortality left to itself, and depending on its own limited resources.' Or where, in reviewing a book of travels in England by a M. Fiévée, after noticing a number of absurd charges against English people, he says:—'Another charge which M. Fiévée brings against our countrymen is, that they take a pleasure in the spectacle of persons deprived of their reason; an assertion for which the remarkable hospitality experienced by M. Fiévée during his stay in this country affords some foundation.' We have no doubt that this edition for the people will be as widely circulated and as much read as the people's edition of Lord Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*."

ECONOMIST.

Uniform with the above, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth;

To be had also in SEVEN PARTS, price ONE SHILLING each,

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF LORD MACAULAY'S  
CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS

CONTRIBUTED TO THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW*:—

Milton.  
Machiavelli.  
Hallam's Constitutional History.  
Southey's Colloquies.  
R. Montgomery's *Poems*.  
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.  
Civil Disabilities of the Jews.  
Moore's Life of Byron.  
Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

Nugent's Memorials of Hamp-  
Burleigh and his Times. [den.  
War of the Succession in Spain.  
Horace Walpole.  
William Pitt.  
Mackintosh's History of the  
Revolution.  
Lord Bacon.  
Sir William Temple.  
Gladstone on Church and State.

Lord Clive.  
Ranke's History of the Popes.  
Comic Dramatists of the Resto-  
ration.  
Lord Holland.  
Warren Hastings.  
Frederick the Great.  
Madame D'Arblay.  
Life and Writings of Addison.  
The Earl of Chatham.

IAN, GREEN, and CO. Paternoster Row.







**THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S  
WORKS AND OF LORD MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.**

Now complete, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth,

THE  
**REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS,**

Including his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.  
People's Edition, uniform with the People's Edition of  
Lord Macaulay's Essays.

To be had also in Seven Parts, price One Shilling each.

**T**HIS collection, which is a reprint of the Fourth (*Library*) Edition in three volumes octavo, comprises the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH'S articles originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his miscellaneous writings, namely, Peter Plymley's Letters; various Sermons and Speeches; Letter on the Catholic Question; Three Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; Pamphlet on the Ballot; Letters on American Debts and on Locking-in on Railways; and Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church. It is now complete in Seven Parts, which may be had separately, price One Shilling each; forming Two Volumes, uniform with the People's Edition of Lord MACAULAY'S *Critical and Historical Essays*.

**"A** CHEAP edition of Sydney Smith's works was very much wanted. The present exactly resembles the People's Edition of Lord Macaulay's Essays, as well in size and type, as in the number of parts and volumes. No one need now be without a copy of the works of this shrewd thinker and true wit. Sydney Smith's sympathies are so ready and generous, his insight so vivid as far as it extends, his tone of thought so healthy, and his style so vigorous and racy, that the study of his writings cannot fail to be beneficial, morally and intellectually. We might almost add, *physically*; for it is difficult to find a page without

a sentence which does not do more than give us intellectual pleasure, — which does not excite, at least, the inward sensations of laughter which physicians tell us are so salutary to the bodily system. As where, in replying to the objections urged against female education, namely, that the true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber, he observes:—'We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night; and what are they to do in the interval?' Or where, in noticing Hannah More's *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, he gravely commences:—'We shall probably give great offence by such indiscretion, but still we must be excused for treating it as a book merely human—an uninspired production—the result of mortality left to itself, and depending on its own limited resources.' Or where, in reviewing a book of travels in England by a M. Fiévée, after noticing a number of absurd charges against English people, he says:—'Another charge which M. Fiévée brings against our countrymen is, that they take a pleasure in the spectacle of persons deprived of their reason; an assertion for which the remarkable hospitality experienced by M. Fiévée during his stay in this country affords some foundation.' We have no doubt that this edition for the people will be as widely circulated and as much read as the people's edition of Lord Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*."

ECONOMIST.

Uniform with the above, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth;

To be had also in SEVEN PARTS, price ONE SHILLING each,

**PEOPLE'S EDITION OF LORD MACAULAY'S  
CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS**

CONTRIBUTED TO THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW*:—

Milton.  
Machiavelli.  
Hallam's Constitutional History.  
Southey's Colloquies.  
R. Montgomery's *Poems*.  
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.  
Civil Disabilities of the Jews.  
Moore's Life of Byron.  
Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

Nugent's Memorials of Hamp-  
Burleigh and his Times. [den.  
War of the Succession in Spain.  
Horace Walpole.  
William Pitt.  
Mackintosh's History of the  
Revolution.  
Lord Bacon.  
Sir William Temple.  
Gladstone on Church and State.

Lord Clive.  
Ranke's History of the Popes.  
Comic Dramatists of the Resto-  
ration.  
Lord Holland.  
Warren Hastings.  
Frederick the Great.  
Madame D'Arblay.  
Life and Writings of Addison.  
The Earl of Chatham.

MAN, GREEN, and CO. Paternoster Row.







**THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S  
WORKS AND OF LORD MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.**

Now complete, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth,

THE  
**REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS,**

Including his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.  
People's Edition, uniform with the People's Edition of  
Lord Macaulay's Essays.

To be had also in Seven Parts, price One Shilling each.

THIS collection, which is a reprint of the Fourth (*Library*) Edition in three volumes octavo, comprises the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH'S articles originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his miscellaneous writings, namely, Peter Plymley's Letters; various Sermons and Speeches; Letter on the Catholic Question; Three Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; Pamphlet on the Ballot; Letters on American Debts and on Locking-in on Railways; and Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church. It is now complete in Seven Parts, which may be had separately, price One Shilling each; forming Two Volumes, uniform with the People's Edition of Lord MACAULAY'S *Critical and Historical Essays*.

"A CHEAP edition of Sydney Smith's works was very much wanted. The present exactly resembles the People's Edition of Lord Macaulay's Essays, as well in size and type, as in the number of parts and volumes. No one need now be without a copy of the works of this shrewd thinker and true wit. Sydney Smith's sympathies are so ready and generous, his insight so vivid as far as it extends, his tone of thought so healthy, and his style so vigorous and racy, that the study of his writings cannot fail to be beneficial, morally and intellectually. We might almost add, *physically*; for it is difficult to find a page without

a sentence which does not do more than give us intellectual pleasure, — which does not excite, at least, the inward sensations of laughter which physicians tell us are so salutary to the bodily system. As where, in replying to the objections urged against female education, namely, that the true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber, he observes:—'We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night; and what are they to do in the interval?' Or where, in noticing Hannah More's *Catechism in Search of a Wife*, he gravely commences:—'We shall probably give great offence by such indiscretion, but still we must be excused for treating it as a book merely human—an uninspired production—the result of mortality left to itself, and depending on its own limited resources.' Or where, in reviewing a book of travels in England by a M. Fiévée, after noticing a number of absurd charges against English people, he says:—'Another charge which M. Fiévée brings against our countrymen is, that they take a pleasure in the spectacle of persons deprived of their reason; an assertion for which the remarkable hospitality experienced by M. Fiévée during his stay in this country affords some foundation.' We have no doubt that this edition for the people will be as widely circulated and as much read as the people's edition of Lord Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*."

ECONOMIST.

Uniform with the above, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth;

To be had also in SEVEN PARTS, price ONE SHILLING each,

**PEOPLE'S EDITION OF LORD MACAULAY'S  
CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS**

CONTRIBUTED TO THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW*:—

Milton.  
Machiavelli.  
Hallam's Constitutional History.  
Southey's Colloquies.  
R. Montgomery's *Poems*.  
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.  
Civil Disabilities of the Jews.  
Moore's Life of Byron.  
Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

Nugent's Memorials of Hamp-  
Burleigh and his Times. [den.  
War of the Succession in Spain.  
Horace Walpole.  
William Pitt.  
Mackintosh's History of the  
Revolution.  
Lord Bacon.  
Sir William Temple.  
Gladstone on Church and State.

Lord Clive.  
Ranke's History of the Popes.  
Comic Dramatists of the Resto-  
ration.  
Lord Holland.  
Warren Hastings.  
Frederick the Great.  
Madame D'Arblay.  
Life and Writings of Addison.  
The Earl of Chatham.

IAN, GREEN, and CO. Paternoster Row.















Reade, John Edmund,

The poetical works of John Edmund Reade

Bd.: 1

London 1860

P.o.angl. 319 i-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748504-9